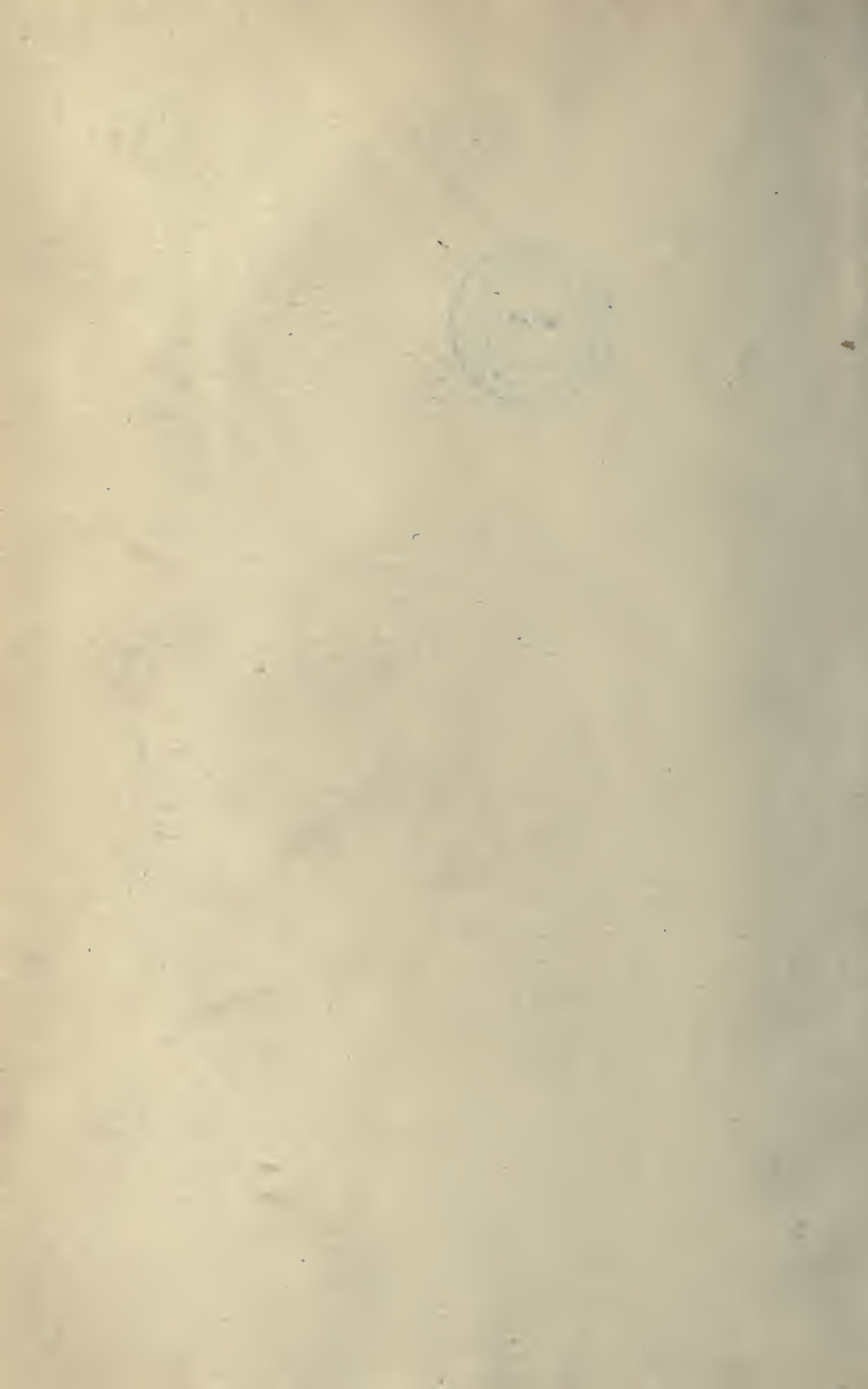


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THE
GLOBE

A
NEW REVIEW OF WORLD-LITERATURE,
SOCIETY, RELIGION, ART
AND POLITICS

CONDUCTED BY
WILLIAM HENRY THORNE,

Author of "Modern Idols," "Quintets, and other Verses," "Songs of the Soul," etc.

VOLUME XII

1902

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

A. F. Simard
2.16.03
[Signature]

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NOTICE.

“One of the ablest reviews in the English language.”—
Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia. Hon.
A. K. McClure, formerly editor *The Philadelphia Times*.

“The spiciest and most thought-provoking magazine that
comes to this office.”—*The Boston Herald*.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XLV:

MARCH, 1902.

IS CHRISTIANITY THE "ABSOLUTE" RELIGION?

In order that we may do no injustice to those representatives of what is known as the higher criticism in other lands or our own, who are inclined or who positively assert the negative of the question propounded, we quote the following in full from *The Literary Digest* of December 28, 1901, and, as a supplement thereto, and more or less involved in the general question, we quote also in full a résumé in the same paper of January 25, 1902, of an article by Rev. David Downie, headed "What is to be the Universal Religion?"

The Literary Digest, though as a rule fair to all sides of modern faith and thought, is essentially sympathetic with Baptist Protestantism, is total abstinent in its advocacy of the non-liquor question, but generally and wisely non-committal on any and all questions of importance—simply giving abstracts of the opinions of others.

Here is its abstract on the first phase of the question involved: "*Is Christianity the 'Absolute' Religion?*"—The traditional answer to this question has all along been an emphatic affirmative; but the new school of theologians, who are under the spell of the teachings of the new 'Science of Religion,' the comparative study of Christianity as one of the religions of the world, does not hesitate to answer this in the negative. A special conference to discuss this one question was recently held in Mühlacker, and many of the most prominent university professors and other theologians were in attendance from all parts of Germany. The leading paper was presented by the head of this new

school, Professor Troeltsch, of the University of Heidelberg, who formulated the fundamental principles substantially as follows:

“1. The term “Absoluteness of Christianity” is a formula for the expression of one of the leading problems that has grown out of the modern conception of historical development as applied to Christianity.

“2. The purpose of this problem is to determine exactly the relation of Christianity to the other great religions of the world and its importance in the world’s religious development.

“3. Christianity is a purely historical phenomenon, and as such is to be studied and judged by the general laws of development that obtain in history.

“4. In trying to determine the exact valuation of Christianity to the other religions of the world, the investigator is controlled by his own personal feelings and convictions, which cannot indeed be logically forced upon anybody else, but which for himself are binding and conclusive.

“5. These feelings and convictions naturally seek to find their warrant in the demonstration that there are gradations between the great religious forces. The theory that results from this knowledge is that of a gradual unfolding of the revelation of the transcendental force behind all history, which comes to view in the various personalities and phenomena of history, and in these brings us nearer to the transcendental absolute.

“6. Christianity, judged from this point of view, shows itself the highest stage of religious development and in principle superior to all other forms of religion; but, nevertheless, as a phenomenon subject to the historical laws of growth.

“7. All other beliefs as to Christianity, such as the conviction that Christianity will be invincible, are purely a matter of personal faith and not the subject of scientific certainty.

“8. In this whole conception of Christianity, religion is viewed not as an illusion, but as an expression of the relation between man and the divine.”

“What is given above in somewhat heavy theological phraseology is more clearly expressed and applied by another speaker at this conference, Dr. Max Christlieb, who discussed mission work as affected by this denial of the absoluteness of Christianity. His leading propositions were these:

"1. Our knowledge of non-Christian religions has become much greater in recent decades than it was before. One of the results of this growth in knowledge is the general conviction that the absoluteness of Christianity can no longer be claimed. This new knowledge must influence mission problems and methods of work.

"2. The relative merits or demerits of a religion are to be judged by its fruits. This principle must obtain also in the judgment of Christianity.

"3. The proposition that "everything in heathendom is false" can no longer be maintained, in view of the fact that these systems contain so much that agrees with Christianity.

"4. On the other hand, the recognition of the good elements in the heathen religions may result in a dangerous practical syncretism.

"5. The proposition that "everything in Christianity is true" can no longer be maintained. The fact that certain leading doctrines of older Christian creeds, such as the eternal condemnation of the unbaptized, the historical character of the story of creation, the personality and activity of the devil, have been generally discarded by Christian thinkers themselves, has already led to a different attitude in principle toward the heathen races.

"6. The fact that the doctrine of verbal inspiration has been generally discarded has led to the following changes in the mission field: (a) The missionary has lost the support of absolute authority. (b) Liberal theology must be taught in mission institutions. (c) All problems of modern religious life receive a different importance.

"7. Since the absoluteness of Christianity cannot be demonstrated, but only the fact that it is relatively the highest of religions, we need, and those engaged in mission work also need, a greater faith than ever before."

And here is its quotation covering the second question:

"*What is to be the Universal Religion?*—This question is tersely discussed by the Rev. David Downie, D.D., for many years an honored missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. According to his view, the millennium is not by any means so near as many suppose. He writes as follows, in *The Baptist Missionary Review* (August), published at Madras, India:

“Christianity is a missionary religion, but so are Mohammedanism and Buddhism. All other religions are ethnic or race religions, hence are not in the contest for the supremacy of the world. We believe that Christianity will finally triumph, but before it does there will come a mighty struggle, and there are indications that the twentieth century will see it. I have an idea, amounting almost to a conviction, that India will play a very important part in that conflict, and may even be the center of the struggle. My reasons for this opinion will appear when we consider the geographical position of India as related to the chief centers of the respective religions.’

“In estimating the strength of the contending parties, Dr. Downie credits Buddhism with a host of 500,000,000 adherents, with a doctrine and a history which manifest a missionary spirit. But he does not regard the most numerous as the most formidable of the rivals of Christianity. ‘Mohammedanism,’ he says, ‘with less than half the number, is much more to be feared, being much more aggressive. Of the 175,000,000 Mohammedans, India alone contains one-third, or about 60,000,000. Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Syria, Palestine, European Turkey and a large part of Africa are almost wholly Mohammedan.’

“The writer then dissents from the position usually taken by the opponents of Mohammedanism, who generally claim that its success has been due primarily to the force of arms:

“‘Although the sword of Islam is broken and its political power is fading, yet as a religion it shows little disposition to relinquish its claim to the supremacy of the world, and in many parts is making a determined effort to make good the claim. Perhaps it is sufficient to say, in proof of this statement, that we have to-day a Mohammedan propaganda in America, with 1,000 converts in a single city and 2,000 more in other cities.’

“In urging the conquest of India by Christianity as a strategic point, Dr. Downie proposes to fight it out on three lines:

“(1) First and chief is a strong reinforcement of evangelistic missionaries, several of whom should be especially fitted and set apart for work among the higher and educated classes. (2) Christian education ought to be strengthened and extended. A mere secular education may deprive a Hindu of his religion, but it gives him nothing in its place. That is hardly fair, for even a poor religion is better than none. Christian education

also destroys Hinduism, but it substitutes what is indefinitely better. (3) A Christian literature. . . . These educated men and women of India will read almost anything, especially if it be in English. . . . If by these means India can be won for Christ, we shall then at least have the decided advantage of holding the strongest positions, with America and Europe at the extremes, and India in the center.'

"Dr. Downie also takes occasion to refute the expressions met with in America regarding 'the misrule of Britain in India.' He says:

"I have lived in India for more than twenty-seven years, and I esteem it a duty as well as a privilege to bear testimony against these false accusations. . . . In the first place, it has put a stop to the frequent invasions of foreign tribes, to which India was subject before the British came. She has also put a stop to intestine wars, and has given the country peace. She has encouraged the development of the country, and has fostered industries. She has constructed railroads and canals, and has developed commerce. She has established a magnificent postal and telegraph system. She has abolished the arbitrary rule of the native princes, for the most part, and has given the country a government by law. But perhaps the greatest of all Britain's benefits to India is the excellent system of public education by which the poorest native may qualify himself for public life and usefulness. There are some 150,000 institutions of learning in India, with 5,000,000 students, 400,000 of whom are females. There are five great universities turning out 10,000 graduates every year.'"

As if by premeditation and forethought, the *Digest* gives abstracts in the two issues named of various utterances by Bishop Potter, of New York, touching the claims of various ancient religions, indicating that, as the modern mind does not fully understand the details or the scope of those religions, it had better be at least charitable toward them—this in the issue of December 28, 1901. In its issue of January 25, 1902, the abstract of an address by the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, author of "Foundations of Belief," is of such clearness and importance that we also quote it in full:

"*A British Statesman's Plea for Religion.*—One of the most remarkable addresses which has lately been delivered by a great

statesman was given by Mr. Arthur J. Balfour before the Church of Scotland Home Mission and Church Extension Society in Glasgow a few weeks ago. The plea which he made (according to a report of the address which appears in the *New York Observer*, December 26th) was for an ampler provision of religious opportunities for the growing population of large cities, and especially for the insistence upon a religious faith as the necessary foundation of all philanthropic and altruistic endeavors. 'During the past century,' he said, 'a revolution had taken place which had no parallel in the recorded traditions of mankind, and it was impossible that such a change should not carry with it the need and necessity, not of any change in Christian doctrine, not of any change in religion, but of a change in the setting in which religion was to be presented to the people. There was a danger that had to be faced which could not be measured by mere statistics. Persons passed from religion to irreligion without any public or domestic revolution; they simply said to themselves that the Christian religion had probably been a useful instrument of enlightenment and progress in times gone by, but it depended on a view of the world which science had rejected. They did not wish to give it up, but honesty required them to do so if they had to choose between science and religion; and so they left, almost insensibly, the faith of their fathers.' Mr. Balfour continued:

"Such persons are misled not as to the substance or essence of religion, but by the mistaken statements of those whose business it was to teach it, and for that state of things the preaching of morality was no remedy. There were those who had taken refuge from the difficulties of positive religious teaching in what they improperly considered the safe ground of ethical moralizing. That was not the business of the Christian Church. Any church which derogated from its great mission was destined to make its moralizing barren and useless. Morality was no substitute for religion, and any organized body which in a rash moment thought that that was apparently the easier path to choose was destined to find a very rude awakening.'

"Some thought that the days when religion was a necessity of a civilized community had passed away, or was in process of passing away. Mr. Balfour held that the growth of science and the enormous augmentation of knowledge, so far from render-

ing religion less necessary, made the duties of the Church imperative. He concluded:

"The leaven of religious life had been one of the most prominent characteristics of the Scottish people for three centuries, and were they going to allow that great heritage to diminish and fade away? Should they have to admit at the end of their lives that they left Scotland less religious than they found it, that that great element of national well-being and of spiritual excellence had diminished and waned under the light of modern civilization and of modern education? He trusted not, he prayed not, nor did he think that they ought to have any misgiving or deep-seated misgiving on that subject. If they responded to his appeal and put upon a solid basis those great efforts to spread religion, not merely among the wealthy or the specially respectable or the specially educated, but among every class in every street and alley and backyard of our great cities; then not merely the Church of Scotland, but he trusted the cause—the cause of enlightenment and progress and true religion—would have great reason to be grateful for the efforts which they that day made.'

"Mr. Balfour's point of view is still further elaborated in his well-known book, 'The Foundations of Belief,' which has recently appeared in its eighth edition, with a new introduction and summary, and to which considerable space in the English reviews is again being given. 'A statesman's leisure,' remarks *Literature*, 'could not be better spent than in writing a book like the "Foundations of Belief;" and we are heartily glad that it still enjoys a popularity which enables it to be republished at a popular price.' *The Spectator* considers Mr. Balfour's book 'a lofty, disinterested and forcible attempt to contribute something to the solution of the eternal riddle, to discover and support the truth in matters most vital, if anything is vital, to the happiness of man as a thinking being.' It summarizes the argument of Mr. Balfour's book as follows (December 21st):

"'As intelligent beings, we believe the world to be intelligible, or we certainly treat it as such, and try to understand it. But if we confine ourselves merely to what we perceive by the senses, mediately or immediately, we soon come to the end of our tether and are landed in hopeless perplexities. On the other hand, there always have been among mankind theological beliefs of

some sort, and a theological view of the universe; and science, ethics, and esthetics are all more intelligible when framed in a theological than when framed in a merely naturalistic setting. Again, all systems attach a certain sanctity to the results alike of science and of ethics. Truth is truth, and right is right, they all say, and with almost equal conviction and emphasis. But this conviction and this emphasis are irrational if the causes of these results, however far remote, are merely blind mechanical matter and force. Their very solemnity points to a different origin. The ordinary arguments should be inverted. Instead of saying the Commandments or the creeds are binding because they are divine, we must say they are surely divine because they are recognized as binding. Some, indeed, may not heed either their value or their origin, but so to disregard them is to give up knowledge altogether and to live in a world of shadows, related to each other only as events succeeding each other in time, casual and incoherent.' "

In view of these abstracts I am moved to say to the hierarchy priesthood and more intelligent members of the Catholic Church in the United States and the English-speaking world, that the questions here under consideration, plus the questions concerning the comparative prowess and the comparative commercial status and prosperity of the different nations of the world are *the* questions occupying the intelligence of mankind in our own day, and not the questions of the Primacy of Peter, the Temporal Power of the Popes, or the exact position and attitude of the Blessed Virgin in Heaven.

I readily grant that the ruling members of the Catholic hierarchy are wise and subtle enough to see and know that by keeping alive and to the fore the exclusively Roman questions they are at least furthering their own immediate interests and building up and making more secure—at least for a time—their own importance in the small world in which they move.

That phase of the minor question does not interest me to any extent. I would gladly rejoice in the broader fact were it actual, and I should feel infinitely more at home in the Roman Catholic Church if I had found, or could find, that its representative and ablest men were, as by the teachings and example of Jesus they should be, naturally, wisely, intelligently and charitably interested in the broader questions that now exercise and that, under

one guise and another, have always exercised the leading minds of the human race.

Of course I am aware of the fact that the representative members of the Roman hierarchy consider that all the questions referred to in the abstracts quoted are settled, were settled ages ago by divine revelation and by infallible ecclesiastical authority, and I also accept and believe this. But I am speaking to the intelligent Catholics of the twentieth century, and I here assure them that there are hundreds of millions of men and women just as devout as the Catholic hierarchy—servants of God Almighty and workers of and for righteousness in this world—just as sincere, and usually just as worthy, as Roman Catholics, or more so, and that these hundreds of millions of excellent and religious men and women do not care a rap for the issues and shibboleths so dear to the ultra Roman Catholic heart. In a word, the questions of our abstracts are more alive than ever and still open; further, that, if Jesus Christ were God, and if the Roman Catholic Church is His sole representative on this earth, it behooves that Church to let up a little on the peculiar and limited dogmas of its own manufacture and try to exemplify a little more clearly and forcibly the spirit of God's love which led to and gave us the incarnation, and the spirit of Christ's love, which evolved for us the Holy Spirit of divine love, through whose immediate ministrations alone, and not through a pile of hair-splitting dogma, one-half of which the intelligence of this world has sifted and rejected ages ago, are the peoples and the nations of the modern world to be won over to the religion of Jesus, which, as will appear, I fully believe to be the absolute religion, bound to conquer by the simple force of its truth and virtue the whole wide world to God and His incarnate, eternal Son.

Regarding these abstracts and the *Digest's* prelude to the same and its comments thereon, we have to say that there is not in all this world any "new science of religion" such as the editor takes for granted. There is a slackening as to Scriptural inspiration and other dogmas. Biblical students have in all ages of the world differed in their opinions as to the completeness or incompleteness of the divine inspiration which has been recognized as the dominating element in all the sacred books—

especially those of the Old Testament—Hebrew Scriptures, and the New Testament or Christian Scriptures.

Preceding and after the era of the so-called Reformation, the intensities of opposition were such that the Catholic and Protestant creed-makers went too far in their ultra definitions of the creeds that both parties called orthodox, and the only orthodox.

This is the era of the Council of Trent on the Catholic side, when it was declared that the Holy Scriptures, all and every part of them, were the Word of God; so that God was the actual author of all parts of said Scripture; at the same time the Calvinistic elements of Protestantism declared in favor of verbal inspiration—while Mr. Martin Luther, being his own boss entirely, declared certain books to be inspired and others not so, as pleased his exuberant fancy.

Of course there were many protestors in each camp, and by and by these became Biblical critics, carrion birds, maggots of criticism, until not only the inspiration of Scripture was questioned, but all history was searched to prove that the received authenticity of the so-called sacred books was unreliable and largely fictitious, and if so, the truths based upon the teachings of these books? What was to become of said truths?

All this was of more consequence to the Protestant or the discarded branches of the old Church than it was to the Church of Rome. For the original Church preceded the sacred books, in fact, made them and compiled them, and the authority of the old Church was primary to the Scriptures and unbroken. Hence, when the Vatican Council disclosed as a dogma of faith the infallibility of the Popes, the Roman Catholic Church seemed to be more independent than ever of the dogmas of inspiration, revelation, divine authorship of the Scriptures, etc.

This independence, however, was only in appearance, for while the Roman Church has always held, as by historic truth it must hold, its own existence prior to the existence of the sacred Scriptures—that is, of the New Testament—it has always been careful in declaring a dogma, to assert its existence in the Scriptures, and to assert that the Church could not, and did not, pretend to declare or define any dogma of its own authority independent of the sacred Scriptures. Thus, the Roman Church has always acknowledged its dependence on sacred Scripture

quite as seriously as the Protestant Church, though all the while asserting its sole authority as to what must be accepted as dogmas of the faith.

Unfortunately, this passion of the Church for dogma-making, rather than for character-making, has now and again led it by the ears and astray.

I believe in the dogmas of the Catholic Church, but if its definition of the dogmas of the divine Sonship of Christ, the co-equality of the three persona of the Trinity, etc., in the Constantine period, had been of such a nature as to express, what these definitions really were, a belief of the ruling elements of the Church, and not of such absolute certainty as to practically expel and denounce as heterodox a majority of the Christians of that era, why it is quite possible that Arianism, as a vital form of opposition, might never have developed into acute Sabellianism and Socinianism, or into the Unitarianism, Infidelity, Protestantism and Freemasonry of our own time.

"Chain up a child and away he will go." Not all the true faith and holiness of this world has ever been cooped up in the head of any one Pope or in any college of cardinals.

The misfortune of this passion for dogma-making has been strikingly illustrated by the dogma of the Council of Trent referred to. From Voltaire to Bob Ingersoll; from Luther to Dr. Briggs, the mind of the civilized world has been recasting its notions on all that. Strauss' "Life of Jesus," forty years ago, and all the old attitude of the Tuebingen school were set against that dogma. Renan's "Life of Jesus," and the total literary culture of France, with Renan as leader in one sphere and Hugo in another, were all set against that dogma. Matthew Arnold and Carlyle in England; Emerson and Theodore Parker in the United States, were all set against that dogma, and, in fact, against the whole dogmatizing spirit of a few excellent but by no means superior or infallible gentlemen who claimed to have the authority of dogma-making for the whole civilized world.

But it was always easier to tear down dogmas and temples than to build better ones. Emerson and Carlyle and Arnold and Renan were all sick of the skeptic spirit before their immortal illumination came.

The sunrise is not less divine because a black cloud—earth-born—darkens the morning horizon. The roses, and the daisies,

and the pansies and all the fragrant flora of the world are not less divine because of the spots of fading that touch them. Spots on the sun?—Certainly! Errors in the sacred books?—Beyond question! Still there is something in them that is not in Voltaire or Ingersoll or Emerson. Canst find that something, with or without the aid of priests—thy soul is beatific, and saved. Miss it, and thou art certainly doomed.

I think that the mission of any Church is to convey this winged touch of God to the soul, and not to bind that soul with illimitable red tape and too often with brutal tyranny.

If the Catholic Church had had less passion for dogma-making it would never have declared that dogma on the Scriptures in the Council of Trent. And if it had never promulgated that dogma the more enlightened among its scholars would long ago have felt free to work side by side with the scholars of civilization, in order to find, first as to the authorship or authenticity of the sacred books; second, as to the nature and extent of their inspiration; third, as to what extent, with or without an infallible interpreter, they might be accepted as a true guide of the human soul. But it is true, as Father Hecker complained, that the Church is too slow with its initiative. If it looks as if a few yards of dogmatic rope or chain would do, it is always ready with the rope and chain. Now, what is the result as to this particular phase of dogma? The Church has not wanted to stultify itself, certainly not—therefore it should have been slower to pronounce its shibboleth. But after a hundred years' waiting till the books of Scripture have been torn to shreds alike by the enemies of truth and by its friends, the Holy Father, at last, in this twentieth century, in the second childhood of his life, sanctions a committee of revision or for examination of the sacred books and the bases on which they are founded, the inflammable volatile and divine or devilish elemental forces out of which they have come. It is almost certain that the scholars and others appointed to do this work will prove themselves trimmers trying to save the reputation of the Church and the dignity of truth by a non-committal pronouncement, leaving it to still other and better and braver men to make the final showing which will stand.

So much for the general view of the Scriptures referred to in our quoted abstract. The question is still open. No man,

Catholic or other, has a right to call his brother a heretic because his brother may trip at an excrescence of the Council of Trent or the Westminster Confession.

Good God! if all the energies spent by the Italian elements of the Church in making and trying to formulate useless dogmas had been spent in trying to save souls to the simple faith in and to the following of Christ, the millennium would be so near that half the jargon of creeds, so loud and sonorous in these days, would be drowned in the glorious praises of redemption and holiness unto God. It is not that men hate Christ or the Christ spirit, but they hate the arbitrary authority of men who know little or nothing of Christ, but who, nevertheless, set themselves up as masters of the thought of the world, and would bind all mankind in the chains of a few self-contradictory creeds.

Give us broader lands and clearer seas. Again we assert that this changing attitude of the Church, of any and all Churches, regarding the Scriptures, is not in any sense the basis of anything like a new science of religion, and that, as a matter of fact, there is no such new science of religion in all the world at this time.

Nearly fifty years ago, when the new impetus came to study Christianity with a greater freedom than hitherto, and further to make comparative studies of all the historic religions of the world, and to determine how these were related to Christianity, Professor Max Müller announced and gave in London a series of lectures, which, for want of a better title, he called "Lectures on the Science of Religion." He frankly admitted, however, that said lectures, which were afterwards published in book form, were simply preliminary thoughts on the subject. Before these lectures were published, I had announced and given a series of sermons on the science of religion, pursuing, without knowing it at the time, something of Max Müller's own line of thought and argument. Previous to both of these attempts, Professor Peter Lesley, of Philadelphia—later Dean of the University of Pennsylvania—had published a volume called, if I mistake not, "Man's Origin and Destiny," more original than Max Müller's work, but taking much the same line of thought and argument. Later still, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, of Salem, Mass., published an octavo volume pursuing much the same line. Later still, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston,

published a learned volume on the same theme. Still later came Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," a volume devoted very largely to the building up of a system of the science of religion, almost precisely in the line of my own lectures, given fifteen years earlier, and the truth is that anything and everything since done, that is, done during the last two decades, looking to the construction of the science or a science of religion, has been simply a weak rehash of the various works here referred to. The further truth is that not one of the authors mentioned, and certainly no others, in Germany, France or elsewhere, have contributed one iota toward any further or clearer science of the religions of the world than the attempts named. The further truth is that not one of the systems named has ever had a respectable following. But lesser men have made those attempts the bases and excuses for all sorts of half thought and unworthy so-called religious speculation; while the authors named have, in each case practically abandoned their theory of the science of religion and turned to a more or less liberal interpretation of Christianity as the pure and simple and divine light of the world. The fault and weakness of our newer men is that they began with skepticism and without light, and so are inclined to make the most of their so-called investigations. But the truth remains that there is no science of religion in the world to-day, nor do we seem to be making any approach thereto, but rather toward stupider and more vapid speculative nonsense all the while.

As to certain other statements in the abstracts given, we have to say that Buddhism is not, and never was, a religion in the true sense, but a beautiful system of moral philosophy and moral instruction. Our old professor of theology used to tell us that Zoroasterism explained, but Christianity redeemed the world. Buddhism was the natural inheritor of whatever was good in Zoroasterism and Brahamism. Among other inheritances it absorbed to some extent the Zoroastrian idea of the duality of the universe and the forces thereof—especially the forces of good and evil, but it made little practical use of this, being concerned with the ideals of good living as practiced and taught by Guadama, many of whose utterances have been favorably compared with the best sayings of Jesus, and there has been much useless argument in the world as to which was the orig-

inator, or whether either one was the copyist of the other.

Every man who has gone into this matter with any freedom of soul has had his period of devotion to Buddhism when the great Hindu seemed for a time destined to divide the worship of the world with Jesus of Nazareth, but the period terminates sooner or later, and he finds himself gladly at home again in the faith of his fathers, at one with God in Christ Jesus, and at home with all the righteous souls of the human race.

The same is true, but in another sense, with Mohammed and Mohammedism. As to its theology, it is my belief that Mohammed succeeded by emphasizing his one thought, There is but *one God* and Mohammed is His prophet. It is true that the military and barbaric spirit of Mohammed greatly aided and facilitated such religious success as he met with, but this was not the whole of it. Christianity, that is, the Church, had already become exceedingly, emphatically and exclusively Trinitarian, with much of the mysticism originally attached to the old Trinitarianism of old Brahamism. It was too deep and too intricate for the simple-minded, straight-headed clearness of the Arab. It had already disaffected nearly half the Christian world. The Jew nor the Arab ever could believe or accept it.

Mohammed had learned the morality of the Jew and the Christian, and determining on a more genial life here and hereafter, his religion, alike for its simplicity, intensity and earnestness, became and continued to be satisfactory to nearly half of that semi-civilized world to which it seems well adapted. I speak as a man.

Mohammedism is simply an afterthought of Judaism and Christianity, but without any divine center of attraction, mediator or helper. It is hard, sensual, selfish. Many years ago I gave a course of fifteen lectures on the beauties and virtues of Mohammedism and the Koran. I am glad to forget them all, and to dwell at peace and at home with the one God-man and only divinely human Master of the world—Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God.

So much regarding various abortive attempts at constructing a science of religion, either in connection with or apart from Christianity. Every such effort has failed, and every such effort will fail. Apostolic and early Christianity adopted or adapted the best religious faith and impulses of the ages preceding the

Christian era and wove these into the very heart of the Scriptures. It betrays consummate ignorance and folly on the part of modern investigators to suppose or claim for a moment either that in the Apostolic era or the age that followed it, the master minds of Christianity were not familiar with the best thought of ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, and the relation of these to the Hebrew revelation and civilization on the one hand, and the total philosophy, mental, moral and religious, of the entire Asiatic systems on the other.

Palestine was the gateway of commerce in national, spiritual and mental affairs between the ancient East and West and South of those times. Paul knew it all. The ancient fathers, Jerome and Augustine, and others knew it all better than the tallow dip, rush lights, or electric spirits of New York, London or Berlin know it to-day. But they had all learned a higher and a better way—for whatever things were gain to me, learning as well as wealth, those I counted lost for the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ, by whom the world is sacrificed unto me and I unto the world.

The trouble with modern thought and investigation is that it has never learned or comprehended Christ or Christianity. It has dabbled in all sorts of scientific and Buddhistic humbuggery, but has never been smitten with that ineffable and blinding light which struck the long cherished and learned darkness from the mind of Paul and gave him God instead.

I am not saying that modern thought is wholly to blame for this. I think the old Church is something to blame for it, because instead of preaching Christ with the fullness of heaven's light and power, it has been preaching the Primacy of Peter, the Temporal Power, the Immaculate Conception, devotions to relics, Maine laws, total abstinence, and other immoral reforms.

Having gone over the general points of our abstracts, let us advance a few reasons for supposing and believing that Christianity is the absolute religion—destined to meet and satisfy, when rightly understood, all the religious cravings of all nations of the world.

First, we must lift it out of the contradictions of critics and theologians. Christianity, divested of its excrescences of dogma and culture, so-called, is the burning heart of God in love with

the world and ever working to win its love in order to its salvation.

Can the Pope and the priesthood of the Roman Catholic or other Christian Churches speak with power and authority to this point—let them do so and stop mumbling over side issues that have for ages split into fragments and nauseated mankind.

In comparing Christianity with other systems of religion, there is this to be said, that while all the old systems grew up out of the semi-civilized conditions of the nations and peoples practicing them, Christianity was born, and grew up into and out of the supremest wisdom and culture the world has ever known. Athens, Corinth, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Rome, were the quintet and concentration of all that mortal man had known or dreamed up to that morning when the wise men found in the manger at Bethlehem the soul of that light which lighteneth every man who cometh into the world.

Rome had inherited all the best from Egypt and Greece and Asia, and at the time of the birth of Christ the scholars of Alexandria were endeavoring to reconcile their philosophies in one great philosophy of all nations.

Jesus was born, and Christianity grew and bloomed though through bitter suffering in the sunlight of the gardens of the world. These things were not done in a corner. The gospel of John takes all this religious philosophy and, as has been generally believed, by the inspiration of heaven, and certainly as a fact, whether with or without divine inspiration, weaves it into the spiritual fact, a crown of glory, a radiation of God into the being and about the brows of Jesus of Nazareth—who from that time has become, to those who believe, the Son of God—the God-man, the one human and divine center and glory of the human race. Oh, that men could all see it and stop their cavilling and their dreams.

It is the supreme intellectual grasp, the supreme spiritual wisdom to be found in the gospel of John, the epistles of Paul and the epistle to the Hebrews that wins and holds my undying adherence to Christianity as the gentlest and most ineffable and uncomparably the greatest, and the absolute, the divine religion of the human race.

Jesus was not a half-taught charlatan but God with us. St.

Paul and the authors of the books named were of the supremest faculties that have ever been bestowed upon human minds.

Socrates and Plato were great and splendid, but not to be compared with Jesus and St. Paul for depth of insight and breadth of comprehension of the profoundest spiritual relationships of the human soul—the relationships that hold and reconcile man with the immortal and omniscient soul of the universe and of eternity.

Christianity, I say, differs from all its predecessors in this that it was born of the noonday of human culture and civilization, and could the older religions be compared with it in any light, this one factor would have to be considered and weighed with infinite care. The earlier systems of religion cannot be compared with Christianity for other reasons, as we shall see. Born thus in the broad daylight of the highest culture of history, all this culture, plus the imperial Roman power were invoked by the Hebrew hierarchy of those days to destroy that divine Man-child of the ages. To all intents and purposes, it was destroyed; but, like God Himself, who is indestructible, it rose out of its own ashes, and for three hundred years fought all the cultured and civilized kingdoms of the world, till it conquered them, and from its birth till the present time it has dominated the dominating forces of the world. It has changed the tides of time, made a new era for all civilized nations, and is the one divine and unerring light of God in all the world at this hour.

A showing as to numbers cannot be counted on as a measurement of spiritual power. If Jesus were alive in the world to-day, the Scriptures banished and forgotten, the Church a by-word and an unsubstantial dream, and all other forms of religion intact and all-powerful, including the religion of lust, of commerce and of gain, I would undertake to construct a religion of God out of the one fact of Jesus alone that should in due time annihilate all other forms of religion and dominate the world.

It is not a question of the Scriptures, of verbal or other inspiration. It is not a question of the Primacy of Peter or of the Temporal Power of the Popes. It is not a question of the comparative numbers of Buddhism, Mohammedism and Christianity; it is a question of the inherent motive and divine power

of Jesus to win souls to God and virtue, and so to dominate the world.

Am I volunteering mere personal opinion? Let us see. All nations and peoples of the world have certain fixed standards of certain fixed principles of moral, religious, heroic and divine character. I am not speaking of any primitive, imaginary, prehistoric man or men who are the real myths of the ages. I am not speaking of any prehistoric creatures who may have thought this or that, but of whom none but imaginary scientists know anything, and they as good as nothing—I am speaking of human beings, as far as we have any trace of them on any habitable portion of this planet since the morning stars sang together and the sons of God, in more or less distinct chorus, shouted for joy.

I am well aware that certain actions condemned as immoral in New York may be winked at in Salt Lake City with a smile of approval. I am not saying that the detailed standards of moral specialists, doctrinaires, creed-makers, etc., are all alike in Constantinople, in London, Pekin, Berlin and the Soudan.

I am saying, however, that spite of these personal idiosyncrasies of the surface moralities of the different nations and peoples, there are great underlying axioms, altruisms, principles, out of which the decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount might have been naturally or supernaturally evolved; and that these axiomistic, psychic principles are common to the race of bipeds that we call *men*.

For instance, Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you, appeals to the heart and mind and conscience of the world. All men, even the stupidest savages, all men except Wall street brokers and modern politicians have some sense of right and wrong, and even the latter know when another man is trying to deal fairly or unfairly with them. The stupidest savage knows the same. All men know that one who is ready, who chooses, and who is ever willing to sacrifice his own personal benefit or safety or life to help, to aid, to save another man or men from death, from just suffering, from hell and damnation, if you please, represents what is known to savages even as a higher and better type of man than the man who is constantly planning, intriguing and scheming to secure his own

interests in utter disregard of the health, the peace, or safety or salvation of his fellow-men.

Though Christ and Christianity have been in the world its greatest and supremest and divinest light and blessing these last nineteen hundred years, it seems necessary to go to the root of the tree once more and teach the world that it is not a burlesque and a lie, but divine truth and the supremest blessing ever given to the fallen sons of God.

Our own day and our modern European and American nations are so blinded by cold-blooded commercial selfishness that they really have forgotten the primal and essential truths of civilization.

But these lapses into the ignorant, untaught and unteachable notions of savages do not disprove or even qualify our assertions as to the common standards of certain principles of character in all nations, peoples and times.

I suppose it does not occur to the average scientist, politician or critic of the upper caste that when Saint Paul drew the comparison to the effect that if a man laid down his life for his friend he was a sacrifice and a savior, that peradventure for a good man some other man or men would or might even dare to die, but that God commended His loving kindness to us, to the world, in this that even when we were yet sinners, enemies of God—and of each other—Christ died for us to bring us to God, to virtue and to loving human fellowship. I suppose the scientist, the flippant politician, literateur, the Christian Scientist, the bigot, the creed-maker tyrant and the secretaries of modern smartness do not see and know that in all this St. Paul is dealing with the primal convictions of the human soul and teaching a philosophy that is great and divine as God Himself.

At all events, let us remind them that, in this case as in a hundred places in the New Testament, the writers, God-inspired, are teaching primal and natural truths to which eventually every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that they are the supremest words of God.

But why all this reference to these primal truths? Simply to remind you, my friends, that Jesus of Nazareth, not forced to the issue, in no sense bound to the burden, pledged to no man, and to no society of piety or reform, did in His own person, of His own choice, seek and adhere to this sublime principle of

sacrifice from first to last in all His blessed, suffering, redeeming and saving life.

He lived as if He was born to live for and die for the holiest interests of every human soul and of the whole human race.

I say that, by all the light of truth and history, He did this, and that He alone of all the human race has ever done it to anything approaching the loving, purposeful, persistent and triumphant manner in which He did it. All honor to the true men and the saints of all ages and nations, but the supremacy of the willing martyrdom of Jesus for the truth's sake is so divine that no sane human soul pretends to approach it. Guatama is but a dreaming mendicant beside Him. Mohammed is a braggart, self-seeking adventurer beside Him. He is the Son of God's immortal love, and until this core of Christian truth be seen, admitted and understood, no man is capable of comparing any other religion with the Christian religion, and when it is understood he has no inclination to compare but to fall on his knees and exclaim, "My Lord and my God!"

It is not alone in the light of this comparative life of unselfish, loving service that Jesus is *incomparably* beyond all the sons of men, and becomes to human consciousness not merely one of the hypostatic utterances or evolutions of eternal diety, but the one supreme incarnation of the omniscient God.

If any intelligent man will follow me for a moment while I reveal to him his own inner consciousness, he will see how absolutely and definitely marked is the highest consciousness of every human being.

When provoked to this utterance by pettifoggers, Pharisees and others, Jesus went beyond all the highest conscious utterances of the human race—He maketh Himself greater than Moses, they said, and He replied, Before Moses was I am, or, in common speech, I existed before Moses. Moses was master as a servant in the house of another. The Lord Jesus was Master as Master in His own right and in His own house.

He maketh Himself equal with God, the carpenters said, and He replied, *I* and the Father are one.

Tear down these temples and I will build them again in a few days.

Try to say these things of yourselves, any mortal man of you, and I pledge you in advance that your soul, if not your face, will blush for shame.

It is not alone in the mastery of His willing and self-sacrificing benevolence, it is in the greatness, the divinity of His consciousness that Jesus overmasters the world.

Out of these two factors the Church rose like a dream of angelic martyrdom; out of these two factors, with no sword of war, without the pomp of princes or of empire, but as an humble child of God, the Church rose to might and power. These things must be kept steadily in mind and in the foreground of all Christian endeavor, or such endeavor, Catholic or Protestant, is in vain.

These are the items that differentiate the Christian religion from all other religions and that render it *sui generis*, absolute and divine.

These are the factors that make it the religion for all times, for all places and for all peoples.

It is because Christendom—including all the Churches—has fallen in aim, purpose and life so far below the ideal of its founder that modern men are treating it with such unpardonable levity, and not because of any lack of an original, unique, peculiar and divine ideal of its own.

To try to live a true Christian life is to convince any man that he is a moral coward and weakling, and a sinner before God, needing pardon; a mediator, forgiveness, and an all-loving God to help him to such possible moral heights as he may attain.

Our cant of science, of higher criticism, of Orientalism, of esoteric Buddhism, of American Mohammedism, and other infelicities are all nauseating and disgusting to any man who has made a sincere study of these things, and only those who have tried and prayed for charity as well as light can have any patience either with the folly and presumption of skepticism or with the arrogant, crass and untaught censure and condemnation of those believers who think that they alone know it all.

Other sheep have I that are not of this fold. Forbid him not, he that is not against us is for us—and by and bye, not while, the world is divided as it is to-day, but when the partial blindness has passed from the Hebrew mind and the conceit from the so-called Catholic mind—there shall be one fold and one Shepherd, when the Redeemer shall have delivered up the king-

dom to God, even the Father, who shall be all and in all forevermore—worlds without end.

The arrogance of men in trying to bluff the Almighty out of His rights would bring mankind to destruction, were not the charity of God infinitely greater than the arrogance of man.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE EASTER GLORY.

Lo, billows of white light go rolling on
Along the lowlands of our weary world—
And these flash out, like a rich rose uncurled,
One burst of bloom. The silent glory won
From out Gethsemane for souls undone
Floods every grave of sorrow, tear-impleared,
Till earth seems heaven. Then, onward, upward whirled
The same great glory sweeps from sun to sun.

Through quivering infinitudes of space
Blue as great sapphire seas, its mighty glow
Diffuses power. O realm of Paradise,
Thy saints, enraptured, see the Victor face
Of their arisen Lord! Thy plains o'erflow
With liquid gold, thy tides celestial rise!

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

BE JUST TO CUBA.

"Give us bread, or we perish," was the cry of the reconcentrados during Weyler's unhappy administration.

"Lower the duties on our products, or we shall starve," now clamor Cuban planters, merchants and statesmen.

And Cuba has a right to be heard. Not in vain was the blood of Americans shed to free Cuba; not in vain has the United States put into working order the machinery of government in that island, and established schools, reorganized municipalities

and police forces, improved sanitation, and instituted other reforms, for like a sister our great Republic has fulfilled its pledges to its weaker sister, and Cuba has a prosperous future ahead. Figures and facts go hand in hand, and a brief review of these will afford a succinct account of the situation. Contagious diseases, including the yellow fever, have been eliminated through sanitary measures established by the government of intervention, which bears a brilliant record for the work accomplished during the past three years.

With an eye to the future welfare and guidance of Cuba, the Platt amendment was adopted after the usual wrangling which any political measure involves. Thus the United States will maintain internal peace, sentinel the coast, and safeguard the vast interests of American and Cuban corporations, as well as those of other countries. Cuba will not be allowed to make a contract or a treaty with another nation excepting through the United States, and virtually Cuba will remain under our protection. Force of arms will not maintain this protectorate, but moral suasion, since Cuba realizes that without the support of the United States she would be adrift and suffer shipwreck.

Therefore Cuba has rights which should be granted by Congress without further wrangling in Congress, rights acknowledged by statesmen to be just and expedient. Cuba does not ask for free trade, since pressing needs require that the Custom House shall continue its operation, but she does ask for a reduction of the duties upon her products. In exchange, Cuba offers similar reduction upon imports from the United States, which entails an even exchange.

Cuban industry is almost all agricultural, notwithstanding during 1901 twenty million dollars' worth of foodstuffs were imported. Twelve million dollars were spent for leather, shoes and wearing apparel, and to these items must be added twenty million dollars' worth of other articles, manufactured and otherwise. Prosperity insured, one hundred million dollars would be expended for imports annually without doubt.

Of all countries, only Canada and Mexico exceed Cuba in their purchases from the United States.

The necessities of life, as well as luxuries and refinements, are required by cultured Cubans. Women of rank and fashion in Havana import handsome gowns and costly jewels from Paris

as well as pictures, furniture and all that fashion demands. Cubans are cosmopolitan and travel a great deal in the United States and Europe. For years past a brisk trade has been carried on with Europe, while under proper management all Cuba's wants might be supplied from our country. With the exception of sugar and tobacco, Cuba imports everything for her daily needs, clothing, food, household effects and furniture.

Although the majority of the lower classes are illiterate, yet they are intelligent and, generally speaking, peaceable. No semi-barbarous race exists in that island as in many of the West Indies.

Cubans imbibed the love of freedom in America, and financially and morally their struggle for independence was upheld by our country.

The moral obligation of America in relation to Cuba began as early as the beginning of the past century, and has continued with greater force since the United States freed Cuba from Spanish rule and adopted her as a ward of the nation. Jefferson, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren and other statesmen foresaw the day that Cuba's destinies would be linked with our own. "America for Americans and hands off," is the epitome of the Monroe doctrine, expounded for the enlightenment of Europe. It is not our province to enter into Cuban history, but we merely allude to Adam's message and the attitude of the United States during the Congress of Panama, in 1826.

The tariff concessions asked for at Washington by Cuban commissioners is a question which is attracting general attention, and President Roosevelt desires Congress to be just and kind to Cuba. This is a momentous crisis, which threatens financial ruin to the island, hard and grinding poverty to her inhabitants, and famine will stalk about unless averted by judicious and rightful measures immediately. Touch a man's pockets and you touch his heart, sounds cynical; but consider, if you undermine a man's livelihood, deprive him of his subsistence, tie his hands, you not only ruin him financially, but you ruin his home, and render his hearth desolate, and grinding poverty will not only destroy his strength but also break his spirit. This is the cause of Cuba's anguished cry and appeal for aid.

In answer to the oppositionists, who fear that concessions

may destroy home industry and Cuban cane supersede American beet sugar, a bird's-eye glance at statistics will suffice to prove how groundless that fear is, and how unreasonable their opposition is to closer trade relations with the island. To put the case in a nutshell, so long as the Cuban production does not equal American consumption, it cannot imperil the sugar industry. During the past year the Cuban production was less than half of a fourth of American consumption, and the other supply came from other countries. Germany, the East and West Indies as well as Cuba sent sugar to the United States, and a small amount was supplied by Louisiana and the West. Does not this prove the fallacy of the assertion that the admission of Cuban sugar on better terms would destroy the sugar industry of the United States? This year our country will require 150,000 tons more, which amount cannot possibly be supplied at home or from her insular possessions. Cuban planters expect that Cuba will double her outputs in about four years, and this supposition is based upon the product of 1894, when the island was better equipped with labor, machinery, roads, railroads, shipping facilities and cattle than after the war, which devastated the land and laid in ashes fertile fields and leveled to the ground magnificent estates.

In fact, oppositionists in our country see with only one eye. Let them open both and scan the situation closely, and they will understand that Cuba's urgent demand for reduction of duties on sugar and tobacco will not take a penny from American industries, and will affect no industry, no interest, except the customs revenue of the United States, while, as an equivalent, all of Cuba's trade is offered, more than one hundred million dollars' worth this year. Cuba requires machinery, American foodstuffs, hardware, clothing and furniture, as well as all the necessities of life. Cuba offers millions of acres to American investors, and invites the labor and capital of her powerful neighbor to enrich her land and secure prosperity which will redound to the credit and renown of our great Republic.

America is the guardian of Cuba, and some statesmen consider annexation desirable, but not until after the Republic of Cuba is established. Then she might request to be included in the sisterhood of States. Then Cuba's star might be added to the American constellation. To be annexed under present con-

ditions would be as a territory and to undergo a term of probation until fit for admission into the Union. Texas was a Republic and was admitted as a State.

Fair play is an Americanism; let us add *Excelsior*, onward, forward and upward.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

New York.

THE FALL OF ROOSEVELT.

The month of February—long remarkable and long to be remarkable as the birth month and death month of various distinguished characters—was especially remarkable this year for several evolutions and would-be blossomings of events and new characters that seemed aching for their bloom, but the weather was against premature and out-door flowering. It is the month of mating, of valentines and day dreams; the sparrows fighting and speedy nesting are all in season, but it is a little early for young birds, inexperienced Presidents, stump-feathered republics, etc., etc.; so it has happened that our “strenuous” young President, who had greatness thrust upon him, has tumbled quickly to his true dimensions, and the old dominion of red-tape and confined versatility are going on undisturbed.

As heretofore noted, President Roosevelt was, and is, the first man of the new generation, that is, of the generation of Americans evolved since the “Civil War”—and the Spanish-American War was simply a dog fight in comparison with the real war of this nation—the first man of the new generation to occupy the presidential office, and having known of the young man from his boyhood, and his father before him, and having kept track of his many escapades on this planet, we were among those who sincerely hoped that he would bring into American politics something of the straightforward manliness inherited from his ancestors, and that he would, therefore, prove an exception to the coterie of weaklings who have been Presidents since Lincoln played his manly game and went down to history.

We confess openly that we were and are mistaken, disappointed. The “strenuous” young man has fallen from the ranks

of the exceptional men of history and has already become one of the commonplace tools of the machine forces that dominate all the affairs of the American nation. Not only this, but we may rest assured that his crowning weakness is and will be typical of the very best men of his generation. Moral backbone and character went out of the nation with his forefathers. President Roosevelt began by announcing that he was and would be President of the whole American people. His first step was to invite a commonplace negro to the White House—an open insult to the more intelligent body of the American people, an act for which he is still eating humble pie.

In *THE GLOBE* notes of No. 43, September, 1901, I made the following comment upon this man as compared with McKinley:

"President Roosevelt is a man of sterner stuff. Of well-bred Presbyterian ancestry, he comes from the well-to-do social circles, and for that very reason, unless his ancestry and education amount to nothing, he may be looked to as a man who will favor justice between the rich and the poor. Moreover, his own career, so far—though too much noise has been made about it—is neither ordinary nor despicable. I ridiculed his conduct in connection with the crazy reforms attempted in New York a few years ago, but it is a credit to his good sense that he dropped that folly very soon after he discovered the true inwardness of the business. I have little or no respect for his work in the American war with Spain. I hate the whole business, and despise every man engaged therein. I do not admire his insatiate fancy for rough sportsmanship. He was not long enough Governor of New York to prove the real greatness that I have always believed to be in him, but all these rapid and fuming changes, from the comparative privacy of life to the Presidency of the United States, indicate him as being in some sense a man of destiny, and not of the common herd of mechanics, salesmen, clerks, pettifoggers and politicians.

"In the general notions of military destiny and conquest, of expansion and of empire, Roosevelt is with the party in power; is, in fact, far more typical of all that than McKinley ever was, and I predict for him in that regard a splendid career.

"In all probability, he will very soon change the Cabinet and appoint men more in accord with his own personal way of doing things. The Hanna tyranny will cease. President Roosevelt

will be master in his own house. The events of the last few years will have sobered as well as matured his reason, and as he is a much smarter man than any one of the old gang, he will get smarter men about him."

This has proven partly true and partly false prophecy. I had over-estimated the man. He ousted Smith, of the *Philadelphia Press* from the post-office, and is said to have restored Quay to power. He ousted Gage from the Treasury and secured a more capable political tool for his own purposes. But at this writing, March third, the old machine is in power, and the accidental President has become a sort of fifth wheel in that great machine. Let us follow his fall with some approach to order.

His next important step was to announce that the Government was satisfied as to who was its international friend during the infamous war with Spain, and hence Great Britain was accounted the special friend of the United States, etc., etc. This the Irish and the German elements naturally resented; and while these pages are being written, Prince Henry of Germany is the honored guest of the American people, while the President himself is toting hither and thither at the heels of a mere princeling, and the newspapers of both hemispheres are amusing themselves over the amusing discussion as to who, after all, was the real friend of the United States during its always to be remembered dastardly war with Spain; and the President's decision is ignored. In a word, the President has not maintained either of the positions taken in the cases indicated. He has been caught in the fog of popular rascality and has become one of the boys.

In number 44 of *THE GLOBE*, December, 1901, I again spoke of the President as follows:

"There seems to have been a special Providence in the act of President Roosevelt in inviting the one-fifth negro Booker Washington to dine with him and his family at the White House. It has been a God-send to the stupid newspapers. They had worn themselves out in abuse of their respective opponents in the fall campaign, and this incident of a black man in the White House gave them a new subject for discussion.

"It diverted the mind of the nation from the exaggerations of its sorrow to a new humbuggery of the old negro question, which has come up in various ways once and again during the

last two hundred years, and will not down. The *New York Journal* with its plethora of cash and minimum of brains has held a prolonged symposium on the negro question. Scores of ordinary men and women without one original thought or the power of thinking have sold their silly opinions to the *Journal* without in any single instance showing any penetration into the negro problem or giving any light on the subject. We have already discussed this problem in *THE GLOBE* and in the near future intend to carry the discussion further than heretofore.

"For the present we are interested in the President and his pet, the one-fifth black man. In my opinion President Roosevelt, alike as a man and as President, had and has an undoubted right to invite any man to his house that he chooses; be he a black, half black, one-fifth black, yellow or red man. And I think the criticism and fuss made over his action in this case are simply indicative of the impertinent and half-civilized temper and so-called culture of the American people, and especially the Southerners, who have criticised his act most sharply. It simply was and is none of their business.

"I do not intend to go into the subject of the negro here. I am simply touching the presidential incident. While I think that he had a perfect right to act as he has acted, I do not admire his taste in this particular, and have very little respect for his judgment in this case; indeed, I think the act very poor diplomacy. The negro is a citizen, but no more a citizen than the white man, hardly as much so in some quarters, and Booker T. Washington has not half the intelligent culture that any one of ten thousand white school teachers in the United States may be relied on as possessing. Why he should be singled out among the so-called educators of the nation as worthy the honors of the White House does not appear to the most liberal-minded citizen.

"So much for the poor judgment of the President. As to his taste, he will live to understand that better inside of a quarter of a century. Forty years ago I dined now and again with Fred Douglass at the house of some Abolition friends in Philadelphia, and was rather proud of it at the time. Forty years afterwards, I do not regret the act or my own enthusiasm for the negro in those youthful days; but I should hardly feel honored by such colored companionship to-day. What little good—that is, for civilization, dining out and the like—there is in the negro race

is in the white blood of him. How that got in everybody knows. But no white man or woman wants to own how much he or she may know. It all stands for vice and crime and is not a commodity to be proud of or to care about entertaining. It was bad taste on the part of the President.

"As to the diplomacy of the act, that is the worst feature of it. We want President Roosevelt not only to be President of the whole empire—all the savages in it as well as the so-called civilized white men, during the next three years—but we want him to be President for another four or eight years.

"He is the first President of the new generation of men who have grown up since the Civil War. He is every inch an American. We hail the breeze and vigor that he brings with him. We feel stronger as a nation since God made him President; but we want to feel that he is as long-headed as he is stout-hearted. We want him to rule himself and the nation not by his youthful sympathies, but by the wisdom that his position demands. Perhaps, if he chose to explain, he might make it all clear, but he must never explain.

"The President's message to Congress was quite as remarkable for the things it did not say and the subjects it did not discuss as it was for the plainness, clearness and evident sincerity of its utterances on the subjects it treated. It was a new departure from the average messages of Presidents, Emperors and Kings, showing a comprehensive grasp of all the topics deemed worthy of consideration, and in being at once statesmanlike and personal and individual. The message has been reviewed and considered so thoroughly by the daily and weekly press of the country that it is not worth while to go over the ground here. We consider it as just and true to invested capital, whether in so-called trusts or railroad corporations, as it is sympathetic with labor and the laboring man; and it puts its considerations of both and of all parties on the high ground of reason and the common sense of the Anglo-American race. There is no passion, no appeal to passion or to race prejudice, or to class prejudice in the whole message. It is masterful in its simplicity and straightforwardness.

"There is one little instance in which the President's own experience as a rough-rider may have biased his judgment in favor of the cavalryman as a fighter, and at this point is noticeable the

enthusiasm that comes of personal experience. This expression comes so soon after the general verdict of military authority in Europe to the effect that the horse is an unnecessary incumbrance and expense in modern warfare that it has all the freshness of young American manhood about it and is not the less interesting on that account. But the message as a whole is so good that we have no desire to criticise it. The President is loyal to the American notions which are said to have prompted our late war with Spain, but he is an admirable optimist in seeing the self-governing capacity of the Philippines, the Cubans, the Sandwich Islands, and Porto Rico almost at our very doors. An Englishman who was once asked by an American how to get a real English lawn, said: First select a good piece of land, and plow it and drag it and seed it and tend it, cutting the grass with a scythe, and roll it and roll it for about five hundred years. So must it be with the mixed breeds of our new possessions, and even then they will be mixed breeds still and only half civilized."

The next thing, the President, in accordance with his ideal and strenuous character, in accordance also with American declarations in beginning the war with Spain, was represented as indicating that Cuba should be treated with consideration and some show of justice. That is months ago. He had ridden up to the imaginary ranks of Cuba's enemies during the infamous Spanish war, had shouted like a hunter at the flying game, and now, having become President by the grace of God or the schemes of the devil—as you like it—he was for treating the uncertain half-breeds with more leniency and fair play; but the lobbyists of the Beet Sugar Trust and the representatives of the American Tobacco Trust made it plain to Congress that, until their separate interests were primarily and fully secured, Cuba and her moral claims might go to hell—and the President with them, and they are having their way.

Here, again, the President has had to fluke and subside. Cuba may get a reduction of twenty per cent. on the rascally tariff, which has been an infamous outrage from the day the Spanish left and we claimed the island, but at this writing that is doubtful, and in fact will happen only so far as it ministers to American greed alike for conquest and for gain. The President is not in it. He is practically ignored.

The next public question attacked by the "strenuous" President was the Sampson-Schley controversy, involving not only the comparative standing of Sampson and Schley, but the immediate reputation of Dewey and Miles, that is, the real leaders of the American Army and Navy. Here the dear young man did not even pretend to any "strenuous" life of manhood, but tumbled at once to the dictates of the Republican machine—with a clever, sophomore argument to show that Schley was not in command at Santiago, but that the runaway Sampson was in command, which is simply absurd, or that the captains were in command, all of which is the stupidest babble on record—a plea, in fact, which would rob Nelson, Napoleon, Wellington, Frederick the Great, Grant, Lee, Dewey, and all the great generals and admirals of history of the glory we have rightly given them—but the Republican pet admiral and the Republican pet captains have to be sustained by the Republican tool of Mark Hanna & Co., and Roosevelt had to grind the organ to the tune indicated. But you cannot change the verdict of history, Mr. President, and if you go on this way, you will make a fool of yourself and never again be President, but will have to scribble silly books in order to maintain a very superficial fame. In truth, you are becoming a hack in politics as you were and are in literature.

As to the President's reprimand of Dewey and Miles and his substituting for them two mere political nobodies, like Whitelaw Reid, to represent the United States at the coronation of Edward VII, and to tote around with Prince Henry, while he was parading this hemisphere—that is the silliest of all his acts. If there was any honor in either case, nothing could be more absurd than that "Bob" Evans, of the navy, and Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, should be selected for the honors, while greater and better men are under the censure of the President.

Another view of the case is as follows: An old Democratic citizen said to me a few days previous to this writing: "Mr. Thorne, can you recall any case in our history when the President has undertaken to punish, himself, personally, to punish individual American citizens, admirals, generals or what not?" But this man Roosevelt, who was to be the President of the whole people, seems to be acting like a school marm, or worse

still, like a jealous monitor appointed for an hour to take charge of the school and, out of mere spite and envy, he is black-marking the brightest, bravest and most heroic boys in the academy. How are the would-be mighty fallen! You can still be a commonplace tool, like Garfield, Hayes and the rest, but no more, my dear sir.

The latest word from the Philippines is in the same key. We did not expect the President to give up the Philippines and call the natives a free and independent people. We have held, and still hold, that since by the infamous war with Spain we became possessors of the islands, it is our duty, at any cost, to hold them, to subdue the natives and to give them, eventually, a stable form of government. It was a crime to gobble the islands, but having gobbled them we must rule them or become ourselves the laughing-stock of the world. But to control the islands and establish a stable form of government there does not mean that we, a boasted Christian nation, must pursue General Funston's methods of treachery, duplicity, injustice and wholesale luting and robbery. If we steal from the religious orders that have civilized the people as far as they have any civilization; if we steal from those religious orders the property that they acquired and accumulated by gift or purchase while engaged in their religious work, we are no better than the German, Italian, French and English thieves—who, for ages, have been robbing the Church of billions of dollars' worth of property in order to teach the world what advanced ideas of justice and honor there are abroad among the civilized and advanced thieves of modern times.

We have urged upon the President that some other human element besides the ultra ecclesiastic on the one hand and the ultra Yankee politician on the other was necessary to solve this problem—not only in the Philippines, but in Cuba, in Porto Rico and in every State of our own country—but after even a strenuous young man becomes President, and has been knocked and kicked about by the hard hoofs and fists of the mechanism of party politics, he begins to think that said hoofs and fists are the only forces in the universe, and so succumbs like the half-taught gentleman he is apt to be.

He had a dim outlying shadowy sense of justice toward Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, but there is no justice in American politics, and his shadow of it has flown.

We might go on to show that in any position the President has taken he has plainly and palpably fallen from grace—the true grace of true manhood, and has become simply an angler for a second term.

On February 27th, Secretary of State John Hay delivered, before Congress, what was called a eulogy upon the late President McKinley. Mr. Hay has never learned any true estimate of any man. He seems to be a respectable fellow, but to have no power of independent judgment of character whatever. He has all the fluency of the West without any of the discrimination of the East, or of any writer or orator ever called upon to give an estimate of public men.

His eulogy is mere Wanamaker schoolboy talk—pious but unintellectual rubbish—a careless daubing with untempered mortar. Here are a few lines of that eulogy, referring to our three murdered Presidents—men whose lives have become public property, known and read of all people:

“Not one of our murdered Presidents had an enemy in the world; they were all of such preëminent purity of life that no pretext could be given for the attack of passional crime; they were all men of democratic instincts, who could never have offended the most jealous advocates of equality; they were of kindly and generous nature, to whom wrong or injustice was impossible; of moderate fortune, whose slender means nobody could envy. They were men of austere virtue, of tender heart, of eminent abilities, which they had devoted with single minds to the good of the Republic. If ever men walked before God and man without blame it was these three rulers of our people.”

Without pretending to review the lives of the three men in question, and with no desire to pluck a single deserved laurel from their brows, we feel bound to say that every line of this fulsome paragraph is an absolute falsehood. It is false in every particular, personally and politically. I refer to it here only to introduce the President as he was described by a clever correspondent of the *New York Sun* that day—as he sat and listened to this abortion of truth and oratory.

“It was noticable that the President, like the members of the Cabinet and the other distinguished men, wore gloves. His glasses remained in place on his nose during the entire ceremony and his face wore an unusual flush, such as is generally

seen there only on his return from a brisk walk or a horseback ride.

"The President was apparently ill at ease. He paid close attention to Mr. Hay's oration, but physically he was not quiet a moment. He twisted his neck as though his collar scratched it, and for minutes at a time twirled his thumbs, first one way and then the other, with lightning-like rapidity. When not twirling his thumbs Mr. Roosevelt was nervously picking at his hands."

This is one of the latest views we have of the hitherto "strenuous" Roosevelt, now seated, meekly listening to utterances that he knew to be false and put in the crude terminology of Western orators.

Early in his presidential term the newspapers described Mr. Roosevelt as still pursuing his "strenuous" life—and in a very brusque and unrefined manner receiving Senators and members of the Supreme Court at the White House, addressing them in loud and boisterous tones when they had come for a moment's private interview. This was characteristic of the man. We have read and heard of an occasional sea captain, archbishop or cowboy who had adopted this method of intercourse, especially with inferiors, in order to magnify their own importance, but we do not recall a single instance wherein this ungentlemanly method failed to find its proper humiliation. The papers now state that President Roosevelt has dropped his brusque and heathenish manners and is inclined to treat gentlemen as they should be treated. In the way of public manners, this is an improvement, at least, but I am speaking of it as indicating that the rough-rider sits easier in the saddle and is less distinguished than of old.

As far as President Roosevelt had anything to do with the second Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the same record of practical humiliation is shown. That treaty went through with a bound, and the uninitiated supposed that the Nicaragua Canal would be well under way by now. Events mentioned elsewhere in this issue indicate that the President and Congress knew, when it was too late, that the Panama was the better and easier route of the two. Then it happened that difficulties were multiplied, on paper, and the last word at this date, March 3d, is that the Columbian government and the new French Panama Company

are alike opposed, under existing conditions, to selling their privileges to the United States, and the Nicaraguan route is to be bluffed to a finish, while the President, instead of being master of the situation and riding rough-shod over all obstacles, is playing second fiddle to both Hay and Pauncefote, to Congress and especially to the new French Panama Company. Indeed, on the sixth of March it was announced that the privileges granted to us for the Nicaraguan route had been withdrawn, and the nation will have to pay for this bungling stupidity of its rulers. The President and Mr. Hay, both of them, in this matter seem to have been gentlemen of fairly good hind-sight but of practically no foresight at all. But it was a case wherein the clearest foresight was needed, and a quick and strong hand to hold our advantages. How are the would-be mighty fallen!

Part of this trouble of aspiring and self-assertive young manhood may be attributable to the inevitable tendencies of our democratic principles and institutions. Democracy makes every man a commonplace tool. Admiral Dewey had grown too famous, and democracy, in the guise of the "dog in office," called Dewey down. Miles, always pompous and too ready of speech, shared the same fate, and now, lo! the President himself, scrambling between several ambitions and antagonisms, not quite President of the whole people, but of just as much, and just as many people and interests as the Republican leaders and bosses choose to assign him.

Moreover, he has fallen never to rise again. He has immense powers and prerogatives still, but the dreams of his youth are ended, and nothing but another holy or unholy war, with himself as general-in-chief of the armies, can give him a share of that glory which only a few weeks ago seemed thrust upon him, whether he would or no.

It is hard for a man in President Roosevelt's position to understand and admit that he does not know it all. Moreover, he is apt to have only lickspittle, sycophant slaves about him as advisers. We are in position to know that President Roosevelt might have had better advice than has been given him; in fact, that he had some good advice but used it foolishly. He might have made a more commanding and successful fight with fate than he has made. We think, however, that his day of opportunity is passed, and that now he may as well be only the

treadmill of officialism and majesty as the "ruler of our people"—ruler of cant and humbuggery! Admitting all the while that when the struggle or tug is between a bumptious young colt and a couple of pairs of well-broke mules, the mules will get away with the load. Jump on and ride, young man.

This second fiddleism of the President was again noticeable in Roosevelt's instructions to the Supreme Court to proceed against the combine which consolidated two of the great railroad corporations of the Northwest. Here the President seemed to be in the line of popular official action and of success, but alas! the Supreme Court, owned and run by the same "coterie of gentlemen" that controls Congress, found that it had no jurisdiction in Minnesota, or over the combine named. Later it will look into the matter, but it will not go on record against the machine. It looked like a case where manhood and a little "strenuous" Americanism might have lifted the President into favor with the people and into some real power, but the gentlemen who pull the strings of our Punch and Judy show did not think it worth while to have stocks and margins knocked into confusion at the word of the President, and the Supreme Court agreed with the lobbyists. Why not? In truth, it was the wisest thing to do. We have already had too much State and national interference with private and corporate enterprises.

All the President can now do is to send a lot of sharp-witted and unprincipled teachers and rascals to our conquered provinces, make the teachers his fast friends and civilize the said provinces by the old methods of plunder and falsehood—a great work after all. I am not blaming the President but simply stating a series of facts as they appear to me.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

DIES IRAE.

Day of anger, all destroying,
Earth shall melt in ashes lying,
David—Sibyl, testifying.

Oh what terror! heart benumbing.
When the Judge, at length, forthcoming,
All things strictly shall be summing.

Trumpet awful sound outswelling,
Thro' the graveyard's gloomy dwelling,
All before the throne compelling.

Death and Nature, awe-struck, quaking,
See the dead from graves up-breaking,
To the Judge their answers making.

Brought the Book with written pages,
Holding all the deeds of ages,
Whence the world shall reap it's wages.

When the Judge shall then be seated,
All laid bare till then secreted,
Naught without due penance meted.

What shall I, then, wretch be saying?
To what patron turn me praying?
When the just scarce safe are staying?

King of majesty and splendor,
Of th' elect unfed defender,
Save me fount of mercy tender.

Clement Jesus! tho' discerning,
I have caused Thy sad sojourning,
Lose me not that day of mourning.

Weary seeking me Thou farest,
By Thy cross our sin reparaest,
Be not vain the toil thou barest,

Thou just Judge of piercing vision,
Grant the gift of sweet remission,
Ere the day of dread decision.

Like a guilty wretch I'm dreading,
Blush of shame my cheek o'erspreading,
Spare, Oh God ! Thy suppliant pleading.

Mary, Thou forgav'st, repeating,
E'en the thief Thou hear'st relenting,
To me also hope presenting.

My prayers, worthless, are ascending,
But Thou, save me, gracious bending,
Lest I burn in fire unending.

With Thy lambs securely hide me,
From the goatlings far divide me,
On Thy right a place provide me.

When the damned shall stand confess-ed,
By the bitter flames distress-ed,
Call me then among the bless-ed.

Bowing humbly I implore Thee,
Broken-hearted,—deign restore me,
When the end shall be before us.

Dreadful day of woe and weeping,
Lo ! from out the ashes creeping,
Guilty man to judgment driven.

Spare him then, Oh God of Heaven!
Clement Jesus Lord e'er blest!
Give to them eternal rest. Amen.

R.T. REV. M. F. HOWLEY, D.D.

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PATRIOTISM IN SHAKESPEARE.

It was the author of *King Lear* who thus stripped off the
lendings of this mortal state in which we find ourselves:

“We are not the first

Who with best meaning have incurred the worst.”

And so,

“Come, let’s away to prison:

. we’ll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news; and we’ll talk with them, too,—

Who loses and who wins, who’s in, who’s out;—

And take upon’s the mystery of things,

As if we were God’s spies; and we’ll wear out

In a wall’d prison packs and sects of great ones

That ebb and flow by the moon.”

What is this but innocence or penitence crying out in this cruel world; or yet the voice of those burdened out of all proportion, as we say, to their faults; were we to consider the world as a place for even-handed justice, and not

"This earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly?"

Such Desdemona might have declared it, had she reflected, as much as felt, that poor "child to chiding," appealing to an Iago to win her lord again; or Arthur, appealing to one ready for murder, by burning out that loving child's eyes,

"O, save me Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

"Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

"Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron augerly."

Foul deeds have been done!

Doth, then, the world go thus? . . . Is this the justice that on earth we find?

No wonder if the introspective dramatist flies further within himself, and away from these things:

"Tired with all these, from these would I begone?"

.
"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry."

And his philosopher looks on, and notes what are the world's ways that lead to its success:

"Time hath a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great siz'd monster of ingritudes;
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done:
. . . . to *have* done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the distant ways:

For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where *one* but goes abreast; keep, then, the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons
 That one by one pursue; if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
 And leave you hindmost;
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 Overrun and trampled on.
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer; welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 Too envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More praise than gilt o'er dusted. The present eye
 Praises the present object."

What has all that to do with Shakespeare, and with patriotism? Much every way.

For where is the heart's allegiance due? And the mind's?
 Is it to the powers that be, that give us Cordelia dead in Lear's
 arms, or Lady Macduff's murdered son, or the boy Arthur,

"found . . . dead, and cast into the streets,
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away,"

and that damned hand moved by the King *de facto*?

Ulysses sees things as they are; and how men, as well as
 Chaucer's women,

"They folwen al the favour of fortunē."
 "They follow all the favour of fortunē."

And he will use this fickle world as it deserves, and be its master;
 will tell us to keep ourselves before it, or we shall be forgotten
 by it; and to bustle, and in it hide not virtues, or it will de-
 spise us.

And another than Ulysses says,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

However, who less fitted than Brutus to know well where the tide is at the flood; who of those about him lived so in the ideal, where he succeeded; though, in time, he failed:

"Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes,
Our enemies have beat us to the pit."

This is Brutus as Shakespeare presents him, beaten, and yet found like Brutus, like himself; he who sat high in all the peoples' hearts, whose excellence would make appear as gold the basest metal of those in faction with him, who slew his best friend for the love of Rome, and in a general honest good world have that friend almost pleased at being sacrificed: "He is a dreamer, let him pass," Cæsar might have repeated when *he* was taking Ulysses' instant way to great success. Yet Brutus, as you know, is Shakespeare's hero. "Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more." We have no teaching in the play that this was wise or just for Rome. But Brutus could not fail, in that world in which he lived; and when dying declared,

"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me."

This is the figure Shakespeare's mind made the hero of a play called from Julius Cæsar. Through this world Brutus moved sadly enough, "poor Brutus with himself at war." The kindred Hamlet—"so poor a man"—knowing he is in a time out of joint, thinking, too, that he is born to set it right, having, indeed, but the show of fire of Brutus, yet at last finds himself the executioner of the infamous King, but dying then in this act of revenge on the usurper. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king," even Claudius could say. And, as Ulysses judged they would, the people had followed even such a man as king, and such a giver of scandal. Yet "the general gender" loved Hamlet. They loved or revered Brutus, with the generosity that is in good-hearted human creatures, unsteady in mind, and helpless to combine. What can they, when influence, power, and passion, and interest play without upon them and within? Some-

thing, indeed, is rotten in the state of this world. So, after all, how lonely Hamlet is, how lonely Brutus.

The Lord Hamlet, the young Hamlet, the son of a loved father murdered, of a mother stained, whom he had trusted; loving, as I suppose he did, the poor girl Ophelia, who seems to have fooled him, herself being befooled. He is the soldier, scholar, courtier. But his heart is breaking; while Polonius is a meaner king-adviser than a Sir John Falstaff would have been, and must have gone to salute the rising morn; and that is the state of Denmark, and Hamlet walks there alone.

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

Often, Shakespeare lives thus in a mind, heart or soul, divided in purpose, wearied with the world, self-contained, or happily content—Hamlet, Prospero, the banished duke in Arden, Richard the Second even, and again Brutus; while states change rulers, and men's allegiance hangs doubtful, and all the outward show remains. Cassius is there so full of plans. Like a Jacobine he will make a new world, if only we are not "in awe of such a thing as I myself." But Brutus has not slept, "since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar."

The heart knoweth its own bitterness. In joy and in sorrow the truest man is *in* the world, not *of* it. Even in the happiness of a peaceful comedy, exile from the ways of the great world makes such a life exempt from public haunt

"More sweet
Than that of painted pomp."

The idealist is happy

"That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

Private interest thus dominates over public. The dramatist whose work must needs be in the mind of man, yet here seems unable to treat the outward show as other than the half unreal stage over which we actors pass. For, it is not only when more free, but even when bound by historical tales, that the method of this poet historical—so far from that of an historiographer—shows the interest chiefly of a poet philosopher, whose patriotism is hardly in the bounds of space and time. Consider the Greek and Roman plays.

Troilus begins:

"Call here, my varlet; I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battles here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none."

And the play is *Troilus and Cressida*:

"She's bitter to her country. . . .
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death."

Antony and Cleopatra is as typical of the strife of passion with eternal law as is Samson and Delila; though what a contrast to Milton's high Greekish religious patriot in *Samson Agonistes*; for neither is there in Shakespeare anything of such direct referring to a religious law.

And this play does not declare in set terms with *Le Cid*,

"L'mour n'est qu'um plaisir; l'honneur est un devoid."

Far from it. No more than does Romeo sing:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour, more."

In *Othello*, indeed, we hear the words of the general of the Venetian State, whom Iago most falsely said was Antony:

"And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me; no, when light wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation."

Yet, for all that, what is the interest of *Othello*? Is the state question, the public question, the duty to things public, or to things religious as clashing with private interest—are these things before one's mind hardly at all? To see how differently the subject might be treated, more *publicly*, see *Zaïre*, the play Voltaire made out of *Othello*.

"In my sense, 'tis happiness to die," that is the end here; and we know not how far to love or to blame him—"rash," but "most unfortunate." Then, lord governors are appointed, and reports are to be made to the State. But,

"Good bye, proud world: I'm going home."

As far as the stage of this life is concerned, I am nothing. In Bossuet's words: "Je ne suis venn que pour faire nombre, encore n'avait-on que faire de moi; et la comédie ne serait pas moins bien jouée, quand je serais demenué derriè le théâtre."

Of Antony it is said, at the outset, by Cleopatra:

"He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him."

Yet at the end:

"All is lost."

O, this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a night gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss."

For, if the play is not a treatise on patriotism, no more is it the sensual folly of *The World Well Lost* for "Love." Still, the fact remains of what is lost, though ill. And when the statesman protests "there's more in it than fair visage," we think how we have read of another

"face that launch'd ten thousand ships,
And fir'd the topless towers of Ilium."

And *Julius Cæsar*. The more one thinks about it, the more strange it seems, this judgment of Mr. Swinburne's, that all the interest in *Julius Cæsar* is public; that so the figure of Portia is hardly seen in the background; Brutus, as implied, being but "a patriot," and the play being a treatise on sublime atheistic republicanism. That is according to the Mr. Swinburne of greener age, he who was so taken with Gloucester's remark of despair,

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport,"

that he took it as the motto of *King Lear* as a whole, this play of retribution—which finally decides, by the same Gloucester,

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us"—

and so thus pleased his sort of anti-religious violence. But those are wanton, or at least not thoughtful judgments. *Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt*. And each such judgment makes one suspicious as to the critic's judgment in the other. And for *Julius Cæsar* these suspicions have much ground. It is this Brutus with himself at war, his state of man suffering the nature of an insurrection; Brutus praying the gods to make him worthy of his noble wife; so gentle with the boy, his servant, whose youth he pitied, whose sleep he would not break; then so mistaken in men like Antony, "given to sports, to wildness, and much company," as Brutus allows, yet judged by him to be "a wise and valiant Roman," when once he appeals to Brutus' believing heart. And so, Brutus with Cassius; not only in the first scenes, but in that wonderful scene of their quarrel; whose warm glow of personal feeling spreads itself, even as night creeps on, over whatever coldness our first readings might have fancied, in this play, whose public interest is all faded, as the words are a-saying concerning one of the men we have felt with, that "the sun of Rome is set."

Still, we are far from being left with any sentimentalizing over the collapse of things in general: "'tis but a man gone." As each Shakespearean tragedy closes, men make arrangements for carrying on the business. *Our* chief interest has passed. So it is with those who matter most with us. So with ourselves. "The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him." But there stands

"this main miracle,
That I am, I, with power on mine own self,
And on the world."

And, to use the language of high and holy imaginings, "Survey some populous town; crowds are pouring through the streets—some on foot, some in carriages—while the shops are full, and the houses too, could we see into them. Every part of it is full of life. Hence we gain a general idea of splendor, magnificence, opulence and energy. But what is the truth? Why, that every being in that great concourse is his own center, and all things about him are but shades—but 'a vain shadow in which he walketh and disquieteth himself in vain.' He has his own hopes and fears, desires, judgments and aims; he is every-

thing to himself, and no one else is really anything. No one outside of him can really touch him, can touch his soul—his immortality; he must live with himself for ever. He has a depth within him unfathomable—an infinite abyss of existence; and the scene in which he bears part for the moment is but a gleam of sunshine upon its surface."

There the truth impressed by Shakespeare is carried into another sphere. But one truth fits into another; there are complements but not contradictions in truth; and natural and supernatural, they form a harmony, not without the discords unresolved below.

Now, Shakespeare does not pass beyond this natural world to the *Cùitas Dei*, either here or hereafter. He is not religious as a Greek dramatist is; he is not, so Wordsworth noted, as religious as mortal men seeking the why and the whence instinctively are. Yet neither is he preaching an absorption in the present, of pleasure, or of work, of art or of statecraft. Let a man study, Bacon says, but in such a way as not to forget his mortality; to which Thomas à Kempis himself has but to add, and not to offer opposition. And this forgetting of mortality is on no page of Shakespeare, be he speaking through cynic, or jester, patient sufferer, honest workman, heroic wife, or outraged friend, lover, or son.

What we mean to press forward in proof of, is the interest in these plays, taken in things as they really are; with the limitations to this world, in a way; but with the strong sense, built by reflection, by common sense, by humor, by imagination, that to be altogether of the world is to be no man: it is the patriotism of the den, of the theater, of the market place.

And passing, in this freer world, from the Roman to the English historical plays, we leave *Coriolanus*, the great aristocrat, the despiser of the poor, the proud scorner of their unreason and weakness, the would-be ruler with no sympathy for the needs of the governed, with their failings, or their follies. We do not so much blame him for his lack of patriotism, or praise him for his judgment on the Romans, as we watch a proud spirit breaking in shame at yielding to wife and mother, and in heathen haughtiness finding disgrace in being overcome.

Henry V is "the mirror of all Christian Kings;" and therefore, both as a chief character in one of this Shakespeare's plays, and

as a Christian, he cannot find in his country's cause any standard of right and wrong; nor shall we find in the English plays the state and the outward show to be the resting place where we shall forget men.

Coriolanus, indeed, might be fitted to become a Cæsar of "Cæsarism," a setter-up of the Leviathan, with power over body, and soul also, sceptre in one hand, crosier in the other, to violate conscience, to assert the temporal over the spiritual, state over Church, emperor over Pope, or just our country, regardless whether it mean might over right, or right over might; to scout

"the law that is above the law,
And purifies the hearts of men,"

while indeed, as Coleridge has now put it, the man who squares his conscience by the law is but another name for the wretch without any conscience at all.

But Henry claims to be "no tyrant but a Christian King," and the true patriot "King-becoming graces" imply duties rather than rights:

"Justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude."

From the first, the basis of the play of *Henry V* is firmly laid, that Henry's cause is just for him, that he believes in it, nor would stir one foot towards France, unless France were rightly his.

Henry may irritate some, in some moods. Still he escapes being bourgeois; and he more than escapes being a hypocrite; and while about to rouse him in his throne of France he is modest, anxious to learn, willing to be advised, condescending to all, kind to the suffering, considerate to the weak; and even when terrible, careful to judge justice according to what is right and wrong, not by reason of what wrongs may be done to him alone.

England's cause is just for Henry; and so the chorus mourns the treachery of Englishmen:

"O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural."

It is horrible to Henry that the devil might say to the traitor:

"I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."

He has his English cowards, too, who wound themselves to show their scars at home,

"and swear they get them in the Gallia wars."

He was not the English commander who declared to us the other day that all his soldiers had behaved like brave men on the field, and like gentlemen when off. Henry answers from the world of reality:

"There is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some making the wars their bulwark that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery."

And what the men have been, doubtless that they are. A holy writer did say that there are among soldiers more saints than among any other class of men in the world; but wars do not make all the bad ones good, do they?

Williams, Henry's poor soldier friend, says even: "I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle."

Henry himself, however rapid in fight, troubles his mind long over where the rights, public and private, clash, and must have these set in their places by his conscience. If, as is said, even in the High National-Anglican and generally Tory *Church Quarterly Review*, there is an alarming sentiment running through England now, which would support not only a just war, as this *Review* thinks the present one, but also a war of aggression and plunder, then such a sentiment of patriotism would not be recognized by Shakespeare's hero Catholic-English King. That would be almost, for him, the patriotism which Dr. Johnson declared to be the last refuge of a scoundrel. Did not Dr. Johnson echo the higher patriotism, for Englishmen and all men, when of gross misdeeds of his day he said, in effect: "Then, Sir, perish the government of England, if, as you say, it must be kept up by such lawless laws against men as you have now in force in Ireland?"

And now, what do we find done by Henry, the soldier—in whose thoughts that name became him best—when his poor

men feared their ruin on the morrow, and wondered besides whether they were doing right in being there at all?

Am I right in blindly following my country, suppose I am in the army? Indeed, these poor fellows were not the fierce soldier type with whom Henry threatened the "guilty in defence," the Harfleur citizens—"the flush'd soldier . . . with conscience wide as hell." Well, Henry says this war is just. But Williams doubts: "That's more than we know." And Bates comments: "Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the King's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us."

Now, does Henry accept that as final? He has no such forgetfulness of what a man is. He declares, indeed:

"Every subject's duty is the King's;"

but he adds,

"Every subject's soul is his own.* Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare."

The present German Emperor is a true son of Luther and his irresponsible kinship: "The soldier should not have a will of his own, but all of you should have one will, and that is my will. There exists only one law, and that is my law." S. Ambrose, S. Gregory VII, Pius VII, you are needed yet; for the spirit of Theodosius, Henry IV and Napoleon still walks abroad. There is no Catholic Henry V troubling about the absolute in this Wilhelm of local deities incarnate in the prince.

What a world, there, of truth, reality and manliness not forgetful of mortality, and not playing with death—by contrast to Southey's pietistic comments on that other great rejoicer in fight, Telsar, when he, the paramour of his host's wife—was it not?—came to die, rather boasting of his sinless past. To which hero can you fit on the religion that judges him who says "I have not sinned?" The false patriotism would make a great hero, therefore a pure soul. But that is not Shakespeare's.

He would rather have been with Byron's *Vision of Judgment* than with Southey's, in its pious impiety over King George the

*"It is the principle of moral theology that, although no one can lawfully take part in a war which he certainly knows to be unjust, the soldier is safe in obeying his orders."

Third, who cometh to judgment. "And who is George the Third?" exclaimed the Apostle, as Byron not unreasonably makes St. Peter at heaven's gate demand.

To suggest that one cannot love country or friend without believing them always right or holy in their acts is a dilemma whose foolishness is surpassed only by its cruel injustice. And this, even though

"I do love

My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound than mine own life."

To be most glad when it is one's own country does right, to be most grieved when one's country does wrong, there we come to a patriotism such as is suggested in these plays where man acts in his freedom as the responsible soul, interesting beyond all things else, whose smallest moral act outweighs ten thousand suns. Of such patriotism we might hear Dr. Johnson very differently saying:

"That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon," adding, "or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." For, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

Thus we in some measure see the due proportion of things, and the greatness and the littleness of human life. That which we see is not all; and we know nothing of what the part truly is, do we consider it alone. "Those who refuse to look backward to their ancestors will seldom look forward to posterity;" and hence what self-centered meanness; and what monstrous self-importance, what unreality; for individual life is short; that a preparation for *les longs espoirs et les vastes pensées*; what a forgetfulness of morality, what a closing of eternity, what blindness of heart or deadness of soul, what moral confusion, what secret unbelief in good.

A Richard II it is who claims more for England as such, for the King as such, than was claimed by a Henry V. These form the contrasted picture in Shakespeare of Kings weak and strong, one unjust, selfish and querulous; the other buoyant in confidence of right action, humble and generous and just. If both have splendor externally, it is Richard who is beautiful in

form; Henry "never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there." We saw that the pains he takes at the outset are to find if there be justice in his cause. Richard shames us, in his first scenes, with suspicion and cunning, with cruelty toward those who would tell him truly, with the merciless policy of fear. And so the basis is laid for rebellion. For there is something better worth than loyalty to King and country, it is loyalty to what King and country ought to be.

It is true that Shakespeare found in his Mediæval Story a notion of kingship differing from that new monarchy under which he himself lived. The Middle Ages could have no such idea of absolute monarchy; for them the canon law ruled with its "the true Rex is Rex," with its ideal, at least, of Christianity and not Cæsarism. One sees this contrast when one notes that the mediæval deposition scene of Richard* was not played in the reign of Elizabeth, who, of all Tudor princes, had, of course, special reasons for fearing allusions too plain to titles to a throne.

But if Shakespeare found his story, he makes use of it obviously enough for what interests him and us more than Lancastrian "usurpation," that is, loyalty in a man's life.

We do not doubt that we are right when, with Henry, we give our best selves; the poor timorous soldier, half in fear, half in despair, is ready with his life heartily when Henry has spoken with him: the commander who wished for more troops is willing, when heartened by Henry, to fight, just those two together, against all the foe.

"Every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear."

His cry is "God for Henry! England! and St. George!" And

*In fact, the Catholic Middle Ages were less Anglican or Gallican than even Shakespeare suggests; for Richard was deposed by the clergy and nobility, rather than by his fickle self.

men follow with all their hearts; nor will their heads in quieter times condemn them.*

Richard indeed commands—

And, "yet *looks* he like a King"—

"Lions make leopards tame," he declares magnificently, a king to a duke. "We were not born to sue but to command." And yet men hesitate, nor will they; for, within is strife between their loyalties; and there is enough to justify their own selfishness in the injustice of the King.

Gaunt holds in his wrath:

"Gods' is the quarrel; for Gods substitute
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caus'd his [Gloster's] death, the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister."

But at last, against the wrongdoings of his country embodied in her King, he appeals, through very love of country itself:

"Methinks I am a prophet new inspired.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, semi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renown'd for their deeds as far from home,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;—

Henry V was full of knightly devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "This most Christian prince there [in Westminster Abbey] ordained for him to be sung three masses every day in the week while the world lasteth." (Fabyan.) And one of these three daily masses was in honor of some mystery of our lady's life—such as the Assumption, the Visitation, the Purification.

*Readers may be interested to note that the cry at Agincourt was—as Elusham, a monk of the time of Henry V, tells—

"Virgo Maria fave, propria pro dote; Georgi
Miles, et Edwarde, Rex pie, confer opem."

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
 That England, that was won't to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."

So a true patriot concludes, blaming his country for the wrong she has taken upon herself. Here is the converse—the patriotism of the wrongdoer, pleased with his country, pleased with himself, and with any support she gives him, wrong or right—

"I weep for joy,"

says kingly Richard,

"To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebel's wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
 As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting,
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favours with my royal hands."

That a king should prove his country worthy of devotion by making her do worthy deeds, is what a wise bishop next suggests to him. But as immoral as the more hard-headed King in *Hamlet*, Richard sentimentalizes about help of angels in going on in wickedness or weakness. He even says that disloyalty to him is disloyalty to Christ.

And we, too, have our delusions, in the patriotism of local morality. We have our music halls now, and their songs, their sentimentality, and their Richard-like unworthy vanity; men and things of the hour.

But, "Buy *terms* divine in selling *hours* of dross," says this poet philosopher, who "was not for an age, but for all time."

Whose love was the patriotic love of country, Gaunt's or Richards'? Before your patriots will be famous to all ages, let them be dear to God.

We *have* later poets, too, or we had—

“England . . . is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness.”

Did Wordsworth love his country less when he warned it that

“Plain living and high thinking are no more;”

when he did the satirist's, the poet's, the idealist's everlasting office:

“For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;
And I by my *affection* was beguiled.”

And then, there is *King John*:

“This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself
Come three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue,
If England do itself do rest but true.”

So the play ends; and the words have often been quoted with proper national pride.

But it is the Bastard of them; and his hero is—King John—

“Warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.”

The Bastard's patriotism speaks not like Hector's, who reminds the Trojans that

These moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud:
. thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.”

So Henry V would have solemnly said. Not so Richard, the insulter of the old; nor John, the murderer of his brother's child. But then, rebellion against Richard is justified as the real right in men; while King John's defender denounces:

“You degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody heroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England.”

And success lies on John's side, after certain vicissitudes, after he has received his home back from the Papal legate; of whom, however, he only pretended to be in need, says the nationalism of the Bastard, wishing to apologize for England's submission to Rome. Here is the net result: John, instead of Innocent III. As the *Saturday Review* not long since said to a certain type of National Church makers-up of English history, the sooner you discard such false "patriotic" theorizing the better, which forces you to choose John, not Innocent; William Rufus, not St. Anselm; Henry II, not St. Francis; and haters of the brotherhood of men, rather than the defenders of the freedom of men's souls.

This play's nationalism is supported by the words of the Bastard and of his hero John. Is this the exigency of the times of Shakespeare, and the change of religion? Indeed, we do read of one fervent anti-Papalist coming from another play of this name and declaring, "I always thought King John was a good, holy, misjudged man, because he opposed the Pope; and now I know it; it is told in the play," the one by the foul-mouthed Bishop Bala, I believe.

To be sure, Shakespeare's *King John* does not hang together as *Richard II* and *Henry V*, nor is it our author's as completely as they are.

Again, does Shakespeare half mean that such patriotism or worship of one's nation unresistingly finds worthy defenders in John, and in the man of the class of Don John in *Much Ado*, or Edmund in *Lear*? Edmund defends Britain against French forces supporting a Cordelia returning in her filial piety. "Now gods stand up for bastards!" And they do, for Edmund, till too late; they, or the demons of the land shamed by his victory.

In *King Lear* Shakespeare keeps the King of France away, because he was coming for the cause that was all just. And that was a trial to the feelings of his English audience. In *King John* the French leaders appear; and we are left with John's (the English) cause justified—but by the legate of the Pope; though, as has been said, with certain national apology.

So perhaps, after all, even here there is an implied appeal to some higher standard that what to a nation is right or wrong, regardless of injustice at large, and humanity.

In *Henry VIII*, a play less pieced together even than *King John*, there is a closing passage implying that patriotism finds

its expression in devotion to irresponsible kingship; the heathenish notion. But Shakespeare doubtless did not write the passage, nor, I suppose, cared much about it. He adopted it, indeed, under his name; but also those words of Cardinal Wolsey, which have appealed to people so much, a witness to their devotion to some absolute ideal:

"O Cromwell, Cromwell:

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Talking of writing that is not Shakespeare's, but under Shakespeare's name, brings one to *Henry VI*, and to a matter important for our subject, the treatment of other nationalities. In *Henry VI* we have the heroine and the saint, Joan of Arc, treated as a witch.

But open, literally at random, and take the words (I *Henry VI*, iii:3):

"Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered,
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will but be rul'd."

There is no humane ear that can credit Shakespeare, once read, with those verses.

He is not guilty, then, of being a forerunner, by this La Pacelle, of that defamer of France, Voltaire.

But what of the French and English in *Henry V*?

"Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and overlusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice.
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The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and wily ruminat
The morning's danger."

And then it is that the chorus cries praise and glory on

"The royal captain of this ruin'd band."

The French prince had already sent a flouting message to Prince Hal, now become King, not caring to note any change in

Falstaff's playmate, for whom it was once superfluous to demand the time of day, but who now "weighs time even to the utmost grain."

So the Dauphin is all for the fight, to teach the English a lesson, and his very horses neigh to be at the invaders:

"Mount them, and make incisions in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes."

And another Lord:

"Why do you stay so long, my lord of France?
Yond island carnous desperate of their bones,
Ill favoured become the morning field—

The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips.

And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself."

Yet another sneers at them for praying; and the Dauphin demands,

"Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after, fight with them?"

They do fight with the few English; and these hosts of French are beaten.

Then the Dauphin:

"O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?"

Two Germans—Germius and Schlegel—differ as to this treatment of one's adversary, all vanity and boasting; one blaming it as "the Britain gaining ground over the man," the other allowing it as fair enough, "especially with such a glorious document as the victory of Agincourt."

Besides, how far is this Shakespeare himself at all? we must ask; and then, too, he had his striking fact given him to set forth as best he might, the setting of this poor few, victorious over the gorgeous many, and his central figure of his drama, the inspirer and leader of the victory.

To be sure, he does make a mere roaring pistol give the shivers to a defeated Frenchman.

But Shakespeare does not fail to denounce his own people when blameworthy, as we have seen. And he laughs at them, too; as at their fashions in clothes. "How oddly he is suited"—this handsome English wooer of the Italian fine lady—"I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany"—odd in his manner, too, for she adds, "and his behaviour everywhere." He is ignorant of the language of the learned and cultivated world; and perhaps it is his very rawness or rudeness that makes him, when a traveler, pick up odds and ends of other nations:

"New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd."
"Look yon lisp,"

says Rosalind, doubtless satirizing her English audience,

"and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."

Nor when at home is Shakespeare well satisfied with his countrymen's habits,

"in England, where they are most potent in potting: Your Dane, your German and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to your English. . . . He drinks you with facility, your Dane dead drunk."

And Hamlet can tell us what the custom of his own northern people amounted to. Alas! it is all to-day much as it was then. Still, there are Irish anyway to-day—an Irishman can vouch for *them*—who seem to think it unpatriotic to tell that we are drunken, when we are. Would that we were not. It makes all of us English-speaking people traduced and taxed of other nations, as much as ever was a Dane. Much of the taxing flies, indeed, unclaimed of America, in part, English-speaking though it be. Let us rejoice therefore.

But let us follow the right rules, for present history as well as for past—"not to tell lies, not to hide truth, to be as fair with others as with ourselves." (Pope Leo XII, on Cicero.)

Is he a good patriot who flatters the people—which comes near what Dr. Johnson meant by scoundrel patriotism in the days of Wilkes? No indeed, Burke echoed; until I know that the opinion of even the greatest multitude is a standard of rectitude.

Of course, Roman citizens of the days of Cæsar may not be the equals of the enlightened nineteenth century electors—as those self-satisfied ones a century ago used to say. But here is how Shakespeare presented those of Rome.

Brutus gives them reasons why he that loved Cæsar has killed him. And they—they are pleased with Brutus. They agree with him, of course; the last powerful speaker:

“Who is here so base that would be a bondman? . . . Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? . . . Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speaking for him have I offended? I pause for a reply.”

“None, Brutus, none.”

“Then none have I offended. *I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus.*”

They get more and more pleased with him. He is in now; and Cæsar is out. And all the effect of reason on them is their climax of irony:

“*Let him be, Cæsar.*”

Brutus might as well have “reasoned” with puppies. But Antony maddens their kind hearts; and they want to give him more than ever they gave Brutus, now out of sight and out of mind:

“Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.”

“There’s not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.”

He so stirs their blood that when he reads them Cæsar’s will, leaving so much to the citizens, they rush with brands to fire the traitor’s house. When they are gone, Antony prepares for his new world of self-advancement, and remarks:

“Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot:

Take thou what course thou wilt.”

And when he next appears, he again reads Cæsar’s will:

“Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.”

After all, man is not a reasoning animal. He is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal. And if we allow ourselves to be flattered, we may acknowledge some justice if we are fooled by the politician—“some vile politician,” we then may say, when too late, we examine his skull, “one that would circumvent God.”

If Antony flatters us, and Brutus imagines us reasonable, there is another that scorns. And yet, that is an extreme of

harshness towards us. Our hearts are well placed; we mean well, and are not wholly evil, though with a strong inclination thereto. This is the truth Burke had reached, and not the monstrous Rousseauish figment that we shall always follow the good, if only we are let alone. But, power of admiration we have in plenty, and a true patriot will love men.

One lovable citizen says of Coriolanus:

"If he tells us his noble deeds, and we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of this which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members."

Another is mindful that

"he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude;" as truly as he does, and "this bisson multitude," and "you common cry of curs."

Then, indeed, one modern-minded voter reminds the candidate:

"You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you."

But there is no denying that the sympathy of the scene is half with the reproachful:

"You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly . . . you have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; *you have not, indeed, loved the common people.*"

Do not scorn; flatter none. Nor fill ourselves with delusions. Cold hearts are found among the flattering Antonys, as well as among the scorning Coriolanuses. "Cold hearts and muddy understandings," Burke protested, were characteristic of lovers of "humanity in general," who cared not how much each human creature suffered, and yet talked great things about men with rights, and free. But submission to law circumscribes freedom. License is not liberty. The *truth* shall make you free.

Shakespeare's treatment leaves us thus on the way to be free. We are not a prey to the temporal, the accidental, the prince or the people. We doubtless have here put before us self-reliance, courage, reality, yet tempered by modesty and reverence. "I have done the state some service, but of that I shall speak when I know that boasting is an honor." And yet, Othello adds his "in my sense 'tis happiness to die." "I hold the world but as the world." All these passages come back to the mind again, when the world's true patriot knows himself and the world.

Burke had Othello in his mind as the true state servant, and quoted him when defending himself—Burke, with an Othello's intensity of private affections, and disdain of what is called fame in the world. And here is Burke's patriotic appeal to a Shakespearian freeman, which we may adapt as best we can:

"How often has public calamity been arrested on the very brink of ruin by the seasonable energy of *a single man*? I am as sure as I am of my being, that one vigorous mind, (at a time when the want of such a thing is felt,) I say one such mind, confiding in the aid of God, and full of just reliance in his own fortitude, enterprise and perseverance, would first draw to him some few like himself; and then, that multitude, hardly thought to be in existence, would appear and troop about him.

"Why should not a Maccabeus and his brethren arise to assert the honour of the ancient law, and to defend the temple of their forefathers, with as ardent a spirit as can inspire any innovator to destroy the monuments, the piety and the glory of the ancient ages?"

A country is wealthy in population to the number of its noble men and women—a truth for all patriots, but specially for the young.

To have to pass youth without watchful love, without care, with praise of one's physical excellence; it is poor training for Edmund. And Coriolanus, like his son, was probably admired for tearing butterflies in his boyish teeth. His patriotism turns out hard. Manliness does not mean beastliness, whether called pride, insolence, self-assertion, or else self-indulgence. That last, wooing the means of weakness and debility, has in youth an unbashful forehead, and no old Adam's age, like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly. Prince Hal turned out well, but he had been on his guard, and even so, somehow, a wary patriot among his flock of drunkards is not so fitly a Henry as it is that terrible young man, Iago. It is on our choice among these possible lives that depends the worthiness of our patriotism. Shakespeare's plays hardly leave us in doubt which to admire and love; they teach us—as one said who knew them—a "withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts," a "lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions to teach you courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity."

And he is the best patriot who keeps himself—soul, mind and body—free to put these things into act.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." The patriot to-day—even to-day—may think of these, in Shakes-

peare's country, bewildered with this drinking, with its growing crowds massed together, where the rich seem richer and the poor poorer. If we come to Shakespeare to know what he felt, we find boundless sympathy for men as men; and while he tosses them aside as voices, and voters, and politicians, he loves them in their human weakness.

Caliban howls:

"Freedom heyday, heyday, freedom! freedom,
heyday, freedom!"—

The poor red-capped monster.

Gonzalo had preached Rousseau, but in a merry fooling—

"I, the Commonwealth
. no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty.
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women, too: but innocent and pure."

Still, this is not all fooling. Not when Lear bursts forth, in the fury of the world around, when wickedness's plain face is seen, and nature trembles without him and within:

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just."*

To feel what is just—for this, go to great authors, as said Ruskin, who had a right to say it. And of the somewhat too comfortable Emerson even, it was said that for one or two

*And at the close of this last century, Westminster Abbey heard its preacher's voice, not far from the tomb of Henry V, declaring that that age was passing now amid a widespread sense of disappointment and anxiety on the part of those who cared most for the truth and righteousness. The great movements of the century from which man had hoped so much had resulted in disillusion. Social and religious progress had been small. The dominant cry in Great Britain was for empire, which, doubtless, might be made to cover a noble spirit of patriotism, but now only served to exalt the worship of "our unregenerate British selves."

generations anyway, "the secret and suppressed heart finds a champion in Emerson." How wonderfully great men agree. Why? Because truth is one. Because men will not willingly let dies from among them that by which they live. And yet hard is the good—as hard to be good in Athens, did Plato say, as to get shelter from a dust storm under a low wall? But we have only one life to live here, and we are not here to theorize but to act. We must first be, at all, and be ourselves. "Patriots dear to God and famous to all ages"—perhaps the humblest have been the best. But they lived, whether they knew it or not, by administration, hope and love.

"Let our cry be for free souls, rather than for free men."

"Thou to wax fierce
In the cause of the Lord,
To threat and to pierce
With the heavenly sword;
Anger and zeal
And the joy of the brave
Who bade *thee* to feel
Sin's slave."

The outward shows are best themselves. The world is still deceived by ornament.

"A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ears; change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"

There is one thing needful, says religion; and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? There is the complement to this—"Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His justice." And so we may then come to our neighbor; and we hear then of our duty to him. Nor, in truth, can we well get on without him. "These things ought ye to have done, and not to have left the others undone."

Still, "to thine own self be true," is first—in more than Polonius' sense—and, after it, comes "thou canst not then be false to any man."

"We'll live,"

—now, at last really live, said Lear, as there came up round him the murmurs and sense of the infinite sea—

"And we'll wear out

. packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon."

Prospero lost his dukedom:

"I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,"

when

"My library
Was dukedom large enough."

But when the fat and greasy citizens swept by in idol worship of the powers that be, was even Milan, the outward state, better served?

Prospero was going back to take up this mangled matter at the best.

Yet in some of Shakespeare's final words, and through him:

"These, our actors,
. were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Saint Jerome. By FATHER LARGENT. Translated by HESTER DAVENPORT, with a preface by GEORGE TYRRELL, S.J. London, Duckworth & Co.; New York, Benziger Brothers.

God and the Soul, a Poem. By JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING. The Grafton Press, New York.

Aphorisms and Reflections. By J. L. SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co.

Belinda, a Story. By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. Philadelphia, H. L. Kilner & Co.

Sport Indeed. By THOMAS MARTINDALE. Philadelphia, George W. Jacobs & Co.

We begin this review with a saint, take in some poetry, a little wise prose and fiction on the way, and end with a sinner who goes into the woods to kill deer and moose for sport and then writes about it in fluent, familiar English as "Sport Indeed."

We have heretofore called attention to Father Tyrrell's excellent introductions to various sensible and able Catholic books. There is always something discriminating in his brief utterances, something that an intelligent person can read with pleasure, whether agreeing with the writer or no. There may be a conscious or an unconscious effort toward originality and a literary style in his work, but the writing is good writing, and that is the first requisite of any man or woman who attempts to wield the pen. Mere dullards and dry or dull long-winded and grandiloquent rhetoricians of cant and defunct piety had better take to other vocations.

The preface to Saint Jerome opens as follows: "St. Jerome, though one of the five great doctors of the Church, seems never to have been an object of any very tender personal devotion as other saints have been, his appeal being more directly to the head than to the heart."

I do not think that this quite conveys the whole truth about St. Jerome. The Church of England and the Greek Catholic Church are very devoted to him, and all Catholics who are not well nigh sunk in the nauseating detail of purely modern methods and objects of devotion, admire and love the stalwart friend of St. Augustine, and are immensely grateful to heaven for having preserved to us so many of his utterances, revealing thus to these milder and more hide-bound days the humanity, sincerity, righteous indignation, and weaknesses of so gifted a Catholic of the early centuries of Christendom.

Nor do I think that the expression, he appeals rather to the head than the heart, covers the ground in that line. He had a fine mind, and said things with a vim and a power that commanded, and that still commands, the attention of thinking men; but his very blunders, his outbursts of occasional anger, softening always to the gentleness of a child, are the very things that commend him and endear him to the hearts of fallible and natural men in all ages of the Church.

There was not a particle of namby-pamby cant about the

man or in his make-up. He belonged to a class of men who still thought in his day that sincerity of purpose and genuine love of God in Christ were of more importance than what is now known as exactness of dogma, too often interpreted by ignorant school boys.

Some of the would-be saints of our day would have fought and traduced and in various underhanded ways tried to slay him and down him as the same set of sycophants did in his own day. But genuineness of character will outlast all your creeds and shine like the sun in heaven when they are dead and forgotten.

The last paragraph of Father Tyrrell's preface is very suggestive and very clever, though quite conservative. That is the way—here it is: "Doubtless a twentieth century Jerome or Aquinas would be to our day what he was to his own; he would take and give; he would see much good as well as some evil; much light as well as some darkness; he would delight as much in building up and uniting as rigid formalism does in sundering and destroying." All of which the gentle reader will interpret according to his own notions; in fact, it is so put that every fellow may read and interpret according to his own notions—the "rigid formalists" included.

We have been delighted, while reading this book, to find a pure-grained rugged manliness together with pure Christian faith and devotion. When St. Jerome ventured an interpretation of St. Paul's famous saying, that "when Peter was come I withstood him to his face, for he was wrong or to blame," which interpretation of St. Jerome I believe, with St. Augustine, to have been wrong, and when those two noble minds and hearts—princes and saints of the truth—locked horns and fought it out till the noblest and the younger of the two begged pardon, not that he thought himself wrong, but out of love for his aged and venerable opponent, they did not go about to hire and inveigle into their service mere little whittle-stick reporters to traduce and slander each other, though volunteers were not lacking.

The great souls of St. Jerome and St. Augustine were above such petty, infamous intriguing. They did not desire to injure and destroy each other. They simply, both of them, desired to see and be convinced of the truth: an ideal dream of God—

that certain dozens of modern ecclesiastics, shaken together in the finest mills for a thousand years, would never understand or care for. And yet Jesus, their Master, declared in one of the fearful hours of His life, that "To this end was I born and for this purpose came I into the world, that I might bear witness unto the truth."

In the days of St. Jerome and St. Augustine the mighty spirit of Christ and of St. Paul was still in the air, and a Catholic was not obliged to be a skulking hypocrite, afraid of his bishop, like the Indian who was called "Man-afraid-of-his-horse," but genuine manhood and genuine faith and genuine devotion went fearlessly hand in hand. Of course, these virtues and the men who possessed them were persecuted by the wax noses then as now, but the true Church has in the long run always cared for its own and rewarded them in its own way. We are never abusing the Church, but trying to make its sinners into saints.

We are not perusing this book according to chapter and page, but emphasizing those salient points in it which moved us most whilst reading and meditating thereon. From pages 11 and 12 we learn that young Jerome, though an earnest Catholic by heredity and conviction, and well advanced in various and mature study, at about the age of 20 years was not yet baptized, and there is a very clever paragraph explaining and smoothing over this fact.

"He was as yet only a catechuman (age about 20), for in those early centuries they frequently waited until the perilous ways of youth had been safely traversed before conferring baptism, and the Christian initiation was sometimes deferred from reasons of prudence. * * * It was especially the fear of the restraint imposed by the Christian life, which deferred for years the baptism of many, and we are told by St. Augustine that deviations of the unbaptized were freely excused by a spirit of general tolerance."

"Deviations of the unbaptized" is excellent. We have omitted from this paragraph the lines which describe the scare that Gregory Nazianzen and Satirus got in a storm at sea, lest they should die while as yet unbaptized, because we think that part of the paragraph less genuine than the rest, and in fact, cleverly wrought in to bolster up the modern Catholic notion and practice of baptism.

We have no objection to this notion or the practice that has grown out of it, but when an untaught or half-taught convert splurges about having made a Christian out of a Pagan when he had simply had his newborn baby baptized, we think it time to call attention to this early practice of the Church as illustrated in the case of St. Jerome and others.

Moreover, there is another and emphatic lesson in this fact, familiar enough to all Catholics properly versed in the early history of Christendom. The "rigid formalists generally" are supremely absolute in the smallest punctilia of what they conceive to be Catholicism. They are, moreover, exceedingly jealous lest any good word should ever be said in favor of any Protestant sect or devotion. Nevertheless, we shall not hide the truth on their account.

Everybody at all familiar with the wealthy and numerous sect of the Baptists knows that this habit of deferring baptism till the years of responsible discretion and solid conviction are reached is just as much a conviction with them as the form of baptism by immersion is a conviction. And here, I think, is the place to say that the founders of that sect and their modern representatives have good scriptural grounds for both convictions, and it is plain, though thinly veiled, in this life of St. Jerome, that the habit of the early Catholic Church was the habit in this last particular of the Baptist Church of our own times.

I have already said that I am not opposing any habit of life or any form of devotion of the Catholic Church of our day. Indeed, it is well known to close and careful readers of *THE GLOBE REVIEW* that I am inclined to ultramontaniam in every particular, and believe in the authority of the Church of the nineteenth century as firmly as I believe in the authority of the Church of the first Christian century; but I do not allow mere green and crass, ignorant boys to question my orthodoxy or my piety without showing them the narrow and insufferable bigotry of their own position. The Church is all right, but lots of her representatives misrepresent her. We are not trying to straighten the Church, but to make her bad boys come into line.

I might dwell longer on this phase of modern Catholic life of piled-up dogma and show, without fear of able contradiction, that had the creed-makers acted with more sense and liberality

toward the Arian movement, long ago, and toward the filioque controversies with the Eastern Church, and with a little more charity and less tyranny excommunicating pompousness toward the whole Lutheran and Henry VIII upheaval, an immense amount of bloodshed, heresy smashing and destroying in this world might have been prevented, and nobody the worse for such charity, had it been exercised.

Every separatist has a reason for his action, and all the virtue and all the good sense are not on the side of Rome. In truth, there is too much *Rome* in the Catholic Church any way. Was Jesus a Roman or a Jew?

Wherein I may have offended in years past by any undue severity towards our "separated brethren" or others, I regret it and take this way of recanting; but I have never had any patience with canting hyperorthodox hypocrits of any sect or creed; and until certain of my critics take a Christian notion also to recant and be decent and upright men, we intend to denounce them as the liars and slanderers they really are, and, at present, under the influence of St. Jerome. If the Catholic authorities of this country want to patronize such bigots, or if the puppies so patronized think well of their doings, God pity the whole conglomeration and give them better health and a better understanding. We have no quarrel with good men, but with bad men, who pretend to be good, we are by law of nature in perpetual quarrel. That will do for St. Jerome.

* * * * *

Here are some excellent aphorisms and reflections by the learned Bishop of Peoria. Let us forget for a moment whether we are Catholics or Protestants, but remembering only that we are men—try to enjoy them. We open at random, and find—

"The desire to grow ceaselessly in intellectual and moral power is felt as a wholesome stimulus by the noblest men and women; but it is rarely found in the young. It is a portion of the mature, and is a result of long-continued efforts. Nevertheless, it is a motive which a wise teacher will not ignore in his dealings with his pupils, for the wish to excel, to surpass one's self, when rightly directed, will lead to admirable results.

"Rules of grammar cannot give us a mastery of language, rules of rhetoric cannot make us eloquent, rules of conduct cannot make us good.

"In the race of life, endeavor is more important than speed.

"Habit is the deepest law of our nature. It is a second nature—it is our supreme strength or most miserable weakness.

"They who throw the spirit of the greatest love into their work are the greatest saints and the greatest teachers.

"If thou wouldst accomplish something of worth, seek not a following, but do the best in thy power, and thy deeds shall call forth helpers.

"Decay of language and literature is, at bottom, decay of life in the people whose language and literature it is.

"A gentleman does not appear to know more or to be more than those with whom he is thrown in company."

This book—Aphorisms and Reflections—reminds one more of Henry Ward Beecher's "Star Papers," published forty years ago, than of any modern book known to us. The sayings of Bishop Spalding are more sensible and profoundly religious, and Beecher's book was more brilliant and entertaining. One could go on quoting from the Bishop's sayings till all were quoted. It is very pleasant and suggestive reading; on the other hand, one who has thought seriously, deeply and clearly could raise a discussion on almost every reflection, and project discussion without end. We have no desire to do this. To me it is delightful to find a soul in the Church who is able and willing to speak thus out of his own readings and consciousness with an independence of thought, without dogmatic and ecclesiastical red-tape or rhetoric. Letting his clear words stand in full, as they have in them the true harmonies of the universal soul of truth. To me one such bishop in the Church in the United States is worth a hundred ecclesiastics who have never mastered themselves or the power of lucid utterance, but who are forever plotting to master others. This is a tender and ticklish subject, and we will not press it harder at present.

There is the same even quality of excellence in this author's "God and the Soul, a Poem;" or, as seems more literal, a book of many poems; the same exaltation of clear and devout thinking, plus the art of the poet. We have again and again made the discrimination that Bishop Spalding's poetry is not expressive of the winged imagination of Shakespeare, nor has it the fluid flow of Burns or Tennyson, but it partakes of the sublim-

ity of thought in Milton and in Dante, and as our taste or our mood inclines, we give the one or the other the preference.

The first words of the introduction are very positive and seemingly profound, yet they assume much detail and rush to a conclusion that it took the world at least four thousand years, and some think millions of ages, to evolve and utter.

"That which is primary and essential in consciousness is feeling, and self-conscious being utters itself most intimately and most surely when it says, I am and God is—He is in me and I am in Him."

There is space for a world of philosophical discussion in this brief utterance. On the face of it, the truth is apparent, but it lumps together many varieties of truth, and it is not large enough adequately to express the whole. I am, and God is, is a twofold act of consciousness. Many souls are very positive on the first point but very slack as to the second—and the consciousness of modern science tries to be—"I don't know that I am, and I am not at all sure that God is." This is the bold and blasphemous weakness of modern times. At all events, the conclusion of the quotation is long after the portion first noted—and is separated not merely by a hyphen but by unknown ages. Jesus of Nazareth was the first and only man who ever uttered this latter part of the quotation in any positive sense—that is, out of His own consciousness, and I take it that it is this that separates Him from the whole human race, and distinguishes Him as the God-man—our Lord and Master.

I am not questioning the gifted Bishop's belief in the very thought that I have just uttered, but there is a danger at times in making the grand utterances of Christ too seemingly natural, and so robbing Him of his distinguishing, supernatural glory and power.

In the first two stanzas of the opening poem, "Faith and Heart," I seem to hear again the voice of Tennyson and of Goethe combined, but without the perfect art of the one or the masterpiece of the other:

"What can console for a dead world?

We tread on dust which once was life;

To nothingness all things are hurled;

What meaning in a hopeless strife?

Time's awful storm, breaks but the form.

Whatever comes, whatever goes,
 Still throbs the heart whereby we live;
 The primal joys still lighten woes,
 And time, which steals, doth also give.
 Fear not, be brave; God can thee save."

There is, in these lines, as in all Bishop Spalding's poetry, and in his prose also, the evidence of exalted experience—the evidence of a pure and living faith, and a teaching that this faith in God and in noble living is the one saving power of all life, spiritual and material. It is the divine presence in all things and over all things and beings that permeates and dominates his whole message to the world, and in fact, this is all that can be taught by a sincerely religious being.

There are two of these poems in different metre as preludes to about fifty sonnets, which constitute Book First. Then there are three other poems as introduction to Book Second; then another series of sonnets, which constitute Book Second, and so on, the same arrangement being preserved as prelude to and in Book Third; but I find throughout the book only the one lesson that I have indicated, and cannot see the advantage of dividing the continuous thought of God and the soul and their co-united energy for all good into different books. Perhaps a fuller and a more familiar reading may reveal a deeper purpose in the poet's mind. Here is a sonnet, called

GOD'S IN THIS WORLD.

The world is fair as in the primal day—
 Weak human thought may sadden human souls,
 But the infinite universe onrolls
 Along its high-appointed ancient way,
 Holding o'er hearts an undiminished sway
 Atremble still between two unseen poles—
 God and the soul—and all our hopes controls
 Uplifting death with life's eternal ray.
 I look and idle systems all forget,
 The boundless harmonies alone I hear,
 Sweet as the dew with which the flowers are wet,
 And know that God is here and have no fear.
 I watch the stars rise and I see them set,
 And the dreams of love and childhood days;

The same dear old story that our mothers and the preachers have taught us all our lives, that God is close to us, guarding our lives and the world. It is just what a bishop should teach in poetry or prose as the Eternal gives him power.

I fancy that this book—God and the Soul—shows us the bishop at his poetic best; yet, for all the undoubted beauties of diction, and no mean art in the way of poetic construction, something is lacking which we demand of perfect poetry. In fact, I consider the Bishop of Peoria at his best when preaching straight from the shoulder in plain and lucid prose the eternal truths of redemption and the perfect culture of the human soul.

Such books as these cannot help doing great good. They inspire Protestants with respect for the Catholic religion and its teachers, and all that is done in that line is a genuine service rendered unto God.

* * * * *

All readers of *THE GLOBE REVIEW* know that we like Maurice Francis Egan in any shape, poetry or prose. There never has been but one discordant note on that head in this magazine, and that, as some of the imperfections of the last issue, crept in while the editor was too sick to exert his usual control; but editors seldom apologize or explain. It is beneath our dignity, as the archbishops say.

We did not at first take kindly to Belinda, and after reading a few pages had to put it aside for a more patient and genial mood. Of course, Maurice Egan can tell a good story for boys or girls, but spite of this fact, we notice that the great gift which God has given him, the greatest gift that it is possible to bestow on a human soul, is less and less frequently used in recent than in former years.

No man living in this land to-day can write or has written such wonderfully beautiful poems as Egan has written. I make no exception. I know them all and the best they can do, and it is my conviction that a man so dowered with the infinite gift has no right or business wasting his energies on the mere writing of stories. I think it was Emerson's Aunt Mary who early suggested to the wayward Waldo that the Muse could only be depended on if courted and used and loved with all the soul of the poet.

She made the mistake that many others have made, of sup-

posing that Emerson was a poet—which he was not; but her position was the logical and the true one as regards the Muse, and applies to a man of such exquisite gifts as God has bestowed on Egan.

Belinda is a good and, in some respects, a jolly girl. The mystery of her comparatively unknown baptism comes out in efficacious service at the proper time and saves her from serious wrong. The uncle—an old relic of the Civil War—is a little overdone, but at the point where love and interest and, at the same time, hatred of injustice touch him to motion, he proves to be not as old as he seems, and he acts rather lively at the last and needed moment. It seems to me that Dr. Egan will have to spin another yarn about Belinda and tell us what became of her after she finished her education. She is almost smart enough to christen a steamship, and get her name in the newspapers.

It seems that Dr. Egan is a little too severe on the New York aunt, who is a renegade Catholic or a Protestant. That sort of brutal selfishness is not confined to the female representatives of any creed, but of course, a setting was needed for the story, which is a pretty good showing of the truth that the Lord helps those who help themselves, even in the Catholic Church. But as the net cash increases, the divinity of the soul sometimes slowly dies. Let us tare down our barns and build greater barns, and pile up the grain. "Thou fool—this night thy soul may be *required* of thee."

* * * * *

I am not sure but Mr. Martindale, the sinner in this series, has made the most interesting book of all. It is remarkable that a man so devoted to business can find the time each year to hunt as regularly as this author hunts. The quick and vivid sight of the author and his accurate memory, plus his easy style as a writer, are still more remarkable features of this volume of "Sport Indeed." I have loaned the book to ladies, who were charmed with it. There are in it so many touches of nature that tend to make the whole world kin. The quotations from Mr. William Shakespeare are numerous and accurate. The author is evidently as fond of good literature as he is faithful to business and fond of sport.

Judging from some of the descriptions in this volume, much of Mr. Martindale's sport was labor—hard and dogged labor. Deer and moose are not caught napping; as a rule, the successful sportsman earns his prizes a dozen times over; but the arduous labor in hunting, the strenuous strain on all the nerves and muscles, the tumbles, accidents, mishaps and blunders are all a part of the game, and they all help to take a man out of the rut of commercial life and give him, at first, great weariness; second, a good appetite and new energy for escapades to come.

I am inclined to think that men are born sportsmen as they are born poets, though, beyond question, a good deal depends on the training as to handling the gun or the pen. Mr. Martindale seems an adept in both lines. We wish the book success, not that we sympathize with shooting for sport—but because its breezy and fluent pages will be apt to give pleasure to any person inclined to read them.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ABSENCE.

Days may seem a little long without thee,
 O my love! And the lonely nights, so still,
 May seem to measure but the fatal will
 Of absence—deep and fathomless, while sea
 And earth and air, the birds of day that flee
 The night, all chant our requiem; yet a rill
 Of song ineffable, beyond the trill
 Of earthly singers, ever comes to me;

And I know that thy fine spirit broodeth
 Where the angels roam—where is ever home
 Of love and peace supernal, till the day
 When night and day, and each star approveth
 That far celestial union which alone
 Shall bind our lives in love and peace away.

HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

New York, February 19, 1902.

AN UP-TO-DATE UNIVERSITY.

The Great University of Notre Dame, the representative Catholic college of the West, like all other large institutions, issues a yearly catalogue. Mine for the scholastic terms of 1901-1902 came to hand this morning, and is such a curious publication, so full of lies and unique misstatements, that it deserves, I think, my special attention. Aside from a wonderful frontispiece, supposed to give an idea of the academic buildings, but really showing many whose existence is in the very remote future. [NOTE.—I hear from his cousin that desperate efforts are being made to pull President Schwab's newly fledged millionaire leg for the money for these.] The true interest begins at the imposing list of "professors and instructors." The Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., heads the list, being credited with "Evidences of Religion." [NOTE.—Perhaps you have never seen the very reverent gentleman, a low squad Irishman, with a face suggestive of the rear elevation of a spanked baby; he was elected president of the university on his ability to smoke two-for-five cigars and drink whisky with the old brothers; but that is another story, as Kipling says.] During my stay at Notre Dame he never taught this class, or any other that I know of, and the only evidence of religion which he has ever considered is that one kind, plus a religious order, has mercifully saved him from occupying his logical position as a section hand. The Rev. James French, C.S.C. [NOTE.—How useful the "C.S.C." is to hide the deficiency of a college training, which none of those order men possess! It is a gift of the Holy Spirit, at ordination, this faculty to teach, you know] has "Latin and English." He does teach a class of fifth Latin but his English instruction is confined to a characteristically Irish review of the articles intended for the "scholastic." How Irish and, therefore, superficial, you will know from the fact that in a very learned and profound dissertation by a young seminarian, Joseph Kelleher, on the life and character of Thomas Cranmer, which appeared in the issue of January 26th, the poor old archbishop was kept alive and made to actively assist in all the non-Catholic agitations of Queen Elizabeth's reign, only to perish miserably under the next sovereign, at the extreme old age of at least one hundred and sixteen. The Rev. the Prefect

of Discipline Martin J. Regan, C.S.C., has charge of "Christian Doctrine." He is a very large and pompous man, this Martin J. Regan, Prefect of Discipline in the University of Notre Dame, so I will divide my discourse concerning him into two parts, so as to give him the fuller justice. First, I will endeavor to show how Christian his teaching is, and then I will enlarge upon the profoundness of his doctrine. First as to his Christianity. There is a lake near Notre Dame, to which the soiled doves from the neighboring town of South Bend fly out every fine evening in spring, and the young Catholic Christian gentlemen go out in droves to acquire ornithological sensations. A young cleric thought, one evening, that he had made an appalling discovery, and went to report to the reverend the prefect and instructor of Christian doctrine. What did he do? Inforce the rule about purity that looks so well in print under the nicely headed regulations of discipline, "that all cases of immorality call for expulsion, with no return?" Oh no! He simply shut his eyes good and tight, and went on teaching Christian doctrine. In his own words, his answer was: "Yes, I know it. But what can we do?" Think of it! A capable prefect of discipline utterly unable to control his boys. What bad boys there must be at the great Catholic University of Notre Dame du Lac. I have some more stoic facts along this line, which I will produce to the proper persons, but this is quite sufficient to show the drift. Now for his doctrine. Listen to this charming little idyl: He had been teaching a small boy for six months about the sacraments, but on the arrival of a new member to the faculty, the overworked prefect divided his class, giving half to the new man, who at once held an examination to see how matters stood. He was astonished at the results he received. To the question, "What are the three parts of the Mass?" this particular youth replied, "Youcrust, Holy Orders and Matrimony!" I will say nothing now about the false and mechanical methods of instruction which must have been pursued during those six months to culminate in such an answer, for I want to direct your undivided attention to the attitude of the Reverend the Prefect. Martin J. was furious and removed the lad from where he might suffer the humiliation of another correction into his own class, where, as he said, the boy might sit in peace until June. For it did not matter if he never learned anything. According to the Notre

Dame system, it is inevitable that any boy blessed with instruction under its broad and fair dome [NOTE.—This badly gilded old dome is worked overtime, as the Very Reverend the President and the Reverend the Vice-President drag it, paint and all, into every public utterance.] must, therefore, be turned out a Christian gentleman, even if he may have some rather unique ideas on the divisions of the Mass and ornithology. These are the three first names. Does it not sound enticing as a place for young boys whose characters are just forming? A little farther down the list I see the name of John Cavanaugh, also C.S.C., who is said to teach "Rhetoric." He has not had any classes for two years, but I am very glad that they have retained his name in the catalogue, as it gives me an opportunity to make a few remarks about the Reverend Director of Holy Cross Hall that I might otherwise lack. He is a disciple of Doyle & Co., and most religiously has banished all his whisky and beer as far away as his back study. A proof: A good old German father came up from the same State, and he was a priest of enough importance to be well treated. The bottle was produced, and the glasses filled; for the pledge circulated by the Reverend Cavanaugh in his hall ingeniously states that it binds only in those places where there is a need of total abstinence societies, and, of course, a reverend director's private study in such an holy place as Notre Dame could not, by the wildest Doyleite, be construed as coming under this specification. All went well until some one was heard coming; then, to the perfect amazement of the Indiana father, his ancient green derby was rapidly pressed into service as an extinguisher, and the glasses disappeared. I was in the room at the time, much to my soul's edification. I also saw the letter sent out by the Doyle Co., rejoicing in the formation of a total abstinence society at the hall. I only hope that, after reading this, they will send some more communications in that direction. Cavanaugh is also sub-editor of the *Ave Maria*. This little fact of the bottle might possibly account for some of the senility of the *Ave's* notes. Then there is, I see, old Stanislaus Fitte's name as Professor of "Philosophy and French." French yes, but philosophy—good God, man, I was in his class! I had a little bit of everything there, from the celebrated nine kinds of soup which he could make down to bacteria, which bothered him exceedingly; but never

anything that could by the wildest pipe dream be called philosophy. I pass by Ready and his "Mathematics" briefly. There is not much to say. But whatever his faults may be in scholarship, he is not a hypocrite like the Doyle & Co. gentleman, for he nightly brews his little punches in the sight, sound and smell of all of Sorin Hall. After Ready's name this extraordinary catalogue perpetrates another barefaced lie. The Rev. Andrew Colina is said to teach "Spanish." Why, the man is not even on the grounds, but is at Washington, trying to pick up what he can at the "School of Advanced Bombast," sometimes called the Catholic University. God help him. I was there once, too. Then comes James Francis Edwards, A.M., LL.B., "History and Librarian." Old Father Granger is regarded by the Order of the Holy Cross as their one saint. They are very proud of him, and bring in his name on all occasions. He is next to the great gilt dome, one might say. Well, here is my little contribution to his memory, proving beyond the slightest doubt that he had the gift of prophecy. "Jimmie," he said over forty years ago, when the future M.A. was a whining little boy, "Jimmie, your mother made a great mistake when she put pants on you." This was over forty years ago. Yet what a marvelous foresight of the man that was to be, as through a glass darkly the rather pompous old dame of to-day loomed up before him, the eager old woman who runs over sea and land to get a cushion blessed with the impress of a Pope, or a slipper once the covering of a bishop's most august left foot, who heaps all this rubbish together and calls it "personal history;" a teacher without knowledge, and a librarian without a library. What a great prophet Father Granger was. The "Bookkeeping and Commercial Law Department" is conducted by Brother Cyprian, C.S.C. [NOTE.—This "C.S.C." is inevitable like death, and the Legion of Honor in France.] Right here let me state the advisableness and practicability of sending your small boys to learn commercial law and the ways of the business world from a recluse, who would not know a bank draft from a chattel mortgage, having only heard of both. These old brothers never leave the place, and among the ten wise men who end this list there are some who have not left the grounds for twenty years. A word about these ten old wise men, all with their "C.S.Cs.," who make the learned faculty greater. One is the brother

sacristan, one the brother door-tender, one the brother carter, and the rest brothers detectives, having at last gravitated to their true vocations, which, at first, they mistook in trying to be religious. I hear, on my own authority, that the brother bartender, a great and laborious position at Notre Dame, and the brother undertaker have entered a complaint against their unjust elimination from the faculty.

The next group of mental reservations is placed under the heading of a partial list of the more important pieces of apparatus in the "Physical Laboratories"—"in Mechanics"—"A large sized physical balance"—a very fair pair of scales such as one finds in any shop. But isn't it just like the Irish to call it by the learned name of "physical balance?" It sounds so well, and that is the main object at Notre Dame, to sound well. "Standard kilogram"—oh yes, a good-sized lump of metal. "Standard meter"—an average yard stick. "Dividing engine"—I wish that, for the time being, I could be on the grounds, then I would send you a photograph of this intricate and important bit of mechanism. But I will describe it to you from memory: Four yard sticks fitted with collars fastened to a five-foot board, "compound pendulum." But why go on? Must I tell you about the "organ pipes" which are on the church organ, and of the "engine's dynamos, and instruments of commercial size," which are used to heat and light the place? You have seen enough, and the rest are all over described. For if most of them have some excuse for their appearance, still, from the antique engine that was constructed out of a misfit cylinder and a traction governor over twenty years ago, down to the little toy sewing machine that poses as duplex, fully equipped XYZ lathe "with wood-turning tools, drills and hand tools for metals," all the apparatus is woefully out of date and unfit for the work claimed to be undertaken. There are just a few exceptions, one a "break circuit chronograph," useful in athletics, and some really good instruments of Fathers Zahm and Kirsch, which are never seen or used by the students. I take pains, however, to mention right here their existence, lest hereafter, in any attempted refutation of this article, I be bothered with their appearance. But I cannot leave this subject of equipment without showing you a little bit of characteristically Irish writing. They have one fair-sized room that serves for the laboratory, work in

"Biology," "Microscopy," "Histology," "Embryology" (never taught, by the way; old Fitte, C.S.C., objected, for it interfered with some of his preconceived notions, and hindered his refutation of Mr. Huxley and Herbert Spencer. Ah, if I only had time to tell you about these refutations! How the man has never read their works; how he defines life as the power to move about; how he laughs at "bacteriology." But I must go on.) "Bacteriology" and "Botany." Now, in the catalogue the "Biology Laboratory" is described with "its compound and dissecting microscopes," and afterwards the "Botanical," the "General Laboratory of Microscopy" and the "Bacteriological," in order, each with its set of "compound and dissecting microscopes."

The room is well lighted and a good one, and the "compound and dissecting microscopes" not the very worst that can be gotten; still I see no sane reason why the whole darned lot should be written about four separate times and as four different places, unless it is an attempt of a poorly-equipped and struggling school to keep up a paper equality with such a place as Purdue, which really has what Notre Dame claims for itself. When I was in Washington, at the "School of Advanced Bombast," Father Burns, C.S.C., showed me this part of the catalogue, and said: "See what we do in science. Why, there is not a place in the country that does better or finer work," and that is one reason why I went to Notre Dame. After this, the trifling little lie about the existence of a laboratory for work in geology, which has never been done here at all, may be passed over as insignificant. But all this is simply the naming of tools. Notre Dame is nothing if not practical. It teaches each student to be, as Col. William Hoynes, LL.D., says (This Col. William Hoynes, LL.D., is the total abstainer, who was reminded at the faculty table by Professor Ewing of the fine whisky they had had under the hedge. "Col. Hoynes," he said, in his high, shrill voice, "Col. Hoynes, I say, wasn't that fine whisky we had out under the hedge?" "Sush!" said the noble Colonel.): "A firm believer in the illimitable possibilities of industry, perseverance and self-reliance, and to win the crown of illustrious achievements in the domain of life." On page 120 we have a glimpse of the wonderful things she does in "Mechanical Engineering." The courses in shopwork are most complete. There are said to be woodshops, a foundry, a blacksmithy, and a machine shop.

Don't be deceived. It is just another case of "Biological," "Botanical," "Microscopical" and "Bacteriological" laboratories. There is but one room, and the combination foundry and smithy is a little lean-to containing a forge and anvil, where, with great difficulty, a horseshoe might be made. But, great God, where does the foundry part come in? Where, in thunder, can metals be heated and melted and poured in such a place? In simple fact, they do not try. It is all moonshine, the statement that the catalogue has been making for years, "that during the ensuing year the advanced students will undertake the construction, from an original design, of a rotary steam engine." I will tell you something about the only engine they ever tried to build. Four years ago, they needed a new one to replace the celebrated makeshift that is now running the shop. They bought a set of warped castings in rough, which an engine builder had rejected and thrown into his scrap pile. For two and a half years the students worked away on them, and finally, last fall, those parts requiring careful work were sent to South Bend to be finished. When I last saw them, six months ago, they were heaped together, awaiting the appearance of a governor, which was to be bought or, if they were lucky, donated, but not "made from an original design by the advanced students." I want you to note that all the fine, careful work was done elsewhere, and that I want you to try and picture what kind of mechanical device these engineers of Notre Dame will be able to construct. Just what I saw the Spanish boys doing, I think, turning out nice little wooden cups to send home to South America. As for a rotary engine, or any other constructive work, original or otherwise, being done there, it simply was never even attempted. Also, it might stump the university to produce those theses that are the culminating effort of the course, embodying its chief results, and expected to show considerable originality. The only one that I came across in my experience or that the old traditions of the place tell of, was a description by George Stuhlfauth of a dynamo and the winding of an old core, which had been about the shop for years. This "winding of a core" might sound big to some, but it merely consists of wrapping a lump of iron with wire.

This being the condition of affairs in those subjects in which Notre Dame claims to be alive, you can well imagine what the classes of Latin, Greek and Philosophy are like, in which she lets herself be quietly dead. Old Fitte's classes (Latin and Philosophy and French) would make fine comic reading in sociology and evolution, but space forbids me. I hope, though, at some future date, to do the old gentleman and philosophy, as it is now taught in most Catholic schools, ample justice. But now, after stating that those courses of "Italian, Old French, Portuguese and Provencal," outlined on pages 48 and 49, have never been, nor never could be, taught by the existing faculty, I will come to the subject of athletics. The present Bishop of Fort Wayne, after having been shown a carefully expurgated Notre Dame under the supervision of the Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey, gave his episcopal benediction to athletics as conducted there. And could he do otherwise? A band of students having been engaged in deep and tiring study, wishes to consume some of their animal nature, and gain health and strength for more study. The games of football, basket ball, running, jumping and vaulting will do this most agreeably; and then, if other colleges are engaged in the same process of consumption, what is better or more friendly than a contest of skill? And who could be so stupid or un-American as to object? Surely not the new Bishop of Fort Wayne. And always you must remember that any suspicion of the least professionalism is guarded against by a "Faculty Board of Control." The reverend president of the university is the security for the amateur standing of the members of the athletic teams. This is such a harmless and really good arrangement that it is a great pity that there is one little flaw. It is not the truth. Casper Whitney knows about the well-digger of South Bend, "Buck" Henley, who took an extended course of baths at Notre Dame during the football season, and Stagg, of Chicago, has some rigorous opinions about amateur athletics under the Rev. Morrissey, which culminated in his refusal to play at Notre Dame last year. Nor is this all. The leader of the track team for two years, the great Fred Powers, the favorite of the Reverend Andrew in more ways than one, was never in any real sense a student; seven classes were accredited to him in the public record book, but in the private ledger, containing the examination marks,

there was a large and suggestive blank space after Fred Power's name. Question: Why was he at the university? For his health, or for the beauty of the surrounding country? If these are the reasons, how strange it is that his health became bad and the surrounding country beautiful just at the opening of the athletic season. Also, three other amateur students were welcomed one evening by the manager of the sports, and the next day were at work in the field. What an extraordinary overdose of animal spirits there must have existed in this case. Lastly, the case of Conner proves beyond any doubt that the athletes are a separate class, and not real students. Conner had come to play football, and after the opening of the games, not liking his situation of subordinate on the team, went to Morrissey and told him that he was going. "What," said the chairman of the Faculty Board of Control, the patron of amateur athletics, "why, what do you mean? In the midst of the season! Why, man, I could have gotten two men to take your position." This is a wonderful case of prophecy that must be remembered when the Irish are pushing the canonization of the Blessed Andrew Morrissey for the patron saint of amateur athletics. Before two men could get there, or even before he had seen them, this holy man knew that they would have a fund of animal spirits to be consumed in specific places in the football eleven. This is equal to Father Granger and Jimmie Edwards. I wonder if the bishop would have given his approval if he had only known what sort of men his consumers were; and also, I wonder what he would have said if he had seen the team of the great Catholic college, with which he was so pleased, on their way through Chicago, all drunk at Berghoff's saloon on State street, having consumed spirits not animal. Ignorance excused the right reverend bishop before, but now he knows. Now, gentlemen, just a little about your discipline at Notre Dame in fact and in fiction, and I am through with you for the time being.

You begin your dissertation, on page 21, with a little résumé of Spalding about "an education which gives little attention to the development of the moral part being pernicious," and then there is mention of the "quiet and concentration of mind which are needed for collegiate work," etc. This is not the first time that the Bishop of Peoria has been used to patch up the mental poverty of Notre Dame, like plums in a mass of dough, sen-

tences from his slick out in the university sermons for weeks after a lecture from the great bishop. This sop to culture duly thrown, the catalogue states with Doyle-like morality, that the use of intoxicating liquors will be in all cases made the cause of expulsion. I have stood by my window and watched the empty bottles drop like the gentle rain upon the tin roof of the court of Sorin Hall. One evening the watchman was so rash as to object. He was new to the business. "Stop throwing or I will shoot," he yelled. A shower of "dead soldiers" was the only answer. The boys of Sorin Hall had been under Father Burnes, another total abstainer, who drank a tumblerful of whisky with Father Stafford at Washington, and, therefore, knew their ground. This is one of the reasons why such things go on. The fathers dare not interfere. The boys know quite too much. As to morality, I have told you about the women and the lake; but if any one is still interested, let him examine the records of the police court of South Bend for last winter. There he will find the testimony of a woman from the "Owl," which house had been raided. On being asked to give the names of her customers, she gave a list which embraced members of both Sorin and Corby Hall and one professor at the college. Two seminarians have since this been in the habit of going there. These facts were well known at the university, yet no one was expelled because of them. The article about "profane and obscene language" is never kept. To make this quite clear, read the inscriptions in the lower corridors of Sorin or Corby or even Carroll Hall. The reverend directors must have eyes; but if not, let them use their ears. Why, I have heard men curse before the Reverend Ready with perfect impunity. Norbert Savay called him a damned fool across the faculty table. But then, perhaps, he overlooked the profanity of the statement in deference to its truth. In regard to the use of tobacco, this clause is mere sham, to make parents feel good. No permission is required. Any one who has the money can go down to the little shop kept by Brother Leopold, C.S.C, professor of instrumental music (see faculty list, page 9) and get all he wants. Do you wonder how these things can be under a man like Father Zahm, who, after all, is the Father Provincial? But Father Zahm of to-day, the Very Reverend Provincial, is not the Father Zahm of old. He has sold himself, pen and all, to the Irish

party. After fighting for years for a principle of right, he has left his old friends, men of character like John and Peter Lanth, Scheier and Kirsch, and has deserted the ideals of the Father General, who advanced him first, all in order to be the Very Reverend Father Provincial. "Oh, the pity of it!"

At last I am through, but in closing I will refresh your memory as to who I am, Fathers and Brothers of Notre Dame. I am an Anglican convert, who came to your seminary to be a priest of your order; but, thank God, being possessed of an abnormal curiosity, I received much light. Before I came to you I was at Georgetown College, the Catholic University and the Franciscan Monastery at Washington, on whose lists you can find my name.

ALEXANDRE LATTIMORE.

DUTCH CRITICS AND OTHERS.

Some good-natured Dutchman, with more faith and orthodoxy than intellect or ability of any kind, swung his beer glass to the extent of a whole column in the *Herold des Glaubens*, St. Louis, January 15th, over the signature J. N. E., in a futile effort to show these two things: *First*, that the editor of THE GLOBE REVIEW was a man of "colossal" ability, whereas Mr. Thorne is a plain ordinary man who simply speaks forth the truth in all soberness, and lays no claim to being anything out of the common run, except that he can usually tell a hawk from a hand-saw, in German or in English, a discrimination that only a gifted German now and then has ever been able to make.

Second, that Mr. Thorne was ignorant and stupid, in which assertion he comes about as near the truth as orthodox Catholic newspaper writers are apt to come, especially the Dutch variety, and he offers no proof of these insulting assertions. Mr. Thorne tried to intimate in a kindly, genial way, that possibly some Protestants might be in heaven, and suggested that our two-faced Catholic ultra orthodoxy might better compose its features a little, make its teachings uniform, and no longer try to make people believe that there was no salvation outside the Church of Rome, unless it believed this dogma itself.

Without compromising any one and without any desire to compromise any one, I gave authority for the sources of my information, with detail enough to convince any one except a plugheaded or pigheaded Dutchman, into whose cranium you can never press anything that he has not learned from babyhood. Whereupon one excellent German priest in the East wrote, challenging me to produce the name of any Catholic of authority—note the qualifying term—who had ever taught that through culpable or inculpable ignorance any Potestant had ever gone to hell.

A beautiful undertaking that would be, certainly. The form of my meditation on the theme was this: Some Protestants in heaven? It was simply a reflective meditation on a theme, with hope at the heart of it. I did not even try to locate heaven—I did not go into the theology or philosophy of it—all that being too stupid and aerated for a plain man to tackle. I simply suggested that on the grounds of Scripture, of common sense and the higher reason of mankind, those men and women among Protestants, in fact in any or all parts of the world, in any and all times, who had feared God and wrought righteousness, would be accepted of Him, and might hope for a cool and lovely place somewhere among the many mansions prepared for the just of all ages by the eternal Son of God.

There were references enough to Scripture and to Catholic teaching in my article to convince any one but a hide-bound, ignorant, canting and conceited hypocrite that Mr. Thorne knew what he was talking about, even if he did not exhaust the universe of humbuggery to prove what humbugs there really were in the world.

To prove that some Catholic of *authority* (sic) had taught that certain good people had certainly gone to *hell*, is another matter. One would have to go to hell to be sure of the case, and it might take him millions of years to find the place—and what with lying astronomy in charge of the heavens and the Standard Oil Company in charge of the earth, he might possibly go wrong or stumble into something as much like hell as two peas, and still be only on his way to some deeper sea of bliss immortal where the fragrant woodbine twineth and the newer lilies bloom.

It is this hide-and-seek duplicity of certain phases of Catholic theology that has made so much trouble in the world.

Its good scholars and philosophers and priests are beyond question among the master minds of all history, but from St. Jerome to Leo XIII they have never hesitated to hedge and resort to subterfuge if what they conceived to be the safety of the dogma of the Church demanded such conduct; and after all, they are not too discriminating, the best of them.

Leo XIII's pronouncement on the Holy Scriptures, less than two years ago, asserted over again the notions of the Council of Trent, to the effect that every part of Holy Scripture was the word of God; and, of course, people who think that when the Pope speaks God Almighty is speaking, took it seriously, and some of them declared against the editor of *THE GLOBE* for making a reasonable interpretation of a certain portion of the Hebrew story of creation; others have gone to the other extreme and have declared that the Scriptures were not inspired at all, because they nowhere proclaimed their own inspiration: the wise unlearned boobies.

In truth, both of these dogmas of inspiration and non-inspiration were proclaimed in the Pope's encyclical, but it takes careful searching, as for a needle in a hay stack, to find it; and now, Catholic scholars, I think a little too eager to accept the "upper case" higher criticism of modern rationalism, are wondering how they will or can wriggle out of the position taken by Leo XIII, and still be faithful to the Church. It is easy enough. No one man, be he Pope or a wild Dutchman of St. Louis, can speak for or think for the whole Church and for all time, save and except on those exceptional occasions and subjects where a dogma is pronounced *ex-Cathedra* as contained in an expression of the Word of God.

Nor are these padded and petted and feared ecclesiastics of the Church too discriminating, as I said. A friend of mine—a layman, who knew his own case better than any churchman on earth could know it, and who absolutely and without questioning what his own rights were as a man, a Christian and a Catholic, in order to observe all the punctilia of ecclesiastical law and usage, applied to the archbishop of his diocese for a dispensation to marry a Protestant lady. Many points were involved, each and every one of which said layman had carefully consid-

ered with a better and clearer head for considering than any archbishop in the land. To be purely on Catholic ground, said layman had at great pains gotten at the baptismal records where he and the woman he had married a generation previously—the events being in different parts of the world—and found simply this, that no record could be found of his baptism, which, according to ecclesiastical rule, made his first marriage null from an ecclesiastical point of view, and having been deserted by said so-called wife ten years previously, and she having besides procured a divorce against him, he, according to St. Paul, was free—and according to the Church also was free. In fact, fuller search having been made, it was discovered that there was no record of the baptism of either party to this case—so that the unbaptized man, or the man of whose supposed baptism there was no record—having been deserted thrice, in fact, by a conscienceless woman, which woman having also procured a divorce against said man and abducted or stolen his children, so proving herself a pagan, had left the man *free* in the eyes of God, in the eyes of the State and in the eyes of the Church, to contract a genuine marriage; and he now having become a Catholic, like an humble child of the Church, and desiring to do all things becoming a Catholic, applied to his archbishop for a dispensation to marry the lady of his choice.

This is the same case that I discussed under the title “Mixed Marriages and Others,” some two years ago, wherein I gave verbatim the absurd and contemptible ruling of the “defender of the marriage bond,” so-called—and later the archbishop in the case wrote to said layman as follows: “The proof of *non*-baptism being unsatisfactory, dispensation cannot be granted,” etc., etc.

This is what I call lack of Catholic discrimination and contemptible duplicity at the same time.

No man out of an insane asylum will attempt positive proof of a negative. The thing is impossible, in fact.

I tell him the man in question never attempted proof of non-baptism—all that he attempted was proof that there was no record of baptism, and that is all that any honest archbishop had or has any right to expect or ask; but I am speaking of the insufferable inaccuracy of men who are supposed to have the

power of deciding the most important questions that can possibly affect the destinies of men and women in this world.

And when it comes to a wild Dutchman of St. Louis, who has simply learned his catechism according to his own interpretation (and will have to unlearn it before he dies), what can be expected of such as these? Preuss, Meifuss, J. N. E., and such ecclesiastics as they ponder to, are simply blind leaders of the blind, and when they get hold of a man capable of discriminating between the certainties and side shows of dogma and character, they can only slide behind the arras and plot to destroy him.

The beer-drinking Dutchman of St. Louis thinks Mr. Thorne ignorant and stupid because of his own—the Dutchman's limitation of experience and view. Why does he not try to prove that there are no Protestants in heaven, or try to prove that this is not the abominable notion held by most Catholics to-day? In trying to make out, by his own unaided assertion, that Mr. Thorne is opposed to the Jesuits, this rascally Dutchman overreached himself, as the records of THE GLOBE REVIEW prove that for the last ten years, that is, ever since I have felt called to say anything on Catholic subjects, I have respected and honored and praised and sympathized with this society of fathers as among the most genuine, sincere, philosophical, capable and devoted class of men that ever taught and tried to redeem the world; not that I hold to their infallibility in every case; but the man who tries to put us in opposition to the Jesuits or in opposition to any one of the orders of the Church, is a querulous hypocrite and a designing liar.

Third, this learned Dutchman, J. N. E., asserts that my article, "Some Protestants in Heaven?" is bitter and bad natured—the maddened and angrified booby! I was never in better humor in my life than when I wrote that article, or than I am now—but when I have to define a hog I cannot call the beast an *ordinary* quadruped. He is a pig, and a good many pious Dutchman seem to be of that breed.

Fourth. It is not only against the editor of THE GLOBE that this cantankerous Dutchman vents his silly wrath. He says of a certain incisive and gifted writer for THE GLOBE—Mr. Humphrey Ward—that, judging from said writer's articles, he might do for a "Ward politician"—thus punning on the writer's name—the lowest and most despicable form of wit, without dar-

ing to take up one point that Mr. Ward has made in *THE GLOBE* to the discredit and discomfiture of certain St. Louis pups and puppets of the German variety.

Now let me assure my beloved Dutchman this much, that "Humphrey Ward" is a learned and gifted Catholic priest, whose work in *THE GLOBE* has won him more admirers than a lifetime of silly scribbling for such organs as the *Herold des Glaubens* or Preuss' *Review* could bring to a Dutchman in all the days of his stupid, crossgrained and arrogant life.

But we will let Humphrey Ward take care of himself, as he is abundantly able to do.

This may be a good place to introduce another piece of Dutch duplicity, sycophancy and falsehood from Preuss' *Review*, an insignificant little sheet of purblind hypo-Catholic orthodoxy, published in St. Louis. Preuss is a long-haired young German, who two or three years ago lost his wife, and weeping and publicly appealed for sympathy to his subscribers and fellow-editors; and who, when the wild-eyed poetic editor of the defunct *Midland Review* wrote a poem in sympathy with the long-haired Dutch editor, threatened to have a book of sympathetic prose and poetry published to show the world how his fellow provincial editors sympathized with him and for him.

Preuss is a stalwart weathercock and is not wholly responsible. Before the sympathetic book was published, and all within a twelvemonth, he got a new wife, and then appealed publicly for sympathetic joy. But people in general cannot change so quickly as long-haired husbands, and the latest folly we heard of from this young Dutchman was to the effect that he had just succeeded in "making a Christian out of a pagan;" that is, he had had his new baby baptized, and this seems to be the extent of this Dutchman's notions about making Christians out of pagans—the poor, untaught German.

Here is what he says of the last *GLOBE REVIEW*:

"*The Globe Review and the Temporal Power.*—Mr. William H. Thorne says in the 'Globe Notes' of the current number of his *Globe Quarterly Review* (p. 498), in connection with the temporal sovereignty of the Pope: '... the temporal power was a mistake to begin with; ... the very concept of it was and is an error in thought and vitiating to the true principles of Christianity. Being thus an error ... we believe that it has already

worked mischief and engendered pride and confusion . . . as a matter of fact it never has assisted the Popes in the execution of their spiritual functions . . . Jesus was a subject and recognized His obligation of loyalty to the Roman power . . . and I hold that no Pope has a right, being a servant, to expect or pretend to be greater and freer than his Lord and Master. Thus to my mind it is wrong in concept, wrong in spirit, wrong in principle, wrong in conduct, and serves now, as it always has served, to destroy the true motives that should animate all Popes and to fill their lives with evil ambitions; in a word, it serves to destroy the true spiritual power and function which it is claimed to defend and protect. It has gone, and I pray heaven that it may never be restored. The world has had enough and too much of it long ago.'

"Only last month His Eminence Cardinal Steinhuber wrote to Mr. Theodore B. Thiele, of Chicago:

"The address delivered by you in favor of the independence of the Pope . . . was sent to me by your friends, and it gives joy to my heart to be able to inform you of the good reception the same received here. When I presented it to the Holy Father and explained its contents to him, the eyes of the aged Pontiff sparkled, and he gave expression to the sentiment that he appreciated your words so much the more as the question of the liberty and independence of the Holy See was so little understood in the United States, and that so many were unable to appreciate that the head of Catholic Christendom should not be a subject of any worldly sovereign.'

"But Mr. William Henry Thorne, of *The Globe Quarterly Review*, knows better than the Pope and all the rest of Christendom what is becoming or unbecoming to the papacy. Thus did a certain Don Quixote erstwhile behold giants and armies where all the rest of the world saw windmills and flocks of sheep; and despite all warnings boldly went forth to fight them—with the result that he acquired the sobriquet of *Cabbalero de la triste figura*."

Of course, His Eminence Steinhuber, being a fellow-Dutchman, is a wise man, and Mr. T. B. Thiele, being from Chicago, knows all about it, and Mr. Thorne, being merely a Don Quixote, knows nothing about it. A good mother-general of one of the largest and most intelligent orders of nuns in the United States

said of Mr. Thorne, eight or nine years ago: "Mr. Thorne, you are entirely too serious." I accept this definition. I am entirely too serious to deal with such flippant and sycophant Dutch liars and idiots as Preuss. Priests have said the same thing; but Christianity is not to me a burlesque of harlequins—Popes or editors. I intend to keep this serious vein till I am dead or till all hypocrite Dutchmen and others are out of influence in the Catholic Church. In a word, I quote Preuss here to refute the infamous hypocrisy and falsehood of his position.

First—like the lickspittle slave he is, Preuss panders to the Pope's weakness, places Thorne in opposition with the Pope—and pictures that sinile kindling in the Pope's eyes when the old gentleman heard that somebody in America advocated the temporal power. The Pope is in his second or third childhood. The Pope is just as open to flattery as any man on earth. The Pope has failed of bringing together the scattered bodies of Christendom and is a disappointed old man, spite of his silver jubilee. The Pope was educated in the old school of temporal powerists and has never changed his early notions on that point. *THE GLOBE REVIEW* has published stronger articles than Thiele ever wrote or can write in favor of the temporal power, and the dear Pope has blessed them and blessed the editor of *THE GLOBE* for his obvious fidelity to Mother Church. The Pope is no competent authority on the pros and cons of the question of the temporal power. He is an interested party—too interested and too old to hold any opinions on the subject that are worth consideration. But only think of it—this long-haired young Dutchman of St. Louis, by sycophant, slavish duplicity can make himself appear to be a friend of the Pope by ridiculing the editor of *THE GLOBE REVIEW*, who has told the Christian truth on the whole subject. Now let us give this young Dutchman another hint. I have given him many before—though all the devils in hell and all the Dutchmen out of hell combine to reëstablish the temporal power of the Pope, it will never come to pass, or, should it be accomplished, it will be but for a day or a year. The world has had too much of it already, and the whole starched and proud pretensions of the temporal power of the Pope and all akin thereto are doomed; further, that if such sucklings as Preuss and such sinile old gentlemen as the Pope cannot practice the duties of their office without any such despicable preten-

tions, they will have to learn the first lessons of Christ over again, and try to be what God Almighty planned a good Christian should be—first of all, a simple, truthful, upright, honest, humble and God-fearing man. And when Preuss gets another baby, and wants to make a Christian out of a pagan, I may be able, with some aid from the days of St. Jerome, to teach him how to accomplish that feat also.

The second point in Preuss' inference that I wish to call attention to is the barefaced lying of the scoundrel.

"But Mr. William Henry Thorne, of THE GLOBE QUARTERLY REVIEW, knows better than the Pope and *all the rest of Christendom* what is becoming or unbecoming to the papacy."

In the first place, it is not a question of "what is becoming or unbecoming." It is a question of Christian right or wrong, of the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the devil—but the dastardly and subtle lie of this Dutchman is the expression, "all the rest of Christendom." You double-headed and lying knave or fool you—which ever you please—you know that *all the rest of Christendom*, that is, besides Mr. Thorne, does not believe in the temporal power or want it restored. Not one-half of Roman Catholic Christendom believes in it or wishes its restoration, and Roman Catholic Christendom is not one-fourth of universal Christendom; and, you double-headed Dutchman, you lied, and knew that you were lying, when you penned that sentence. You are either a lying knave or a pitiable fool.

Let me add a final word.

Until Roman Catholic Christendom can hire or bulldoze abler men than Thiele or Preuss to advocate its cause of pride and infamy, said cause will not advance to any appreciable extent.

Read St. Paul and the Sermon on the Mount, you poor, deluded Dutchman, before you attempt to teach your betters either what piety is or what is true Christian dogma.

Long live the Pope! God bless him!—and bless every true Catholic on the face of the éarth, and lead them to follow Christ rather than the sycophant fallacies of a lot of half-witted theologians who never knew what it was to be either men or Christians.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

REMEMBERED.

Author of mercies, why should fear
My soul affright?
Thou dwell'st in all-pervading light,
And all my paths are in Thy sight;
And Thou dost hear.

Wisdom of ages, in Thy ken
All deeds are wrought.
Before our slow-winged word and thought
Thy goodness speeds, and brings to naught
Counsels of men.

Giver of glory, in Thy hand
The issues lie.
Across the field, beneath Thine eye,
The hosts of conflict charge and fly,
Like shifting sand.

Lord of the brave, Thy bright roll keeps
The name unknown.
Thy sentries guard, when day is gone,
The single soldier fallen prone,
'Mid battle heaps.

RICHARD EDWIN DAY.

Albany, N. Y.

THE PASSING OF THE GIRL-CHILD.

A few weeks ago a magazine propounded this question: "Why are stories no longer written for girls?" The question itself is not a momentous one, but the problem growing out of the answer is a matter of great importance.

There are no stories written for little girls, because there are no little girls to read them. To modify the statement, there are very few. Some may exist in the South, and some among the ultra wealthy in the North; but look long and diligently among the masses—the masses who buy books. Where will you find

many girl children? They have escaped from the chrysalis and spread their wings as misses at the age of seven years.

It is not the fault of the little girl. Her nature is not different from that of other little girls who have gone before; but it is the change in her mode of life. In the time when children were taught within the precincts of their own home, the beautiful child character was carefully fostered and guarded until childhood's hour had passed; nothing unfit was allowed to startle the sacred innocence.

While the rosy white veil of trust still obscured the realities of life, the maiden training was taken up by the mother, or that other beautiful substitute, the nuns, who, at a suitable time, presented their precious charges to the world—fair buds indeed, dewy, fragrant, untarnished, blushing at their own surpassing sweetness; such blossoms as the nineteenth century looks upon with a hurrying and regretful impatience; such blossoms as at the present day, with a sort of abnormal development, are full-blown at the age of ten.

The new order of girl life seems, strangely enough, contemporaneous with the establishment of the public schools. Here, where boys and girls are taught together; where the innocent, the pert, the vicious are herded together in numbers too large for just supervision, the seed of trouble is sown. Those schools, which are for the masses, the poor and the foreigner, must naturally have a predominance of vulgar and untrained pupils. As a consequence, the refined and well-trained girls especially, who attend of necessity, must suffer proportionately in the blurring of the high, clean standards of delicate childhood.

It begins so; the knowing girls, who have never been taught self-repression, who have not inherited instincts of reserve, nor have even heard of them, proceed to inoculate the innocent little girls with the sweetheart idea. They all have beaux, write notes and hold surreptitious meetings—why not the new girls? The sweet ones wonder, draw near, finally join the ranks. Dolls become tasteless joys and shams, fit only for babies, after the more thrilling experiences described above. Such children as these need good, wholesome stories; but if they had them, they would not recognize the heroines as their own kind.

Have you ever threaded your way through a crowd of school-girl children of to-day? The revelations are worth the experience. Examples rise up and multiply at the memory; for instance—a bold, redheaded little maid, not more than seven years of age, corners her half unwilling admirer. "Watch me kiss him," she remarks saucily to the passing stranger, and forthwith throws her arms around the neck of her distressed victim, and kisses him with ardor, the boy meanwhile wriggling with shame; for, like his elder brothers, he enjoys these things in private, but repudiates them in public.

Of course there is such a thing as making a mountain out of a molehill, and a criminal out of a coquette. We have no intention of doing this, for where coquetry is the vital spark, woman is not strictly responsible. Under these circumstances she is impelled to flirt and, and even if shut up in a dungeon would use an imaginary man to practice upon; but this tendency in a child of seven years is uncommonly precocious.

Look at the later development; how sad and how offensive to refined taste. At an age when girls should be no more than aware of the existence of boys, they are frizzing their hair in huge pompadours, flirting, dressing, living for the attention of their masculine schoolmates. These are not the sweet, trustful, clear-eyed maidens who want girls' stories. Ah! no; such tea is not to their liking; they want coffee, and the strongest kind of coffee at that.

The question is: Toward what does it all tend? Will these girls be blasé before their time, yearning constantly for changes? Is this early life one of the secrets of the divorce question? For it is a well-known fact that the feminine demand for divorce is far in advance of the masculine; and if so, is the public school the great civilizer and builder-up of the nation that it would be; or is it the unconscious promoter of divorce, the most insidious evil that ever undermined the foundations of society?

LUCY S. ORRICK.

Canton, Miss.

THE TEACHER.

Crude men they were, unlettered fisher folk,
Those twelve who listened while the Master said:
"Go forth and teach;" and their untutored lips,
Unused to any but a ruder speech,
Proclaimed that lesson of sublimity
Which to the end of time, in bold relief,
Will stand preëminent.

And in those twelve
Christ blest the teacher, giving as a mead
That those who from themselves give out the most
Shall, in return, abundantly be stored,
Just as the flower, ungathered on the stem,
Soon withers and leaves barren all the shrub,
While those fresh gathered to entwine some brow,
Seem but to give the parent plant a new vitality.

And when men sought a name
Of honor, love and deathless fealty,
Whose very sound would bless and sanctify
That living fountain which refreshed their souls,
They called it "Alma Mater"—she who takes
The mother's place, and nurtures in her stead.

And so twice blest the teacher, blest of God
And blest of man. The one who stands apart
And lives, not in himself alone, but in
The wealth of culture, knowledge, wisdom, soul,
Which permeates and brightens every age—
The radiance of heaven on the earth.

CLO. KEOGH.

Chicago.

GLOBE NOTES.

When doctors disagree, what can the afflicted do but take to home remedies and trust in the Lord?

The December, 1901, GLOBE REVIEW was no sooner out than blessings, good wishes, instructions, faultfindings, direc-

tions and communications of all sorts began to pour in. It is always so, but after the last number it was particularly so.

Here are three specimens from good priests, which shall serve as types of hundreds of others from intelligent men and women, until the editor of *THE GLOBE* hardly knows whether he is, indeed, as he has sometimes hoped, a new voice, crying in the wilderness of sycophancy, hypocrisy and smooth-tongued falsehood, hoping to convert the same, and moved by an influence higher than his own understanding, or whether, for truth, he may not be self-deceived and only waiting the dim and smoky twilight of some ecclesiastic to set him right and give him a free pass to the regions of eternal cant and humbuggery.

So many smooth-faced villains are in power that the problem of life becomes very perplexing at times. But here are the three letters, all of them from well-known ecclesiastics, whose names, of course, I am not at liberty to divulge, but all of whom have long been subscribers to *THE GLOBE*.

The Rev. Father (A) writes as follows:

A.

"Last day of 1901.—Very Dear Mr. Thorne:—*THE GLOBE* at hand, and first article read. Before reading a word further, I stop to say that it is so good that every word of it might have been inspired by the Holy Ghost. It is the best in the English language on that subject. I wish you a happy New Year!

B.

Mr. Wm. H. Thorne, Decker Bldg., New York.—Dear Sir:—From the first I have admired you, then I did my best to defend you, later I tried to coincide with you, now I can no longer tolerate you. Your too persistent assertion of infallibility, subjective logic and passionate ranting are not what you claim—Christ-like. Your stand on mixed marriages is anti-Christian; you would associate yourself with an avowed enemy of Xt's teachings if she pleased your eye. The wisdom of the flesh is death. You have gone too far! And your last two numbers of *THE GLOBE* are not worth the price. Please strike me from the list of subscribers. Am deceived in you. Am sorry for you. With prayer and good wishes.

C.

Jan. 16, 1902.—Dear Mr. Thorne:—Enclosed please find check for two twenty-five, which will cover exchange, and allow me to congratulate you on the December number, the best I have ever seen. I believe that with thinking people *THE GLOBE* does a great deal of good, and to such I have often given advice to subscribe. If you will send a sample copy to, etc., etc. Sincerely yours."

In our brief reference to these letters we will refer to them as words from Rev. Fathers A., B. and C.

My sincere love for the truth, which for over forty years has been a passion and not a mere illiterate dream, leads me to hope that the vast majority of the readers of *THE GLOBE* will gather from it something of the impression gathered by the Rev. Father A.

Priests and other men and women need this uplifting of something higher than themselves. The dry rot of most of the Catholic reading of the day is so awfully depressing, to say the least, that one gets inexpressibly tired of it.

Indeed, a vast majority of the letters so far received since the issue of December, 1901, in truth a large majority of those constantly coming in, are of this appreciative spirit and expressive of the kindest feelings toward my poor, unworthy self.

As regards the first article in the last *GLOBE*, on Socialism, etc., it and other articles have been quoted time and again by various secular papers, and plainly with approval, but no Catholic paper up to this date, January 21, 1902, has dared to copy any portion of it, as far as I know, though I have seen in two or three of these drumheads whole columns of reprint of certain milk-and-water and slush given by Archbishop Corrigan in the Cathedral at New York on a similar question. Draw your own conclusions as to what influenced the reprint and as to what good it will do. Yet Catholic journalism wishes to be respected, and the Holy Father is depending on it to rehabilitate the temporal power of the Church and bring back the apostolic eras of Christian glory—the poor white trash; God forgive me for despising it as I do.

The letter of Rev. Father B. is so breezy, hearty and assertive that, notwithstanding his deluded abuse of me, I want to give my readers the pleasure of perusing it. I think I under-

stand the course the man's mind has run in regard to me, and why. For several years after I was received into the Church I saw and wrote only of its palpable good points, strong points and glories. Dear friends, these are just as palpable to me now as they ever were, and should anybody of moment attack them I would be one of the first to defend them with my reason or with my life.

I have now been a member of the Catholic Church for nearly ten years. I have in various cases been treated with such coarse, shameless, lying and dishonorable conduct by quite a number of its noble representatives—for they are “all honorable men”—I have read and seen so much of the tyrannous and impudent conduct of its representatives toward other men and women; I have read more intimately than ever its books of history, philosophy and dogma, and have compared the external expression with the internal conviction of good and true Catholics, that, for the time being, I have been led to emphasize its pugnacious and unfortunate rascalities, rather than to praise its many points of excellence. That is the whole trouble. My faith, my convictions are unchanged, but I have felt the human side too severely. I employ no detectives, but it is remarkable how many sources of information are open to me, and as yet I have not used a hundredth part of the damaging information at my disposal concerning certain ecclesiastics, who pose as saints, while I know them to be the timid and cringing and hateful or, at least, pitiable children of the unnamable.

Now, if Father B. will weigh this sober statement relative to the change of attitude of *THE GLOBE REVIEW* toward various so-called Catholic isms and forms, he will want to renew his subscription before the end of the present year—but if he is a blind and stiff-necked renegade, may the Lord bless him and give him a clearer understanding.

The letter of Rev. Father C. contained five names of ecclesiastics and naval officers in high position to whom he desired me to send *THE GLOBE*. Now and again I have such requests from priests in various parts of the country, from bankers and representative business men and wide-awake women, and all this while certain small potato Catholic papers try to abuse and belittle my subscribers as well as myself. Dear sweet-natured and infamous and pious and damnable scoundrels

that such Catholic editors are. Why, if THE GLOBE were to keep quiet in view of the various iniquities perpetrated in this land by certain ecclesiastics among us, the very stones would cry out for shame, and the asphalt pavements of our streets would crack in madness, ready to swallow them alive.

The reason I am not more severe than I ever have been, in view of the facts just stated, is that I am all along so surrounded and blessed with excellent Catholic persons whose words and deeds are Christian kindness itself, true and genuine, and with them and with the Church that nurtured them I am at peace. I thank heaven for their companionship and their kindness, and bless God that such men and women were ever born into the world.

I here express my sincere thanks for all the kind letters that reach me, and for those practical helps that keep all our affairs alive.

* * * * *

Here is a perfectly lovely little editorial on Cuba from the New York *Sun* of February 20, 1902:

"If any one thinks that the appeal for Cuba heard at Carnegie Hall last night did not originate in the same sentiment as that which culminated in the war for Cuban liberty, he is mistaken. The island, which that war made American in fact as well as in geographical name, is still in distress. And only the United States can help her.

"Congress had the sole power of making war in Cuba's behalf. Congress has the sole power, and hence the sole responsibility, for giving her relief."

The *Sun* is always full of light, but this bit of insufferable contradiction and humbuggery is exceptionally dazzling. There had been a great meeting of gaseous elements in Carnegie Hall the previous evening, to express *sympathy* with Cuba. The sympathetic, gaseous elements are always unreliable—here to-day, on the other side of the fence to-morrow, but always alive and awake to any chance for spoils.

We will not name the orators. They are old hirelings at the game, but a word as to this luminous editorial from the *Sun*.

The nominal and published sentiment that culminated in the war for Cuban liberty was sympathy for the downtrodden and oppressed Cubans. Our stultified Congress declared that Cuba

was and of a right should be free. We have learned a heap since then.

The American gentlemen who have been getting fat salaries and special tips as governors, etc., of Cuba these last three years have discovered that Cuba *was not* and of a right *should not* be free. In a word, they have discovered that the American Congress and the McKinley government—as far as Cuba was concerned—were liars and fools—or—very subtle knaves.

Finding, as THE GLOBE REVIEW has held and thought all these years, that the various mixed breeds of Cuba were not free or ready for self-government, and having driven from the island the ruling and dominant race, the Americans have found that the peace-loving Cuban factions were still to be cared for—could not be trusted to govern themselves; and now, alas, that even if they could be trusted with the beautiful freedom which the American Congress declared to belong to them naturally—the outrageous American tariff on sugar and tobacco is so oppressive—worse than all Spanish tyranny—that the poor Cubans could not even live, must starve, the whole mixed breed of them, and the beautiful island become a pest-house, a wrecked scene of beauty and disgust—so oppressive is the rule of Americans as compared with the old rule of the Spaniards.

Dear, lovely, benevolent, liberating, sympathetic Americans!

What Cuba wants, you hide-bound, tariff-stuffed Yankee scoundrels, is fair play, and not your benevolence at all. Learn to do justice toward Cuba, and there is no need of your meetings in Carnegie Hall, with a lot of hireling orators spouting for sympathy. If Congress had been anything but a packed assembly of fools or knaves—I always give them their choice—there would have been no war with Spain over Cuba; there would have been no lying as to the true status of the native Cubans, black, white or mixed broods—but having lied in the first instance, there would have been a prompt recognition by said Congress that since the American had driven out the Spaniard, and had himself become governor of Cuba, the island was, *pro tem.* at least, a part of the United States and deserving and worthy of—not by courtesy or charity, but by all the laws of nations, deserving to be treated, *pro tem.* at least, as a part of the United States—and as there are no tariff laws between one portion of the United States and another portion, the hellish

and robber tariff should have been lifted in a month after the close of the war from each and every item and article of commerce passing from Cuba to the United States. But "the sentiment that culminated in the war with Spain" was a lie and a sham, and has involved our Government in shameful and criminal lying and in dishonorable conduct from the hour war was declared until the present hour. Of course, I am aware that this is no new thing, but it is about the new thing always that we have to write.

The last part of the *Sun's* lovely little editorial is about as thickheaded in its luminosity as the first part. It lays the whole responsibility of making war in Cuba and of giving relief to Cuba upon Congress. This is true and untrue. Here is where the great light comes in. The *Sun* is a wonderful luminary.

If the editor of the *Sun* made himself familiar with the discussion in Congress over the motion to repeal the war taxes—February 17, 1902—he must have read some of the following discussion.

Everybody knows that the motion was accompanied by a rule to prevent any and all amendments and so practically to make any discussion useless. But there was discussion, and a part of it is very pertinent to the last portion of the *Sun's* luminous editorial:

"Mr. Ball (Texas) denounced the rule as but another step in the parliamentary evolution by which individualism in the House was being crushed and a few men were enthroned as the autocrats to dominate its will.

"If this rule is adopted, \$75,000,000 of taxes will be removed at one swoop," he continued. "Nobody believes that the Senate of the United States is going to permit this to become a law without proper consideration. Everybody who is informed knows that the reason why this rule has been adopted is to gag two Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee, to gag a number of Republicans on that side of the chamber, and all of the Democratic members of this House. Every one who is informed knows that the object of this rule is to prevent the hand of taxation from being laid upon the Sugar Trust, the Steel Trust and other bloated corporations. The action of Mr. Reed in counting a quorum was to dispatch public business.

The object of this rule is to prevent a fair and proper consideration by the House of Representatives of pending legislation.

"I see by the newspapers that the coterie of distinguished gentlemen who dominate this House has persuaded the President of the United States that the 'iron hand' is necessary in order to prevent wholesale tariff revision. But, Mr. Speaker, this rule is not intended for that purpose. It is intended to prevent what every member of this House knows. If we are allowed to consider the amendments offered by the gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. Babcock) in the Ways and Means Committee, it is beyond the power of any three men to prevent their passage in this House."

In a word, Mr. Editor of the *Sun*, it seems that Congress, as a body, is not really responsible for anything, and has no liberty of its own any more than the poor and needy Cuban.

If you attack the President, he is not responsible for anything in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, the Sandwich Islands or in Washington; the same with Congress, the same with the judiciary, the same with the army and navy. It is not the fellow who fights, but the fellow who runs away that gets the cash and the honors, and nobody is responsible but "the coterie of distinguished gentlemen," etc., etc. In a word, Mr. *Sun*, the same coterie of distinguished scoundrels that fixed the war on Spain are now back of all Congressional legislation and insist upon the tariff on Cuban sugar, tobacco, etc., being held where it is, or nearly so. And this coterie of gentlemen control all the New York newspapers.

The President wanted to be just with Cuba, a majority of Congress would have voted for a repeal of fifty per cent. of the present tariff, but the coterie of gentlemen scoundrels, representing the American Sugar Trust, the Beet Sugar Trust, the Tobacco Trust, etc., gave their orders to Congress, and those orders have been complied with now, just as they were complied with when the war began, and our paraded American notions of sentiment in behalf of Cubans, the Philippines, the Irish, the Boers, or any cats and dogs on earth, except so far as said sentiment leads to the enrichment of said trusts, is an infamous and a scandalous lie and a shame. And yet that crazy man, Stead, wants Great Britain to join the United States for moral purposes. Poor, stupid Stead.

The sentiment that led to the war with Spain was twofold—*First*, an insatiable American craving to own and control the great sugar and tobacco interests of Cuba, and drive the Spaniard off the ground. *Second*, a hellish and Masonic opposition to the Catholic religion and a determination to plant amid the palms of this pearl of the oceans the blatherskite American notions of education, civilization and religion, so-called.

The outcome of this legislative and benevolent cant on Cuba will probably be as follows: We shall gag and squeeze Cuba until she feels her utter insignificance in the game of civilization on this western hemisphere; in fact, until she is in utter despair of ever getting justice or charity from the United States, and finally begs and pleads to be admitted as a State of the Union.

By that time our American Sugar Trust and Tobacco Trust will have accomplished all they want; Cuba will be admitted, but the same coterie of "gentlemen" that now control American legislation will still control it, and the native population of Cuba will be little, if anything, better than the submerged tenth of civilization, and not at all the leaders they have been aspiring to be these hundreds of years. They will simply have changed masters, and, finally, in my opinion, it is all they deserve.

* * * * *

It is an era of conflict. Only recently, in the City of Greater New York, the saints and the sinners have been engaged in another bloodless battle over the sanctity—the anti-saloon sanctity—of the Christian Sunday—the Sunday-Sabbath—so to speak—the nondescript holiday of modern Christendom.

Early in the year, His Grace the Archbishop of New York was reported in the newspapers as lifting up his hands in holy horror of the European Sunday or Sabbath, and as not only imploring, but commanding the faithful to work against any such pagan holiday in the immaculate United States. A word in settlement of this attitude. *First*, the Catholic Church made or instituted the Christian Sunday-Sabbath. *Second*, the Catholic Church is responsible for the much-hated and deplorable European Sunday-Sabbath. All the European countries in which the Sunday-Sabbath has been kept and still is kept as a combined holiday and holyday—which, when well looked into, is the primal and only rational idea of a Sabbath, made for man

and not man for the day—this European Sunday-Sabbath, I say, wherever men attend, if they will, to their religious duties in the morning, and spend the rest of the day in recreation, as each may be inclined—is wholly the product of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Sunday-Sabbath, such as the would-be pious fools of America would keep it—that is, such hypocrites as Wanamaker, Parkhurst & Co.—is wholly a matter of Puritan invention and innovation upon the individual liberty of mankind; and yet it is this Puritan Sunday-Sabbath, this impossible dream of the old shepherd kings of Israel—plus Cotton Mather & Co., of Boston, in the days when they burned witches for the pleasure of seeing them writhe—it is this impossible Puritan Sunday-Sabbath that His Grace of New York seems inclined to, and the Catholic Sunday-Sabbath of Europe is the day that he deplores. The Church may well pray the Lord to be saved from her children in these days of shoddy religion of timid archbishops, etc., who dare not call their souls their own.

This is phase number one of the Low immortal strife now going on. Tammany was defeated, Low was elected, and the day of the Lord was at hand. You can see that there was some excuse for the acrobatic performances of His Grace of New York. For several years the Raines law, though a law, had lain dormant. Mr. Low was pledged to enforce all the laws, but having a little horse sense, he had already suggested a sort of modification of the Raines law, in fact a repeal of the stupid law, and the making of a new law whereby the saloons might be open during about half the day on Sunday, window curtains up or down, or whether they had hotel assignation rooms or no. About the same time the notorious Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, so-called, had announced his intention of reopening his old-fashioned and accursed practice of spying on the saloons, raiding the anti-Raines law violators—especially in the Bohemian district, and playing the old tomfoolery of the Parkhurst-Roosevelt days over again.

Meanwhile the Rev. Dr. Saint Rainsford, who had been a Parkhurst man in the old days, and the “Rev.” Felix Adler, also of Parkhurst and Roosevelt inclinations of old, both came out in favor of some such project as that suggested by Mayor Low. And so we are to-day. Adler and Rainsford having been seen

by the liquor men, and having friends in the saloon and restaurant business, saw what fools they had been, and hedged in favor of liquor business on Sundays.

I have to say to these pious persons that the drinking men among my acquaintances, while inclined to and practicing the European Sunday-Sabbath, and in general approving of it for the human race, do not fail to say that Rainesford & Co. might have been better employed as pastors than in advocating an open Sunday. At this writing, early March, 1902, the Bohemian districts are being raided by Parkhurst, Jerome & Co. and closed tight at 1 o'clock A. M., while the saloons and restaurants under the especial pastoral protection of Rainesford & Co. are allowed to keep open till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning—any and every morning, Sunday morning included—are allowed to be open and to sell all day Sunday, with meals, of course, and so the sanctity of our American Sunday-Sabbath is being observed with admirable and damnable inconsistency.

In view of all this, let me remind these would-be reformers, *first*, that the Roman Catholic Church is the only responsible authority for the founding or the observance of the Christian Sunday; *second*, that the Protestants in general, and Parkhurst, Bishop Potter, Wanamaker & Co. in particular, as they do not recognize either the Christianity or the authority of the Roman Catholic Church, have no business whatever to defend the Christian Sunday in one State or another; *third*, that, as law is for the lawless, for the detection and punishment of *crime*, and as no man, Catholic or Protestant, presumes to hold that the drinking or selling of liquor on the Catholic Sunday—for that is all there is of it—is a *crime*, any law or any police surveillance, raiding, arrests or what not, for the selling of liquor or any other solid or liquid on any day of the week or at any hour of the day or night, any day or night of the week in the year, is a piece of high-handed and outrageous tyranny upon the individual rights of mankind; *fourth*, and especially as regards our Christian Sunday, any and all laws looking to a curtailing or closing of the ordinary channels of trade on that day is an infamous imposition toward a large and a very important class of our fellow-citizens. The devout and honest Hebrew, who believes that the decalogue was given by God to Moses for the guidance of the Hebrew people, and through them for the guidance of

the whole world, is treated shamefully and dishonorably by this law of our Christian Sunday. He keeps his *Sabbath*—the only true Sabbath—on Saturday, keeps this as of conscience, before his God, and we oblige him to keep our Sunday—a mere Church institution—as well.

And yet these Protestant reformers, Parkhurst, Potter, Wanamaker & Co., insist upon making their arbitrary, unholy, anti-Christian Sunday laws more and more rigid every year. I am not anxious about the Jew, and the other fellows may learn better when they go to perdition; not till then.

What would I have? It is a hard question in the present conflicted state of religious morality in this land. But I would have no day of the week legalized as a religious day. I would have Christians and Jews select their own holiday and observe it as they choose. But I would have no day legalized as a Sabbath day. I would advise Jews and Christians to interpret the observance of the Sabbath in the spirit of the teachings of Christ, holding constantly that the day was made for man, not man for the day. I would leave the entire religious observance of it to the moral suasion of the Church and let the State mind its own business, and not touch the religious problem. As gambling, non-marital intercourse and liquor selling are not crimes by any rational standard of life, I would stop all raiding of such places, by day or by night, except when any given place had been complained of as a nuisance in and to the neighborhood. I would then confine pastors and policemen to their own callings and hold the Church responsible for the promotion of virtue and the State for the prevention of or for the punishment of crime. I would bring sharply before the public this discrimination between vice and crime; I would attempt the cure or prevention of vice by moral and religious influence, and I would attempt the cure or the prevention of crime by State and national legislation.

This, as I have said, would keep pastors to their own work, policemen and judges and the law to theirs—and there would be no tips. And I would not suffer any of those not always exemplary members of society to parade as pious detectives of vice, but confine them, one and all, to their proper and respective spheres. I do not expect anything of this sort to be done. Men and women are mostly fools in such matters, and the most

notoriously incompetent and unworthy are the very ones that are apt to parade as pious sneaks and detectives and to keep up the rotten show of execrable and false religion and morality.

* * * * *

We have long been an admirer of the pliable and accommodating editorial mentality of the *New World* of Chicago. Mr. Dillon is not only sensible but kindly on all subjects—except the Anglo-Irish instabilities, and on those timely subjects he is an angel of good sense and charity compared with his Hibernian brethren of the *Freeman's Journal* of New York; but here is a strangely-mixed paragraph from a strangely-mixed editorial in the *New World* of March 1st. The Hon. Mr. Senator Tillman is the text of this complication:

"He has done some good in his day; but his influence for good is at an end; and whatever good he may have done is now covered over by the black cloth of dishonor. The House has recently been putting itself on exhibition as a model of stupidity. It has passed bills without having the faintest idea of what was contained in them; but although stupid, the House has been a model of propriety. Citizens were beginning to look to the Senate for the manifestation of American statesmanship."

The editor of THE GLOBE is not a fighter, never says anything to make people angry, and does not approve of fighting except between dogs and roosters and the male fraternity generally, but he is ready to confess that he considers this Tillman-McLaurin set-to in the United States Senate the only healthy sign of the manhood, and the honor thereof, that the Senate has manifested for a long time.

The two honorable Senators named have been abusing each other on the stump and in the newspapers for the last two years or more. If either one of them had had a spark of old-fashioned Southern manhood or honor, he would have forced the other to a duel or to death long ago, and there would have been a good riddance. But to say now that the purchasable Senate of the United States has been dishonored by this bout is simply highflown nonsense, and to say that Tillman is now covered with the black cloth of dishonor seems like the talk of a priestly poppycock, and to say that Tillman's influence for good is at an end because he tried to uppercut and sideswing on a brother Senator is milk-and-water morality.

Away with such stuff. Did not the President knock out a half drunken intruder on the public thoroughfare a little while ago? What is the use of being an athlete if you cannot knock a fellow-citizen off the pavement once in awhile? What are presidential and senatorial fists made for? And who will pretend that the Senate Chamber of the United States is or should be more exclusive or respectable than the public sidewalks?

That was a disgrace to the Senate about forty years ago, when Senator Brooks, of the same pugnacious Southern State, fell upon Senator Sumner, of Boston. No doubt, the Boston Senator's speeches had irritated the honorable member from South Carolina. They were often irritating. I have heard them. But the Boston man was not a pugilist, and so took his punishment without resistance till others interfered. That was disgraceful because of its onesidedness. It was a good deal like a big bulldog chewing up a lady's pet terrier, or like our late war with Spain. The disgrace is always on the side of the big bully—but in the present case both men were fighters and pretty good blackguards. I think the Senate had better have formed a ring about the two, called the rounds in pugilistic style, forced the fools to fight to a finish, and then have escorted the victor to his seat and, in addition, have given him the privilege of choosing a Senator for the seat of the knocked-out man.

We must have some standard and law of manhood and honor in this country, especially now that we own the western hemisphere and have laid all old-fashioned moral standards aside. This brings us to the latter part of our quoted matter—

"The House has recently been putting itself on exhibition as a model of stupidity." If the editor had added and of infamous rascality, he would have come nearer the truth. Congress is not stupid. It is not a fool, but it is ninety-nine and one-half per cent. knave, and it has never been a "model of propriety." And "citizens were beginning to look to the Senate," etc. Were they? When? What citizens? Well, well, it is just as well that said citizens have had such childish notions knocked out of their heads by Senator Tillman. Guess his usefulness is not entirely ended.

* * * * *

Here is a suggestive bit of comment from the *Casket*, of antigonish Nova Scotia, quoting from the *Sacred Heart Review*, of Boston:

"The *Sacred Heart Review* says that it learns that in the schools of Chili the teaching of manners is an important feature, and says that the schools of the United States might imitate that feature with advantage. We know that a little attention to it would improve the school children of Nova Scotia."

Before sending more United States school teachers to the Philippines, President Roosevelt had better send his own bright private secretary to Chili to study and report its methods of teaching. For we are bound to be a civilized people in some way. With its usual inaccuracy, the *Sacred Heart Review* does not mention what schools it means by the "schools of the United States," but we presume it refers to our "public schools."

Now, THE GLOBE REVIEW these many years has been calling

attention to the fact that neither manners nor morals were taught in our public schools, save in exceptional cases, where exceptional teachers happened, by heredity, to be blessed with some remnants of these forgotten arts of modern civilization, so-called. As a rule, manners and morals are not taught in our public schools for two reasons—*first* and foremost, the teachers themselves have never learned them, and cannot teach them; *second*, if they could teach either manners or morals, and were so inclined, the crowded curriculum of daily studies—many of them useless and others false—is such that there is no time.

The aim of our schools is to cram and jam pupils with a lot of so-called smart ideas and to make smart people—not to develop either good character, good breeding, good manners or good principles. We have often called attention to the fact that this quick and hasty method is particularly true of New England education, so-called. And we have noted, of late years, that this pert and saucy method, regardless of principles, has invaded the editorial sanctums of even Catholic religious papers. Probably the editors were public school pupils originally, and this may account for the fact. If His Grace Archbishop Williams, of Boston, and his suffragan bishops throughout New England, would send the editors of all the New England Catholic papers to Chili to learn manners and to pick up a few moral principles, it would be an excellent missionary undertaking—"a great work."

Better still, if the New England clergy or priesthood would universally insist upon a parochial rather than a public school education for the Catholic children of their parishes. In fact, I see but two outlooks of hope for the United States of the future—*first*, and physiologically, in the influx of healthy Catholic motherhood emigrating to these shores, especially from Ireland, Italy and Germany—our Yankee kind being of the flimsiest; *second*, in the regular maintenance of parochial schools where manners and morals are still taught, and education, not cramming, is the law and method in vogue. The President should look into this, also, and Congress.

* * * * *

When the concentrated and united intellect of the United States and Great Britain, after serious wrangling, finally settled upon the second or third edition of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the American people in general began to feel that at all events the question as to who was to build, own, defend and manipulate the long-proposed Isthmian canal was well-nigh settled.

It was and remains a big question. The Spanish got at it nearly four hundred years ago. The French have tackled it and failed up to date. Then, as Great Britain and the United States were very largely interested, it was thought that a combine

might be effective, but the combine was never an accomplished fact.

Meanwhile, under the guise of humanity, probity, etc., the Masonic order forced the McKinley government into a war with Spain, the purpose back of the humanitarian disguise being two-fold—*first*, to give the Roman Catholic Church the blackest eye it had ever received by humiliation of one of the sturdiest Catholic governments in Europe, and by introducing Masonic literature, education, and the cant of freedom into the Spanish possessions in this hemisphere and elsewhere; *second*, to put into the hands of certain American speculators in sugar and tobacco one of the greatest monopolies in these commodities to be realized in all the world. And all this having gone smoothly enough, spite of its infamous rascality and wholesale murder—and the United States having become a “world power,” etc.—our Government was no longer inclined to combine with Great Britain in building, owning and manipulating the proposed canal, but resolved to have the canal of its own. Hence the last Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and this was the state of the case when the last Congress met, it being generally understood by our people that the Nicaraguan route was decided upon.

By the time Congress met, the commission appointed by our Government to examine into the respective merits of the old Panama route and the Nicaraguan route had reported. Meanwhile, also, various communications had reached President Roosevelt to the effect that, *first*, it was known to experts that the Panama route was the easier of construction; that it was scarcely one-third the length of the Nicaraguan route; that the Panama route was the straighter as well as the shorter, by far, and, finally, that the country which bounded the Nicaraguan route was far more liable to earthquake disturbances than the Panama route, therefore increasing the constant risks and dangers of the Nicaraguan route; that the cost of building the Nicaraguan route would be many millions greater than the cost of building the Panama route; and, *second*, that if we dug the Nicaraguan ditch, Great Britain would certainly get control of the old Panama stock, concessions and privileges, and go to work on a second Isthmian canal, connecting the great oceans of the world.

Of course, all this soon got to the ears of Congress, and then the row began. For many days our omniscient American Congress, at a cost of many millions a day, debated, argued with great eloquence and deep stultification the question known in advance to the Government—all this while trying, little by little, to get, via the newspapers, before the great American public what was known in advance to every man who ever ought to have had a say in the matter, viz., that the Panama route and

not the Nicaraguan route was the route for the men, the dollars, the pickaxes, shovels and temporary railroads of the United States to take. The difficulties and costs of securing the rights of the old and new Panama companies were magnified, as I take it, for the purposes to blind and bluff, until the United States, having already secured fixed rights in the Nicaraguan route, should eventually secure entire control of the Panama route also, and go to work on the better route alone.

There is often great method in the spendthrift habits of fools.

The best general article that has yet appeared on the comparative merits and demerits of the two routes was published in *Scribner's Magazine* for February. It was prepared by W. H. Brown, a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission. All the facts contained in said article were before me more than a year ago. The article is a little biased in favor of the Nicaraguan route, but this was natural, as the writer was probably an employé of the American Government, and at the time the article was written the Government, by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, was supposed to be committed to the Nicaraguan route.

Until the "Quo Vadis" of the Isthmian is fully decided upon, you may look for abundant literature on the subject, screening or placarding the simple facts that I have just stated, and no matter which way the Government takes it, 'twill be "our country right or wrong."

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Please Notice.—For personal and private reasons I have moved the business of THE GLOBE REVIEW from New York back to Philadelphia, where I founded the MAGAZINE in the winter of 1889-90.

Our address is

615 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
to which address all communications, business, personal and editorial, must be sent or forwarded.

Editors and publishers of our exchanges will please note the new address, and forward their papers or magazines in future to 615 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The delay in issuing this Easter number has been caused by the changes incident to removal from New York to Philadelphia, and I hope that our subscribers and friends will excuse the delay, and believe me as ever, theirs faithfully,

In future, postal money-orders should be made out to Philadelphia and not to New York.

W. H. THORNE,

615 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

April 1, 1902.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XLVI.

JUNE, 1902.

RECIPROCITY AND MORE.

I had prepared an article under this title for the last GLOBE REVIEW, but it did not wholly satisfy me, and as the article that I did publish, under the title "Be Just to Cuba," was written by a native of Cuba and as the Cuban phase of the question of reciprocity was the phase uppermost at that time, I concluded that my paper touching the question of reciprocity in its relations to Free Trade and as related to all nations on earth, and again as related to the question of Christian ethics, might wait a little longer. The great questions can afford to wait, and they never grow old.

In founding this magazine, a dozen years ago, I announced that I had no new gospel, no new science or new philosophy, no new theory of ethics or of existence to preach or promulgate, that I was not the advocate of any ism or fad, that I was no champion of any new theory of reform. I had already watched the panaceas of the race and had found them not only wanting, but, to my mind, execrable and contemptible. I did not see then and I do not see now that all our many varied and interesting scientific discoveries have lifted a hair's breadth of the filth, the dust, the misery, the squalor, the dishonesty, the cruelty, the inhumanity of existence; and I believed then, as I believe now, that until we can induce the ruling and the ruled elements of society to live and act toward one another as individuals, as corporations, as States and nations, with some reference and in fact with true loyalty to the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount; in a word, with loyalty to the principles of the Christian religion, *in all their personal, domestic, commercial,*

national and international affairs, all other inventions, reforms, fads, panaceas of *every* description were and will be not only useless but despicable and damnable, misleading and destroying. I still hold to this position in all its particulars, and it is only as my friends and my enemies understand and appreciate this fact that they can understand and appreciate or even endure me.

To presume or pretend that our modern civilization, in Europe, Asia or America makes any approach toward or attempt to live and execute the principles of Christianity or of any ethics other than those of absolute selfishness is to write one's self down an ass, without the usual perception of that respectable animal.

Our missions would have succeeded long centuries ago had our missionaries and the pious people who sent them to heathen lands been anywhere within sight of being true representatives of the principles of the religion they professed to adhere to and to teach. All the heathen nations, so-called, have discovered this little contradiction and now are inclined to laugh at our presumption. I may be wrong. We are all human, hence liable to err. I am no exception. But if I am wrong Jesus Christ was wrong. It was foolish for Him to die for His cherished principles unless He was sure that they were worth dying for. It was inconsistent and undivine, the very essence of weakness and folly for Him to arraign the existing religion and morality of His day and to preach His own ineffable doctrines of love and self-sacrifice unless He knew them to be superior to the cant of the Jew and the culture of the Roman, and meant them to be applicable and applied to all men and all nations in all ages of the world.

Believing thus, my work, from first to last, has been not commercial, nor reform, nor theological, nor philosophical, nor political; I simply laugh at nine-tenths of the new and wonderful ologies taught in our modern universities and schools and colleges. Why? Because I have found from actual experience that the excellent gentlemen who sugar-coat the pills and obtain fat salaries from the legacies of various cranks and fools for sugar-coating our modern humbuggeries are themselves the veriest humbugs, ready to preach their new terminology of humbuggery and to believe, or feign the belief, that they are

really among the saviors of society, whereas in every essential impulse, action and feature of their lives—men and women alike—they are not more just, or more healthy, or more charitable, or more companionable, or more worthy, or more noble, or more Christlike or Godlike, heroic and exalted than the commonest pagans, gamblers and thieves.

Whether in commercial life, or professional life, they are simply watching for the main chance, ready and eager to make the old-time usurer's fifty or one thousand per cent., and they take no moral risk if they can help it. In a word, every thing, every phase of life, has become commercialized; every man careth for his own and no man for his neighbor.

Universal and unlimited rivalry or competition, every man trying to get ahead and to get away with his neighbor, is not only the spirit of the age, but our legislators insist upon the untrammelled freedom of competition—with interstate laws and the like—assuming thus, that unless you set one thief to catch another the unwatched and unrivalled thief will not only steal all he can get but charge exorbitant prices for his stolen goods when again disposing of them to the original owners from whom they were stolen—bread and meat, for instance, to the farmer and others who raised the wheat and fed the cattle.

Thus it is that, as I view modern existence, in all phases of life, and in all modern nations, especially in our own nation, and in every calling, profession and aspect of it, the moral question has been relegated to the gutter, men do not pretend to do what is right before God. Who is God? And every moralist is looked upon as a fool, behind the times, etc. True, we have made our commercial dealings, whether in the professorships of our universities or in the manipulations of our Steel Trusts, our Tobacco, Beef and Sugar Trusts, in our pulpits and public or Sunday-schools, so eminently respectable that the lying falsehood and duplicity and stealing of it all are, as a rule, unseen. In truth, we think it and call it all Christian, Christian democracy, and the improved social order, etc.

But get into close and familiar relationship with any modern preacher, professor, bank cashier, merchant, salesman, editor, publisher, housebreaker, or sneak thief, and ask him if his method of spending his life is *right* in the only sense of right—that is,

just before God and men—and unless he takes you for a maniac, with revolvers hid in your hip pockets, and is inclined to run away, he will simply laugh at you and tell you that that notion of life is “played out.” It is the other fellow’s business to look out for the methods of justice. It is this man’s business to look out for himself alone. It is a part of the modern social order.

I am not intending to overstate the universal condition of things. Cecil Rhodes’ idea of a Millionaires’ Trust for the perfect government of the world—counting *God* Almighty out entirely—is an idea that has been dominant in the minds and conduct of the real moneyed men of the nations for many years. Cecil Rhodes, being the son of a parson, had some human if not humane instincts, and in his thoughts and in his plans and in his sayings on this point there were certain phases and phrases that had a humanitarian aspect. But he only put in modern commercial terminology what the Rothschilds have been practicing as an established banking house for nearly a century. If one of them makes a slip he either hangs himself or is helped out by the family. Mr. Morgan and his friends are simply the American tools or copartners of the few Jews, often referred to in these pages, as carrying the whole world in their vest pockets. I do not blame or censure them. It is the spirit of the age. We had better have gentlemen than slaves for rulers.

What nation on earth is not their debtor, and whosoever debtor you are the same is your master. A few small slips of paper brought forth at the proper moment can produce panic and hell fire at any time. The gentlemen who hold the slips know this better than I. God Almighty has long been supplanted on this earth, apparently, but after the millionaires have done the worst they can do, God will rise in His might and rehabilitate the world. I am not preaching theory. He has done it over and over again.

In view of these general facts my first leading suggestion is that all the plans and processes of modern life being selfish, get all and give nothing, or at all events, as little as possible. Buy all for as little as possible, squeeze your seller to the bone—and sell what is best for as much as possible, every fellow for him-

self and the devil take the hindmost—actually and universally that, in view of this state of society—this social order in our Christian democracy, and our approval of it, our assent thereto and our worship of the millionaire, and every fellow that apes or approaches him in wealth—in view of our making of wealth the only standard of value; in view of the honors we pay daily to this golden calf, the least and the greatest among us, all talk of moral or commercial *reciprocity* is simply the foolish babble of knaves or fools. It is true that in our worship of wealth we have classic example and authority, and are ourselves excellent pagans. Draco, of ancient Athenian fame, from whose name we have our adjective draconian, signifying severity or cruelty, might have been in psychology the legitimate ancestor of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain—and an excellent Englishman. He believed in the lawful privileges of the hereditary aristocracy of Athens, but it was in a day when the notion of democracy was growing among the Greeks, and the citizens being tired of Draco and thinking that they wanted to be reciprocal with their slaves—that is in a day when all Attica could show only 31,000 citizens and more than 400,000 slaves. In such a day their generous and timid souls were touched with notions of liberty, and they called upon Solon, fresh from his capture of Salamis, to get up a code of laws for them.

As a result of Solon's labors, standard authors tell us, "all hereditary titles to privilege or office were abolished. Money qualifications taking their place." Solon was the true father of Pierpont Morgan. And the whole business is, as I have often stated, between a government by oligarchs or a government by aristocrats. *Kings, Presidents and the people are not in it.* And your "Mr." Mitchells, of coal digging notoriety, are either subtle knaves or fools.

In view of this state of the "Social Order" I agree with Periander, the last of the Seven Sages of Greece, to utter his thoughts on the subject, viz.: "That the more truly aristocratic a government is; that is, the more it is in the hands of a few and worthy men, the better it is for the people."

But here the whole question hinges on the "worthy." Where and how will you find them or make them? And who is to be judge of their worthiness—*God or the devil?* The real laws of Christ or the mouthing vapidities of Mr. Hay.

I believe in a government of aristocrats, and no fooling about it, but the aristocrats must be *Christian*, aristocrats of morals and intellect, and I do not care how many millions or billions they own or control.

But justice and the prophets of justice must rule the aristocrats. Do justly and love mercy, and if you don't know how, ask of God and He will show you. But shut Him out and it makes no difference—Rothschilds, Morgan, Hanna or Mitchell, you are bound for hell any way.

In view of the state of society described in ancient Greece or in the modern world, all talk of our being a Christian nation is not only humbuggery but *absolute blasphemy*. And all talk of building up the social order other than by building up virtuous individual life is a lie.

Free Trade, an open door everywhere, every day and night of the week, of every week, every month of every year, on all seas, and in and between all nations of the earth is the only sensible and natural meaning of true reciprocity anywhere or at any time. I may add, also, that it is the only conceivable theory and practice of life that, even in appearance, makes any attempt toward realizing in actual life the simple principles of Christianity—"as you would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them," which modern life, half in jest but wholly in earnest, has concentrated into "do others as they do you." It is pagan to the bone, and that is the practice of modern life, and the sure and inevitable pathway to hell and destruction. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine," and they *never* fail.

We have been pursuing this pathway of selfishness as a nation during the greater part of our existence as a nation, and, of course, we have grown prosperous, but the thing we constantly overlook is this, that every act of selfish prosperity bears in its bosom a self-destroying hell. Our hell has come already in several ways, the outcome of which has, in each case, only made us more exultant over the methods we have pursued and the means we have used, but the end is not yet. God is not dead or asleep. Neither is He mocked, nor bluffed, nor deceived. He is wide-awake and near us. In Him we live and move and have our being, and His laws, though apparently pliant, are exact

as the laws of the stars. We are proud of our victories, our cleverness and our strength. We argue that selfishness is better than sacrifice, even better than peace, etc.

Holding this general view of modern commercial life—and everything is commercial in our day—the Church dispenses funerals even at \$100, or \$50, or \$25. The poorest corpse has to pay its way before reaching the Styx, and of the crossing of that stream nor you, nor I, nor anybody knows.

The old principles of *justice*, as taught by God *via* His prophets, the sweeter principles of loving sacrifice as taught and practiced by Jesus Christ and intended for all men and nations in every particular of their personal, national and international relationships, are now hooted at or treated as obsolete even in our respectable and so-called Christian literature, and the questions: Is there a God any way? Is there any real religion or revelation of God in the world? Have we any souls? Is not war a blessing? Is not commercial falsehood and rascality after all only a phase of truth and honor? Was not Jesus a fool? Is not God really dead? Are we modern men, who, by our wars and our commerce, judged in the light of Christ's pure gospel, actually murderers—wholesale murderers and thieves—thus murdering not only men but the very principles and characteristics out of which men are made? Are we not after all fine gentlemen—our bank accounts proving us such? Are we not as good as the old Greeks and Romans, any way? And what more do you want? Simply and alone we want that you should be not Greeks, or Romans, *but Christians*, for whom Christ *died*, and whose Spirit ye have unless ye be reprobate and rejected of God and surely damned. That is all. Will you look into it?

I acknowledge and constantly teach that among us there are a goodly number of men and women who are at least believers in and striving to live up to the old eternal standards of justice, truth and charity. I constantly assert that these are the salt of the earth, and that solely for their sake and not by reason of your commercial smartness or your tariff laws, is the world spared from destruction and the nations given time and time again to reform. But these few do not elect your Presidents or your Governors, they do not run your legislatures, rule your armies or navies, or pulpits, or Sunday-schools. They

occasionally lay a ray of light at your feet, across your pathway, and you despise or crucify them as of old.

Holding this view of modern life, and believing, moreover, that *nothing, absolutely nothing*, but *applied* Christianity has in it any cure for the universal malady, my friends can readily understand how small an interest I must feel in our Congressional and newspaper babblement on American reciprocity with Cuba, or with any other section of our Western hemisphere, as if God, and some faint, dim hinting at the law of justice should be practiced only among dwellers in the Western hemisphere and not among and between all peoples and all nations on the face of the whole world. Are we still barbarians, knowing only the men and women of our clan and tribe? What has the Gospel of Christ done for us? Why have the valleys been exalted and the hills brought low? Why have pathways of flame been made across the mountains and the seas? Simply that Mr. Hearst's newsboys may see how quick they make the trip around the world? Is that all? Or to show how rapidly great navies may steam from nation to nation for murder or for fun? Is that all? Simply that machinists may vie with each other and boast of the speed of their engines? Is that all? Or should it not be that ships and engines and telegraph wires, or waves of air without wires, should make of all nations one Christian brotherhood, ruled by the Spirit of Christ?

I do not teach or intimate that the theory or the practice of free trade by any man or nation of men is to any appreciable extent synonymous with or the realization of justice among men, and I must not be charged as so teaching or intimating; much less have I ever intended, as I have been interpreted in some quarters as teaching, that Blaine and McKinley, when near their end, in advocating reciprocity, intended to advocate free trade. Both of them were too small of brainial capacity and too selfish and untaught or perverse to see even the natural connection between reciprocity as they, the poor weaklings, were inclined to it and the broader principle of free trade. All we have ever meant in referring to those dead gentlemen and their poor, narrow theories when about to die, was that *reciprocity*, whether taught by Blaine or McKinley, is of no account, except as it develops into free trade between the parties to the arrange-

ment, and, in fact, between all nations of men. Our twenty per cent. concession to Cuba, for instance, is simply saying we will fleece you and rob you, you poor, deluded mixed breeds, just twenty per cent. less than we have been in the habit of fleecing you. Even that is a great concession for thieves to make who hold the keys of the safe and can open and shut it when they please.

But let us not drift into the concrete before our time. I do mean to say, however, that the men who advocated free trade in England years ago, and who finally made it the policy of the nation, from Richard Cobden to John Bright and William Gladstone, represented the nearest approach to *Christian* statismanship that this world has ever seen. But it takes more than one good law and one good political dogma and practice to make a Christian nation out of any one of the God-accursed and mammon-ruled peoples of modern times.

And I say, on the opposite side, that our American statesmen, so-called, who promulgated and have advocated the tariff theory of our American politics, are the farthest removed from any species of any Christianity that is worth talking about or practicing in all the tides of time. Mr. Hay may eulogize McKinley, and others may eulogize Blaine, because, before their eyes were closed forever, they had some inklings toward certain limited ideas of reciprocity with the faintest dream of justice; that is, on commercial grounds. But the eulogy and the characters eulogized are all too thin for anything but the heartiest, though kindest, contempt of universal mankind. Any reciprocity that such men could advocate would be like that practiced between the Athenians and Spartans during what is known as the first period of the Peloponnesian war, "a reciprocity of ravages."

Commercial reciprocity, as Blaine and McKinley tried to advocate it when their tongues were paralyzed with the waves of coming death, is, in the nature of things, an inconceivable impossibility. The very term reciprocity, as we use it, involves some approach toward moral principle, and implies the golden rule. What mockery of all moral principle, and, above all, what mockery of the golden rule, was our Congressional and newspaper debate on the question of reciprocity with Cuba! Modern

commercialism knows no such thing as reciprocity and laughs at the golden rule—"a reciprocity of ravages."

Hundreds of excellent *professing* Christians and numerous Sunday-school teachers and superintendents are in the business of talking and voting on commercial reciprocity of the Cuban variety, but the insufferable and contradictory folly of their jargon and their voting is enough to make all the demons in hell laugh at the humbuggery, feeling surer and surer of their own.

Do not charge me with being a pessimist or a croaker. My faith alike in God and man is still strong as ever. The flight of a hundred bank cashiers a day with all their stealings; the cool, deliberate lootings of Catholic churches in the Philippine Islands by our Christian and civilized lieutenants, captains and colonels, afterward made generals for their stealing, their infamous methods of deception and their cold water cures and their cold-blooded and repeated murders; the universal corruption of your party, and national politics, literally and all the time exposed by the daily press for party reasons—that is, for commercial reasons; the frauds, embezzlings, counterfeitings and tyrannous and arbitrary rulings of our postal departments; the selfish and one-sided injustice and stupidity of interstate anti-corporation and anti-railroad laws, as well as the conditions of corporate selfishness with which said laws in their crass ignorance attempt to deal; the deep and far-reaching corruption of your Carnegie and Morgan steel trusts and ship trust; the universal break-up of all the old and sacred relations that existed, or tried to exist, between husbands and wives and parents and children—the absolute smash in American domestic life; the low ideals of public school teachers and the children taught; all the admitted and seen violations of anything and everything like justice or humanity in modern life, were they all multiplied a millionfold and had no redeeming features, would not, in the least, ruffle my faith in God or my certain conviction that at the right moment our judgment-day will come. I am not a pessimist. I simply state what you all believe and admit, but I put it sharply before the moral laws of God—in Christ Jesus, and hold the mirror close, so that you may see, and at the same time assure you of the binding and universal character of these higher laws of God, while the average man and the average writer, though

at times emphasizing these phases of modern corruption, winks at the flaming sword of eternal justice and retribution and sails in with the boys. I simply would that men, for their own sakes, would live by the laws of Christ, and not the laws of hell, while *professing* the laws of God.

We have gotten, in our remarks, a long way from our twenty per cent. Cuban reciprocity, so-called, and may glance a little at the processes whereby we ever grew to be such corrupt and deluded fools as even to speak or write of Blaine or McKinley, or the Cuban twenty per cent., or any, even the faintest, attempt at reciprocity at all.

The term reciprocity may not in every instance have a moral quality or a moral bearing. We may reciprocate hate and falsehood as well as love and truth. It was Goethe who once said: "It is a hell pain, dear Kestner, not to be received in the spirit one brings." That touches the question of social order or of social reciprocity.

All that can be asked of those who advocate political reciprocity is that they grant to the Cubans, for instance, or other neighbors, the free flag or the free trade the Cubans or others are ready to grant us. In truth, in politics and in commerce, the term is misleading, and is not the true basis of dealing between men or nations. Strictly speaking, it is simply to do others as they do you.

The only true bases of commercial and of international life and conduct are found in the moral teachings—the laws of God; that we should deal justly one with another; that, as we would that others should do unto us, were we in their circumstances and they in ours, we should constantly do toward them. But what commercial house on earth thinks of doing business on this line any more? The Churches even have abandoned this principle. Should it be abandoned?

The law of Christ is for all men and all nations of men. It has no more interest in the success of the manufacturers and merchants of New York and Philadelphia than it has in the success of the merchants and manufacturers of London, Paris, Berlin and Peking. According to our own pet American notions all men are equal and of equal rights; all one brotherhood; of one blood, and all the children of one Father, that is,

God; and why men should ever have acted with the selfishness of our modern commercial, social and civil life is the great mystery of sin, of death, and of hell.

The commercial dealings among all families of the American Indians, before they were civilized, so-called—that is, before the white man blasted and ruined them—were far more in harmony with the divine laws of justice and humanity than our dealings with them, or with each other, have ever been.

It is true that Christ said, I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword. By which I understand that, knowing the heart and life of man as it existed in the world in His day, and knowing that the life of the Roman empire, for instance, must lead to its fearful destruction, and that the average life of man without a higher principle of life, such as He came to insist upon, and to die for, must lead to universal ruin, He saw and knew that to enunciate His principles, and to win followers thereto, was to plant in the human race the seed of such conflicts as the race had never known before.

We are only in the beginning of the great wars of the world.

The old conflict between Asiatic and European civilization—that is, between the Greek and the Persian, which left the past to Asia and gave the future to Europe—was as child's play compared with the wars of the various sections of the Roman empire; and, again, the conflict of all these sections with the first manhood of Christendom.

The wars between what are known as Christian nations, and between them and the Turk, the barbaric Germans, the English and the Norsemen, bitter and bloody and scandalous as they were, may still be called child's play, compared with the wars of modern Christian nations, Protestant and Catholic, with their improved and more deadly weapons of warfare; and even these, with their Fredericks, Bismarcks, Moltkes, Napoleons and Wellingtons, Lees, Grants and Shermans, are still trifling compared with the wars that are to be in this century, when commercialism has pressed so hard on the children of God, of truth, and of justice, that they, the concentrated, educated and yet oppressed masses of the twentieth century, having found, by Providence divine, a leader worthy of their cause, shall hurl their amalgamated millions upon the trained slaves of the

military powers and shall settle once for all the question whether this world belongs to the Jew usurer or to God almighty and the law of Christ.

Meanwhile Mr. Pierpont Morgan and company, without even knowing or suspecting it, are hastening that day.

Meanwhile our cheap American politicians, called statesmen, of the Blaine and McKinley type, will again and again, if only just before their death, propose one subterfuge and another to soften or to avoid the conflict. Even Mr. Quay, of Pennsylvania, has become a missionary of *quasi* justice toward a handful of Chinamen, everyone of whom were more cultured men than the average American politician. But Blaine and McKinley could not, and Quay cannot, undo the mischief of their previous lives.

Nemesis will have its way.

What am I driving at? Simply this: as free trade, the only genuine reciprocity, is the first approach to commercial justice, the American tariff, in all aspects and phases of it, is a spitting in the face of justice, a fast league with mammon, an absolute legalizing of injustice, a rank and wholesale robbery of the masses of the people, and bound, no matter how you cover it up or hide it, bound to hasten and finally to force the conflict I have named.

Every American knows the history of the tariff. The once Honorable William D. Kelley, M. C., from Philadelphia, forty years ago, was known, even in his lifetime, as Pig-iron Kelley, and the father of the tariff system. But we have traveled many a weary foot since Auld Lang Syne. Kelley was subsidized by the Pennsylvania iron interests, and died without even hoping for any dream of reciprocity, as far as I know.

Mr. Wharton Barker, once proposed as a candidate for the Presidency by the Middle-of-the-Roaders, was always a high tariff Pennsylvanian. They drink the policy with their mothers' milk in Pennsylvania, and both of these gentlemen have said to me, in the old days when I knew them both, that after a while we would have England on her marrow-bones; that is, by boosting the tariff and so taking advantage of England's system of free trade.

When they, or their friends, read this, they will be aching to say: "*And we have her there!*" Wait a bit, gentlemen. Don't be

too confident. But supposing you have, or may yet have, England on her marrow-bones, that does not in the least affect my argument: the essential justice and humanity of the doctrine of free trade on the one side, or the rascality of the tariff on the other. Moreover, it sometimes happens that the fellow on his marrow-bones gets away with the braggart that flings his eloquent arms with the air and eloquence of victory.

The tariff is no longer confined to iron and coal; it is applied to everything manufactured or grown in the United States in such way and with such persistency that every American thing worth subsidizing has been, and is, subsidized, and can be sold, wherever there is a demand for that sort of thing, cheaper in any market in Europe, or the world, than the same sort of thing can be manufactured and sold for by the home manufacturer, and cheaper than Americans themselves can buy the same article at home. Yet the nations of the Old World are competing with us, in spite of these unholy advantages to ourselves, and a crazy man, named Stead, a wild and untamed English journalist, persists in the notion that England is being Americanized and had better sell out and become a part of the United States.

That is a great subject, which we have often remarked on in these pages, and may remark on it again.

Meantime, suppose that England, France, Italy, Austria, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Japan, China and all the rest of the world, including Canada, Australia and the South Americas, should settle down to do us as we have been doing them, to institute a reciprocity in their tariff business—every one of them, and all working together on our lines against us, but in favor of themselves and of each other. That would at least show us what a beautiful chunk of hellfire the American tariff is. I wonder the nations most interested have not done so long ago.

But whether the world becomes Americanized, or whether we take a thought and mend, it will make little difference in the final result as long as the commercial spirit of the nations is what it is to-day.

We must grow juster, or be murdered by millions of the vengeance of heaven. And tariff or no tariff, reciprocity or no reciprocity, the masses will everywhere rise against the classes and down them as they did in France, only in the next instance

the uprising and onswEEPing multitudes of millions will be worldwide. And God pity the Morgans, the Rothschilds and the military and namby-pamby aristocrats of those fearful days.

We must have reciprocity and *more*, with some approach to justice for the masses of all nations; and have it soon, or the flaming sword of heaven's justice will flash across the skies and call the wide world to arms.

The whole aim of this paper is to teach that commercial reciprocity, without some actual sense of justice between man and man, will everywhere prove a failure.

That every form of tariff protection is essential injustice to those with whom we are as bound by the laws of God to deal justly as we are to deal justly with our own brothers and sisters.

That no matter how veiled the success attained by these principles of injustice, they are sure to react upon the perpetrators and bring ruin in their train.

That free trade, or an open door, to and between all nations, though not necessarily representing a moral condition of society, will surely come as soon as society—that is, as soon as a sufficient number of individuals in any human society—adopt in any sincerity the fundamental principles of Christianity and try to make their lives square with their creeds.

That for one nation to practice free trade, and another nation to practice high tariff and subsidized industry, is a curse and a confusion on the earth, sooner or later bound to end in commercial disaster—disaster no less damaging to the tariff-protected nation than to other nations, for there is no tariff that can protect men or nations against the ever-ruling justice of almighty God.

It may not be the duty of an editor to preach the Gospel, but when the parsons neglect their duty and become mere mouthing immoralists it is time that someone sounded the old tocsin and raised the old banner under which the Eternal has ever fought for His own.

In view of this higher and broader view of reciprocity—that is, reciprocity with the moral law attached thereto—and as simply a branch of the more human principle of free trade, and this again as only a part of a political economy of nations that shall include the laws of God, how weak and boyish appears all

the recent prattle of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root on the side-show of a mere trifling reciprocity with Cuba. How small, indeed, are the views of any man except they be in harmony with the law of justice and the Almighty!

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

It all depends on the point of view from which the world, its business and other affairs, material, mental and moral, are regarded. But as mankind is divided—its divisions being manifold, moreover, and sharp even to sword's point—as to where this vital standpoint is, discussion and argument over it are perpetual. Wherefore the critic's tolerant guide, whenever this question comes up, holds a world of meaning.

In one special case it became a question of a slight sketch in one of the magazines, its *motif* the everlasting conflict of good and ill. No new topic, surely, save as the environment was that of to-day. The situation presented was this: An innocent young girl, very ingenuous, of quick conscience, but imperfect training, is cast into a circle of new influences where she must stand or fall alone. The New York lady whom she visits is enamored of the footlights, and perceiving her friend's beauty and great musical ability, introduces her to an impresario of light opera. This man exerts all his powers, which are great, to lead her into a stage career, for which she at last goes into training. Meanwhile, she has fallen in with her former teacher in school-girl days, a superior musician and a Catholic of deep piety. Being a man of strong moral sense, he cannot stand by quietly and see her drift into danger, or what he deems such. Yet he cannot well interfere.

None the less, however, bad as the situation is, he strives and energizes painfully through prayer and persuasion to withdraw her from a course which seems to him a course fraught with danger to her soul. He knows the manager to be an un-

scrupulous man of the world, eager to exploit the girl's beauty for his own selfish ends—knows, too, that poverty is not driving her to accept his overtures. Yet her vanity is enlisted—she begins to feel the world's glamor, its strong fascination and wants to use her powers to some purpose. How can he, her would-be protector, struggle against all this?

Yet he prays without ceasing, till at last the answer comes. The girl's own conscience and will-power effect her salvation. But there has been a desperate scene, wherein she baffles the manager, whose iron hand becomes too plain under its velvet glove. For he insists all at once on taking her abroad to produce her upon the Italian stage, a change in his program for which she is wholly unprepared, and one which would leave her wholly at his mercy, alone in a foreign land. She refuses sharply, knowing "it was not so nominated in the bond," and flees for refuge to her good old teacher and the convent Sisters, who had likewise besought heaven in her behalf.

The sketch was entitled "The Cost of a Soul."

Now for the critic. After the tolerant smile, he declares it to be like much of the so-called religious story-telling of the day, vitiated by false and narrow ecclesiastical ideals. In short, its standpoint is mistaken. It assumes what is hardly true, in these enlightened days, that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God." That ancient saying of St. James evidently implies that the world is very wicked, while, really, it is only broad and beautiful.

The question thus opened up is a serious one. True, the world to-day is not the heathen world of St. Paul's time. There is reason in everything. Yet the evils which ran riot in ancient Rome, described with such dramatic power in the opening chapters of "*Quo Vadis*," have not forsaken the world yet; no, not by any means! Are they not in the "high life," so-called, of London to-day? Ask any honest Londoner. How as to Vienna, Berlin, Paris and our own New York? The "upper classes" may, it is true, sometimes fight evil in the "slums" for their own protection and that of their property, if from no higher motive, but what is to save them in turn from the same evil in their own ranks? Can anything do it except these same narrow, old-fashioned and very ecclesiastical ideas?

Yet one does not wish to make the mistake of fighting wind-mills. A Don Quixote chivalry is useless, however well meant. The Church cannot fight to-day with bow and arrows, as over against cannon. Mediæval methods, however available in their own day, fail to impress men in the twentieth century. The character and equipment of the foe is wholly different, indeed it is hard to distinguish foes from friends. The potency of general public opinion, as against the ancient dicta of the few, the voice of the press, the growth of Protestantism, the advance of science, the increased and more widely diffused intelligence of the masses, are all factors in the problem.

Where is the world, then, intellectually, morally and spiritually? Where is it, that is, as things stand now? What is friendship with it in our own times? One thing is certain. While "the evil world" of Nero's day, bold as a lion rampant, has indeed disappeared, with that same evil, open or secret, among high or low, the Christian of to-day has no more right to form entangling alliances or even to claim a cool neutrality than had his brother of the Catacombs. The Church of to-day has no more moral right to do this, officially or indirectly, than had the early Church of the Fathers.

With the beautiful world as God made it in Eden and as man has adorned it, with the world of nature and music and art, the world as glorified with the innocence of childhood, the pureness of maidenhood, the virtues of saintliness, the world as redeemed and sanctified, with this world the Christian is in friendship and the Church has no enmity and can have none. Its Divine Redeemer surely loved it, and from it came the few gleams of light which warmed His earthly pathway.

Yet, in the strange interminglings of our motley civilization, these different things are mixed hopelessly together. Light and shadow, good and evil, sorrow and joy, life and death are welded into its marvelous whole. One man looks only at the bright side of it and is happy. We envy him, the beautiful, blissful optimist! Another sees only the dragoon and its scaly head. With lance in rest he would go forth, a second St. George, to fight evil, to conquer it or die. We smile at such a man, though he be gifted like Carlyle or Ruskin—with far too little sympathy, God knows!—and call him a pessimist, a crazy reformer.

The viewpoint of the average Christian—nay, that of the Church herself—is more in the center of the balance. “It is no mean happiness,” declares Shakespeare, “to be seated in the mean.” Our best approaches to absolute truth are thus made. The Church, therefore, nowhere veils sin but points to a forgiving Lord; nowhere ignores evil, but would overcome that evil with good; sympathizes with earthly sorrow, yet sings to the sufferer anthems of eternal joy. Her standpoint is high and therefore hopeful. She is as “a city that is set upon a hill,” whose light cannot be hid. Her gleams pierce every black ravine of pain or sorrow. Now, in all this, how can the ecclesiastical stand be faulted? Or that of the humble Christian in touch with her?

Nevertheless, in the complex tangle of modern times new questions arise, growing out of new conditions, and her attitude in regard to these is often blamed. Men say she is too conservative, not progressive enough, unsympathetic with the times, and so on. There is little actual precedent for her to follow, though always the old eternal principles, serene as the stars. In mediaeval times when the great feudal system obtained the mooted points were those of lord and vassal, nobles and throne. Now the rule of the people predominates; so our mooted points are those of capital and labor, anarchy, plutocracy and the like. Touching the first of these, by the way, perhaps nothing emphasizes more sharply the opposition between the Church’s viewpoint and that of the world than the famous Encyclical of Leo XIII giving the spiritual principles on which our Lord would have the world’s work splendidly advanced, not amid strife and stress, but in purest harmony—master and man united to that end, even as bass and treble together produce music. Love is still, always has been and always shall be, the one Divine resolution of human discords.

The attitudes of the Church and the world are diametrically opposed to each other because of their opposite ideals. “I am not come,” said our Blessed Redeemer, “to send peace on the earth, but a sword.” There is a sharp division line, keen as a blade of Damascus, between the world and its generally received ideals and those of the Christian. The world plans for to-day, the Christian for eternity. The fleeting things of time, with the

latter, are gladly sacrificed to the higher interests of preparation for a higher sphere. He is in exile here, yearning for "a better country, that is, an heavenly." To the worldling earth is all; to the Christian it is a mere subordinate part of things.

Now, this difference of viewpoint makes an immense difference in dealing with affairs. Take the business of the world, for instance, which, in these days, is becoming pure money-getting, a mad race for money-power and accumulated wealth. Sometimes we see extravagant and wild modes of spending this overplus of gold, and again the miserly hoarding of it, but in either case it is surely true of the highly successful money-getter that "God is not in all his thoughts."

The Scripture rule "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," in its two latter clauses limits the first. The religious man, who is bent on serving the Lord, will find his heart set on that one thing more than any other; so that he cannot compass the concentration of mind, the swift intensity of vision, like the focus of a burning-glass, which enables a man to win success in trade competitions or on the Stock Exchange. The moral requirements of honesty, benevolence and unselfishness also hamper him. How shall he join in the Food Trusts, which mean suffering and increased embarrassments for the lower classes? How shall he speculate in coal, which must be had by the poor to keep from freezing? How shall he join the ice monopoly, which is to bring greater distress still on the sick and needy? How can he add to the world's misery and still be serving the Lord? In short, his unscrupulous competitor has the advantage. Yet "what advantage is it if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" That is his Lord's own question.

The argument so frequently heard that this or that millionaire is pious, despite his trusts or speculations, and that piety need not interfere with piling up millions any way, is really a lame one, a trick of Lucifer to quiet conscience. After a man has accumulated his millions, or is fairly on the road to this, he may have leisure to become pious, be "hopefully converted," as our friends the Baptists say, and endow their universities at the end; but he is not "strictly pious" *during the process*, except by miracle. This, however, does not apply to wealth which comes,

as it were, of itself, apart from the man's own efforts, as from real estate through phenomenal growth in values, or from sudden discoveries, as of new mines or inventions. "Where the treasure is there will the heart be also." The human mind is so constituted and so limited that its intensities must focus somewhere; if on religion, then nowhere else. It cannot look "two ways for Sunday," as the phrase is. To keep one eye on the Lord and the other on the stock market is an acrobatic feat too lively for the trained Bulls and Bears, however gifted.

One mark of the religious ideal—so constant as to be like a trade-mark, almost—is its lofty estimate of the human soul. Nothing else carries weight as over against its salvation. Our Saviour's sacrifice on the Cross was not too great for Him to offer, with this end in view; surely, then, no effort, no sacrifice on the part of His followers could be fanatical or ultra-heroic, if made in His spirit for this one object. Therefore, in the little sketch, the Christian man trembles with awe before a soul in peril, pities its feebleness with something of his Master's compassion, is weighed down with the mighty sense of its preciousness! The worldly man smiles and cannot at all understand what this worry is about. But is he—the Christian—mistaken? Are the holy angels mistaken in guarding souls? Is the peril imaginary, the anxiety fanatical?

The critic may smile, and say souls are not so easily lost. But how does he know? One thing he *does* know, and that is that "lost women" are plentiful.

In this case, the stage career might not involve danger; the holy angels have power to guide and guard through it all! Yet what a risk to run, needlessly, wilfully, foolishly! Consider the careers of our dubious, much-married singers and stage beauties! Also the private characters of the "men of the world," who haunt their footsteps. Does it look like a school of piety and virtue? A safe home and refuge for the soul? Though some exceptional spirits avoid harm, could this be safely predicted of our little, bedazzled Constance in the sketch? Or of any other little, bedazzled Constances? The feeling would be strong with any high-minded man—any honest man, even—that such pretty white butterflies need some protection. The ecclesiastical ideal meets this feeling fully. The broader world-ideal means a laugh at their ruin. Which is the better, my friends?

The world's sense of right and wrong is not of the keenest. The sense of sin—"the exceeding sinfulness of sin," as it has been termed—is a religious idea. The world smiles at it. From its point of view the brilliant manager in the sketch was doing well enough, acting for his own advantage and that of his troupe; only doing his duty, in short. The gay man of the world, as acting from a conscientious motive, in this single case but in few others, is a strange psychological nut to crack! Yet the worldly man often offers just such excuses. His standard is low, duty with him means duty to his own purse; his motives are really selfish, yet he will not own this. He steals a leaf from the pious man's book and pretends that he is not "looking on his own things, but also on the things of others." It may even be that his own standard is so low that he has really no sense, or no adequate sense, of the harm he is doing. His influence, his example may ruin others, yet he washes his hands, like Pilate, before the multitude.

The low standard is an easy one. How tempting it seems! Why should the impresario, or any one else, be hampered with restrictions? The man of the world is free, how charming! This is a free country. And free also to lure others into his gay paths. But consider a little: What will he do "in the end thereof?"

This same sense, peculiarly Christian, of the paramount value of the human soul influences every estimate of things, in the twin realms of art and letters, for those who believe in the narrow ecclesiastical ideal. Why should a book or a picture be used to the detriment of souls? The world cries, "Nonsense! No harm is done. Give us freedom and broad ideals!"

Yet though this demand be made in good faith and by good men—for good men are often in error—where does evil stop, its freedom once attained? Without limitation does it run on and on? The devil's train is equipped with Westinghouse brakes. Note the output of indecent printed matter, unfit for the mails, the need of Anthony Comstock's labors in his line, the development of the low Parisian romance with its American congeners, the drama with its novelties worse than risky! Look at the schools of modern art, whose painters find their best subjects to be reproductions of those ancient revels of the Roman decadence, the feasts of "*Quo Vadis*." These are popular; served

up, as they are, with every added spice the twentieth century can devise.

Is there not need to-day—and sore need, a need never greater—of the narrow, religious ideal? Do not these imaginations need a curb, these dissolute tongues a bridle, these hearts a purifying, as of fire? What else can give this, save what gave it at the Court of Nero? The power of Christianity is the one force that never fails. The White Christ still beckons with His calm, pure, stern decision, from which is no appeal. “Wide is the gate,” He declares, “and *broad* is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there be that go in thereat. Because *strait is the gate and narrow* the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it.”

The main point thus settled, it only remains to see to it that we never grow harsh or bigoted or unreasonable in reducing it to practice. Our Lord charged the Pharisees of His time with “binding heavy burdens grievous to be borne” on conscientious souls—for none other would let themselves be bound—and thus making religion cruel, heavy task-work. He actually interfered, moreover, lifting off for His followers some requirements of the ceremonial law—in regard to the Sabbath, for instance—in view of popular necessities. He never made religion unpalatable. It was to be welcome and joyfully received, the bread of souls, their wine of refreshing. His own administration bore every mark of gentleness. His sympathy with the lay people, their hunger and thirst, their ignorance and feebleness, was extreme. In this His Church can only imitate Him.

Our Lord gave the people sermons, to be sure, but He also fed them with loaves and fishes, “lest they faint by the way.” A truly “Broad Church” is broad in its charities. There are churches, Christian in name, far more ready to bestow tracts, or scraps of dogma, than actual, needed aid. The former cost little, the latter means self-denial. Loaves and fishes call for outlay. Some men, it has been said, “like to play the Good Samaritan, but without the oil and two pence.” With some religious bodies it seems to be the same.

The argument, honestly used, no doubt, that the poor should not be “bought over” to any form of religion by distribution of temporal benefits seems both right and wrong. Right in its

statement; wrong in that it is misused and made a pretext to avoid helping the needy. Charity never faileth. The love and condescension of the Master in feeding the multitude doubtless did more to stamp His doctrine on their hearts and waken love for Him than anything else could possible have done. And had they been hungry when He first found them, before the sermon, no doubt He would have fed them first.

In any case no better means exists of bringing the indifferent man from the world's viewpoint to that of the Church than to see that Church given to works of charity. He understands the temporal benefit proceeds from the known to the unknown by a natural process, wonders at it, seeks its motive, and, when sure of its sincerity and that its motive is love, melts into sweet submission. Dogma will not trouble him much then, and the sermon perhaps hardly need to be preached.

The world's ideal is not low, intellectually, however low its moral standard. To deem it so is a tremendous mistake, especially in this land. The Catholic Church has always had success, as her history shows, with ignorant and poverty-stricken masses of men. Her ways of instructing and controlling them have met their needs. Her dogmatic authority they dare not question. This has been true of the natives in the Philippines, the South Americans and Mexicans. It will be true soon, doubtless, of our own negroes and Indians. But the well-to-do masses have used their freedom of late all over the world to grow very intelligent. Schools and books, and newspapers have aided the movement. Education is now a part—and a large part—of the world's ideal. No bad one, either, and nowise apt to check its progress heavenward. Freedom becomes a glorious thing if rightly used. And education, if it be thorough, evolves meekness.

The half-taught man is cock-sure of everything, thinks he knows it all, will not hear wisdom or learn from any man. He despises authority, "speaks evil of dignities," and is hard to handle. His intellectual freedom is dangerous, like a weapon in unskillful hands. The highly intellectual man on the other hand is modest, having gone beyond this stage, if indeed he ever passed through it. He sees the infinitude of truth, the limitations of our poor humanity, its inability to grasp more than a fraction of all knowledge, gladly learns from one and all—just

as Agassiz, a truly great man, would make friends with any grizzled coast fisherman, old, weather-beaten and poor, because eager for the increased knowledge of fishes he might thus acquire. These finer, higher spirits, are far more easily approached and more quickly led to the narrow ideal, with its white beauty, than are the others. Catholicism is continually drawing such within her circle.

With the independent, public-school trained masses, the Protestant falls more in touch. In his teaching the claim of "authority" is not pressed. The man approached is not irritated by the prospect of intellectual shackles and moral restraint he is soon ready to admit. Moreover, Protestant preaching is of the kind that arouses interest; the hearer is set to thinking for himself, while yet, by a gentle suggestiveness, that thought is imperceptibly guided. No opposition is stirred; the man reaches his own conclusions, only half aware of the hand that impelled him on. It is all skillful in the extreme. The highly-trained clergy—we are speaking now of the superior men in all denominations—touch a highly-trained laity with a velvet glove. The softer that mental touch the calmer and more profound the reasoning, the more quiet and cogent the argument, the better these persuade. All this is matter for pondering.

The intelligence of the masses in this land favors the distribution of religious reading matter. Even a half-taught man can read. Here the Catholic Truth Societies, Summer and Winter Schools, and various Reading Circles do good service. Lectures in rural neighborhoods reach the Protestant element—the love of fair play generally insuring a mixed audience and a respectful hearing. Much can be taught orally if the teacher himself be humble. That is the key to success. "In meekness instructing them that oppose themselves," says the Apostle. The world's intellectual ideals may be made to give way and subserve far loftier ends. But let us not strive, nor cry, nor enter into any warfare, lest we destroy that most precious of all things, the peace of God.

Our own knowledge is limited at best. "We know in part and we prophecy in part" here among earthly shadows. Only in the world of light shall we "know even as also we are known." Others may have caught some portions of truth which we have

not yet grasped. Every good thinker adds something to our store of knowledge. And this even in theology. Why should we be pompous and authoritative?

Is it not better to move slowly, reverently, softly, in our teaching of men? The world's ideal may be gently moulded and raised to heights it hardly dreams of—the religious ideal being adequate to this as to other tasks. The intense beauty of holiness may be revealed to sinners through the saints of to-day who have first attained it themselves; the half-taught American held by “the power of an endless life” and led to see new stars in his heavens, which are yet the old ones, set there by God Himself from all eternity.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

MICHAEL AUGUSTINE CORRIGAN.

Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, late Archbishop of New York, was born in Newark, N. J., August 13, 1839; died in the City of New York May 5, 1902, in the sixty-second year of his age. All the Catholic papers issued since his death have published detailed statements of his career and have magnified and glorified that career. He studied at St. Mary's School, Wilmington, Del., at St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and at the American College in Rome. He was ordained a priest in Rome November 13, 1863. In 1864 he returned to his native city as a Doctor of Divinity, and was assigned to the Professorship of Dogmatic Theology in Sacred Scripture and the rectorship of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Seton Hall College. His rapid rise to ecclesiastical honors is without a parallel in the history of the Catholic Church in this country. At twenty-five years of age he was a Doctor of Divinity; at twenty-nine, President of Seton Hall College, at Orange, N. J.; at thirty-four, in 1873, he was made Bishop of Newark, N. J., the youngest Bishop ever consecrated in America; at forty-one, Coadjutor Bishop to Archbishop McCloskey, with the right of succession, and five years later, when Cardinal McCloskey died, he became the Archbishop of the greatest Catholic Archdiocese in America, at the age of forty-six.

This rapid rise seems to imply a scarcity of men of ability during his early manhood. It was the period of Civil War, when thousands of the best men ever born in this land were dying as sacrifices for the rest of us. The Archbishop's life is one that will provoke endless discussion. It will be impossible not to contrast him sharply with other American prelates, and to compare him favorably or unfavorably with them. Vast as are the responsibilities and opportunities of each and all of them, his opportunity and his responsibility were incomparably greater than that of any other prelate in the United States. His enemies, in the Church and out of it, will affirm that he did not comprehend this incomparable greatness of his office and that, at all events, he never rose to its magnitude. None of the questions involved in these comparisons and contrasts can be truly and wisely decided by the men of his own generation—certainly not by his adulatory friends or by his envious and disgruntled enemies.

His life, like that of nearly all our American prelates, was a striking illustration of the essential Christian democracy of the Church, as also of the land in which we live. They were nearly all of them poor boys, or of very humble birth, like their Master before them, and they rose to eminence, not by trickery, sycophancy, hypocrisy and duplicity alone, though these elements seem to have entered not a little into their earlier and their later days, and to have worked assiduously in their promotion. But these elements were not the leading elements in their characters, and they are not the leading elements in the Church, though often so represented. Archbishop Corrigan had most of the faults and most of the virtues of his class.

The Church cannot boast of the exclusiveness of this Christian democracy. Many of our ablest American Presidents, judges, lawyers, professors and millionaires were born poor and have risen to eminence by the same general qualities of character that have lifted our Roman Catholic prelates to eminence and fame.

Indeed, this ascension of genius is not limited to the Church or to democratic nations. The poor rise to power under monarchies as well as in democracies.

In these days, when nearly all our boys go to college and wherein the tendency is to aristocratic pretensions in all lines,

there is also a tendency to show that our American Presidents were mostly what is called well born and well provided for. It is a foolish contention. Jackson and Lincoln—the two that are worth all the rest, from Washington to Roosevelt—were poor enough and not college-bred in the ordinary sense of the word. But education, in its true sense, as that mode or method or pedagogic influence, professorship, or body of such, that draws out of the human soul to their fullest and clearest capacity of action and expression the latent powers in that soul, every great man, Archbishop, President or whatnot, has always attained. Whether he got it at the wood pile or by numerous “ponies” in college classes is of no consequence. It is a foolish contention, as we said. Genius always manages to get itself educated. It has never failed.

In truth, we cannot claim the exclusiveness of this Christian democracy, either among prelates or Presidents in the United States. It is rather, as we have suggested, the sure and certain aristocracy of human genius, after all. Some of the most influential of Roman Cardinals at this hour were born poor, and have risen to eminence under a monarchy by precisely the same mixed elements of cunning and intellectuality that our own prelates had and used to win their positions. Bismarck and Richelieu used the same sort of faculties and won their fame.

A good friend of mine, who was also a schoolmate of Corrigan's in their younger days at St. Mary's, in Wilmington, Del., told me, years ago, that Michael's schoolfellows even then used to dub him the Archbishop. It was a queer compound, this.

Men's atmospheres and destinies are born with them and surround them and envelop them, if you only know how to read the signs. Sometimes the boys get at the secret instinctively, like women.

What was this in and about the young Corrigan that made his schoolfellows, involuntarily and half in jest, thus know the boy?

I believe that, first of all, it was the element of innate, delicate modesty, producing, as it always does in a boy and sometimes in a man, except on rare occasions, a certain quiet reserve of manner, which again acts as a separation and keeps the boy thus born and surrounded more or less apart from his fellows, in

youth and throughout his whole life. But this is not the whole of it. Some boys have this delicacy which is simply effeminacy, or runs to that. A certain goody-goodyness, which is too often the cloak for the vilest traits of character, corruption of thought, slyness, untruthfulness and even drunkenness and sexual debauchery.

The uninitiated are apt to class all the modest, quiet, refined, unswearing, gentleman-like boys as hypocrites, but they are not all hypocrites, and though I have had lots of stories poured into my ears to the contrary, I do not believe that it was so in the case of young Michael A. Corrigan. I believe that at bottom there was a strong force of pure sincerity.

I believe that either by heredity or careful early training by his mother, or more probably by both lines, which in this case, as usual, were the same, the young Michael was modest, sincere, quiet, unobtrusive, unpugnacious and truly and devotedly pious, not foolishly or weakly pious; that he always could, at need, and always did, manifest a certain independence along with his mild reserve, a certain capacity for self-defense, and a certain persistence in carrying his point and attaining his end, whatever that end might be. In fact, that all this was a part of the atmospheric quasi-halo about him in his youth that led his school-fellows to see, as in a mirror, the future greatness of the man, but a very limited greatness after all, if you please.

It is not a new thing that I am talking about. It applied to Socrates and Plato as truly as to Corrigan and other prelates that need not be named—had better not be named here.

In the face of the boy that is to suffer life-long or sudden martyrdom there are greater and deeper signs. Had we been there with open eyes we could have read those lines in the faces and in the sadder shadows that surrounded the faces of Socrates, of Jesus, of Paul, of the great company of Christian martyrs, and in our own day, of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln. For there is greatness and greatness in this world. There is the greatness of the careful and cautious and timid prelate and the greatness of the Saviour, the Son of God; and the greatness of those who take the latter's way of life and die, not of pneumonia in comfortable beds, surrounded by friends and luxuries, but by the halter, the rope, the dagger of hate, or the pistol, and

happy if they are spared the jeers, the taunts and the buffetings of an uncivilized, but cultured world.

There is genius in each case and in every line of heroes. The supreme genius is in the line of Socrates and Paul and Lincoln; the comparative genius is in the line of Aristotle, Plato, Sophocles, Goethe, Shakespeare, Milton, Newman and far away of Corrigan.

It is a matter of fact that Archbishop Corrigan held and cherished this modest unassertiveness through all his life to the last. Yet I have never heard of but one man that ever undertook to down him on this ground—and he only partially succeeded. Even in his public utterances there was the simplicity of a well-behaved boy. This faculty always made him very attractive to and with women. The Sisters everywhere adored him. But women, especially Sisters or nuns, are not easily deceived. They do not adore mere effeminacy in any man, and even though a man were an Archbishop they would not love him on that account—I mean for mere effeminacy.

I profess to be something of a judge of character, and though, as I have already intimated, I have been deluged with yarns to make me believe in Archbishop Corrigan's subtle duplicity, and that this was at the heart of all his acts, I have never believed it; have never been able to bring myself to think so with any clearness, and at this writing I believe that his worst enemies were and are far more subtle and self-deceived and deceiving than the Archbishop ever was. We have holy writ for authority in stating that the human heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. I have no doubt that the Archbishop of New York shared this inheritance of the race along with the rest of us, but I hold that by the supernatural grace of God given him, in his mother's milk and in her prayers, and again in response to his own prayers and by the help of the Church and his advisers throughout life, he had conquered whatever of hell there was naturally in him, perhaps far more effectively and effectually than most of his enemies and traducers have ever done; more than most of us have ever done, for that matter. I do not think he was a saint, but that he was of the stuff that saints are made of.

I was first impressed with this almost womanly gentleness of manner when I first saw the Archbishop in the chapel of a con-

vent in Chicago many years ago. I referred to it at the time, or soon afterward, in an article in *THE GLOBE REVIEW*, as showing a happy contrast with the noisy and blustering gad-about-consequentialism and self-assertiveness of a certain Northwestern prelate, needless to name. I learned afterward, from the lips of one of Corrigan's inveterate haters, that said reference of mine had been seen by said hater, and by him had been interpreted as an insincerity on my part. A liar always suspects other men of being liars. This man learned to know me better in later years, and to hear from my own lips, time and again, substantially what I am saying here, that said shrinking, modest gentleness of the Archbishop was genuine, and that I liked, even loved him, and honored him and could not help myself.

Later still, this confident liking on my part received rather a severe shock, but was never actually broken. I loved and honored him to the end. Let the carpers carp as they may over what I said of him in connection with the McGlynn case years ago. But let us pass to other things.

Humility, whether assumed or conquered out of the rugged pugnacities of human nature, and made a genuine part of one's daily existence, is an excellent virtue, but it alone will not build pyramids or win Archbishoprics.

All the facts indicate that young Michael Corrigan, as a student and as a young man, was an all-round gifted young man. He seems never to have been a fluent writer or a ready and popular or effective speaker, and perhaps the absence of these faculties in his nature may explain eventually the fact that for men of literary faculty and for priests and others of the ready tongue or pen he never had any enthusiastic liking or appreciation, and this again will explain many negatives in his life for which he has been blamed, but which, after all, were as natural to him as it was natural for Cicero to spout speeches and for Carlyle to despise the gift of spouting. But it was not by modest humility *alone* that he won in comparative early life the greatest See in the Western hemisphere.

Priests of undoubted veracity, knowledge and reliability have told me, years ago, that when Corrigan and McGlynn were students together in Rome, McGlynn was considered, and as a

matter of fact was, the brighter young man of the two. Hereby hangs a long and interesting story. Before going into that story let us discuss a little the comparative brightness referred to.

This winning and taking brightness, readiness of speech, unbashfulness, etc., on the part of a student are often taken to represent brighter and even deeper qualities and faculties than the later facts of a man's career will allow us to accept, while the timidity, modesty and shrinking sensitiveness of a boy are often taken as indicating a lack of commanding genius.

The facts of after life again very often reverse this order, and the boy that is slow of speech, slow to answer questions in school or college, slow to fight, slow to joke, and who, as a rule, holds himself aloof from his fellows, likely as not, because of his introspectiveness and a corresponding self-consciousness and a feeling that he is not and cannot be popular or as ready as his fellows, many of whom he knows all the while to be his inferiors in talent and accomplishment, often turns out to be of exceptional greatness and a leader of thought or a leader of men.

I think that this contrast was the one that existed between Corrigan and McGlynn in their college days. McGlynn was always ready and assertive, Corrigan never so.

Then the young Michael had other things to make him modest, and it is infinitely to his credit that he held to the finer expression of gentleness that nature and his mother and perhaps his father gave him, and that the grace of heaven had fanned into a flame, than that he should, as many boys and young men similarly circumstanced have done and still do, viz.: bluff and swagger, and so try to down any humiliating facts of ancestry and early surroundings.

I understand, that while, as a young man, and in his early priesthood, Corrigan had means enough at his disposal to have justified any amount of bluff; as a matter of fact, he never indulged in that famous game.

He remembered, doubtless, that his parents had been very poor and in the humblest circumstances, and that, though like thousands of poor Irish, German and other emigrants, they had earned and made and saved money till they were well-to-do. Michael was a sensitive boy, knew all the facts, and again I say

that it was infinitely to his credit that he trod the humble path, the modest ways, and quite as infinitely to the credit of his parents that they, under their circumstances, brought into the world a boy of such gentleness of nature and at the same time of such all-round excellent qualities of mind and heart.

He was not a dull boy at school or at college. His classmates, Catholics as they were, would not have dubbed the boy the young Archbishop had he been a fool or a blockhead at school. He was well up in all his studies.

He lacked or held in abeyance the open popular qualities of boyhood, perhaps was a little prematurely old, but he was a clear and clever thinker to the extent of his capacity from the very earliest days.

Young McGlynn was noble-hearted, open-handed, very assertive, egotistic, self-laudatory and quite capable always of giving a comrade not overly-liked a sly dig in his absence, but bright witted, easy with a joke or a story—as he grew older, eloquent, with a crude and rough sort of Irish eloquence—apt in repartee, and with bright and taking expressions, a quick and capable, but *always* an unbalanced and an unreliable mind and reason; his very egotism was enough to topple his judgment, and, as a matter of fact, it did so, though from noble and humane motives, in the Single Tax craze, which, in fact, led to his final break with the Archbishop of New York and their mutual humiliation.

We may refer to this later; we refer to it here only to say that these two boys, and these two men, spite of the grace of Catholic faith and their mutual dependence upon each other in the relation of bishop and priest in the same diocese, could never be mutually respectful of one another—in fact, could not get along. They had to quarrel and then die prematurely, both of them. These things do not happen. They grow.

The enemies of Corrigan have said, and do say, that he was jealous from the old college days, but what had he to be jealous of when he had risen to be Archbishop, while the other man had simply risen to an ordinary priesthood, having a church with an immense debt upon it and himself contaminated with the foolish craze of Henry Georgeism on the Single Tax panacea for the redemption of the world, all things considered the stupidest craze of modern times.

I hold that, from first to last, McGlynn was the self-assertive irritant in the case, and I have no doubt that Corrigan bore with the irritant as long as he could or dared. God and the angels must decide the rest.

I do not want to dwell upon this here, except to show the natural grounds of conflict and to intimate that now, as both men are dead, and the Archbishop's robes all fallen into the common priesthood of God and the soul, it is meet and proper that we do not take sides beyond reason, and that whatever our preferences—all showing again our own individual status—we should all think and feel with Christlike charity toward both men. May their souls rest in peace.

Archbishop Corrigan's promotion from the bishopric of Newark to the See of New York was a promotion in extent but not in quality of ecclesiastical honor. An Archbishop is simply a bishop of a larger diocese or of several dioceses. But the extent of ecclesiastical honor is the question that involves prelates in many schemes from which the Archbishop of New York was never exempt, but it is worthy of notice that whatever he attempted and whatever plan he consummated all was done in the same quiet and dignified way that he had pursued throughout his life. If this quiet and modest way of doing things had not been natural, or so triumphantly supernatural as to have become second nature with him, he would have forgotten himself and have tripped at times—but he never did.

A few years ago the "boys" wanted to give him a big brass band send-off down the New York bay, on his way to Rome in search of a Cardinal's cap, and it is understood that the Archbishop consented, but Providence interfered. The steamer sailed on Sunday, I think, instead of Saturday, and it would not do to break the Puritan Sabbath by such Catholic demonstrations. So the tug and the brass bands were called off and the Archbishop pursued his silent way, but did not get the Cardinalate. That's the question.

Every Archbishop does not want to be a Cardinal. It is understood that Archbishop Williams, of Boston, a most noble, lovely, faithful and able Christian gentleman, might have been a Cardinal long ago if he had wanted to be and was ready to pay the fee; but that he did not want it and probably did not think

the honor worth the requisite pay. The same is surmised of the excellent Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, one of the quietest, most efficient and ablest of all the ecclesiastics in this land. But this could never have been said of the Archbishop of New York or his distinguished and famous rival, the Archbishop of St. Paul. Both were ready for the honor at any time and ready with the requisite cash.

Ten years ago a Chicago priest told me that he had seen the letter from Rome offering the red hat or cap to Archbishop Ireland. One of three things is true: *First*, That said priest did not speak the truth; or, *Second*, Such conditions were attached that the renowned Archbishop of St. Paul could not comply with them; or, *Third*, The authorities at Rome, on inquiry, found that they had made a mistake in proffering the offer, and in due time withdrew it.

Archbishop Corrigan or Archbishop Ireland would at any time have raised and have paid the requisite sum if it had been necessary to mortgage their Cathedrals to do so. In fact there was a well authenticated report abroad, about three years ago, that His Grace of St. Paul had mortgaged the St. Paul Cathedral for \$80,000 for some such purpose. But those were the days before the great and rascally land schemes had been decided in his favor, and whatever the facts in the case we have washed our hands of the doings and sayings of that prelate, and do not care to dwell upon his idiosyncrasies.

It was partly over the mutual battle for the Cardinalship, and partly over the question of incipient Catholic liberalism or Americanism, and partly over technical grounds of each prelate staying at home and minding his own business and not invading or trying to run the politics or the churches in his fellow prelate's Archbishopric that the great battle of the East and the West was fought between Archbishop Ireland and Archbishop Corrigan ten years ago.

In regard to that battle, as far as His Grace of New York is concerned, it should be said: *First*, That at heart he was quite as much of a liberal as His Grace of St. Paul. His (Corrigan's) bearing with Hecker in all his vagaries, without attempting to discipline the man, is proof enough of my statement, but I have his own words, spoken to me years ago, in which he practically

defended or excused liberal Catholic Americanism. But his way with this, as with all questions, was the quiescent way, no noise or bluster except actually and absolutely necessary. I mention the matter here thus particularly to indicate that over this phase of the question between the East and the West, or between Ireland and Corrigan, the latter was not inclined to fight, and really had nothing to fight about. It was not one of the questions that greatly concerned him, but, liberal and American as he was, he was never inclined to take sides with Ireland or to care to be associated with him in the advocacy of any cause. So the recent and unquestioned victories for the American Liberal party in the American Catholic Church are as much to the credit of Corrigan as they are to Ireland, and no doubt the Archbishop of New York was well enough pleased with those victories.

In common with other stalwart orthodox Catholics I opposed the advocates of Americanism from the start, but not on the ground of their liberal or charitable ideas toward Protestants and in religious matters generally, but because of the unutterable folly of the leaders of that movement in putting their American patriotism, so-called, before and in the place of piety and loyalty to the Catholic Church. In this latter particular the famous liberal leaders, Ireland and Keane, have become more reasonable Catholics than of old, and I am now very much one with them. My point here is that Archbishop Corrigan was always with them in the spirit of their recent manifestation, and that he really had little or nothing to fight over on this ground with the Archbishop of St. Paul ten years ago. But that the real fight between him and Ireland was on a question of loyalty to Catholic law and usage as to Archbishops staying at home and minding their own business, and that in this fight, persisted in with his usual quietness, he won *utterly* and absolutely, and made no fuss about it.

Satolli and the Archbishop of New York were not afflicted with mutual admiration, but Satolli, in this matter, simply submerged the Archbishop of St. Paul when in New York and Brooklyn some three years ago—the St. Paul prelate was trying to bluff the papacy into quitting its humiliation of Keane, now Archbishop of Dubuque.

In all this phase of the fight the Archbishop of New York was absolutely, and in every particular, right and on Catholic ground, and the Archbishop of St. Paul was wrong. He has evidently learned his lesson as above, and does not now any more parade as the Archbishop of the Universe when he visits the city of New York.

I am recalling only enough of that battle of intrigue and noise and bluster and of ecclesiastical authority to explain my general position in regard to Corrigan. He was not merely humble and quiet and modest, but determined and persistent at need, and he knew more of ecclesiastical law in a day than the Archbishop of St. Paul knew in a year or cared to know. In a word, the Archbishop of New York was learned in history and the law of the Church, and persistent in his defense of them as well as modest, retiring and apparently harmless as an angel.

As to the third phase of the battle mentioned, that of the Cardinalship, neither one of the two men ever got his heart's desire, though something over a dozen prelates have been made Cardinals in the last ten years, and two of them, both residents for the time being in the United States. I refer, of course, to Satolli and Martinelli, both Italians, and both preferred and honored before any of these ambitious dwellers in the land of bluff, the eagle's scream and the almighty dollar.

On the general question of Cardinal making it is my strong belief that, in view of the rapid growth of the Church in the United States, admitting all its backsliders, and in view of the fact that America and Americans are peculiarly sensitive to and appreciative of such honors, it would have been just as well, and quite politic, had Rome appointed at least half a dozen American Cardinals during the last ten years. The Pope is very fond of America, and the bishops and the talking Irish-American orators go over there and kneel and kiss his toe, and all that, and take many hundreds of thousands of dollars as presents to His Holiness, but when it comes to making Cardinals His Holiness selects an Italian or a Frenchman or a German every time, and most of the time an Italian, for the honors he wishes to bestow. It is his business, not mine, but the humblest Catholic has a right to make kindly and what seem to be reasonable suggestions.

Let us return to the Archbishop of New York. In his conflict with McGlynn, I think that His Grace of New York was perfectly right in disciplining the priest in regard to said priest's utterances on the Single Tax craze, but I think that His Grace of New York went too far; that he was utterly wrong in the severity of his discipline, which was unworthy the conduct of a bad English landlord toward his Irish tenants. And it would seem that this was the final opinion and ruling of Rome.

I do not believe that Rome ever endorsed the actual teachings of McGlynn on the Single Tax question, but, of course, Rome endorsed what was palpably Christian in those teachings. It would be truer to say that Henry George borrowed them from the Church, which, in general, restored McGlynn to his old position without demanding any penance as far as known, and certainly without demanding any apology from him toward the Archbishop of New York. It is sometimes more Catholic to oppose a bishop than to obey him.

I omit many things that have been told me by priests very damaging to the general and exalted reputation of His Grace of New York. Whatever he did or failed to do he has now passed to his reward or blame by the only true Judge of all mankind.

I do not think he courted battle, or division with or between any of his priests, but the age is independent. Priests everywhere feel this impulse. Some of them, in sheer wantonness, like to oppose the authority of their bishops, and, on the other hand, some bishops, from spleen and overbearingness, like to tyrannize over their priests. In the case in question there was fearful irritancy on the part of the priest and corresponding severity on the part of the Archbishop. So let the dead bury their dead and let us all remember the Divine charity of the blessed Master even toward the man who sold Him for thirty pieces of silver, and remember that the living and the dead, all of us, do live in Him.

During the years of my residence in New York I was naturally, directly and indirectly, brought into contact with Archbishop Corrigan. In the earlier years of my stay there His Grace was in my office now and again. It goes without saying that he was always the perfect gentleman, always modest and gentle and kind. On one occasion he said frankly that he would

like to aid *THE GLOBE* in a large way, but if he committed himself to me he would be blamed by his fellow prelates, some of whom I had mercilessly scored. Not that he either approved wholly of them or of me. The result was that a gradual estrangement grew up between us. Then there came to me others who flooded my office with tales of the Archbishop's insincerity and hardness underneath all the seeming kindness, so that in simple justice to the facts, or what were told me most solemnly as facts, I lost some of the regard that I earlier had felt for the Archbishop. But never an unkind word passed between us, only once a little stiffness in our last meeting, which melted in a moment to the old geniality, and when, after some earnest talk, I remarked, "Your Grace, I wish we could both feel as we used to feel toward each other," he said, very frankly, to all appearances, "I know of no reason why we should not do so, Mr. Thorne." And so I left him, nearly two years ago, with the old fondness revived.

He was not a broad man. I do not think he was a forgiving man. I think that he cherished a grudge and would not hesitate to use it to the disadvantage of any one who had offended him. Perhaps he cherished such a grudge toward me for words I published years ago touching his conduct in the McGlynn case. If so, I pity him only. I forgive him utterly, and though I have now and again thought him rather hard-hearted in cases of illness, I would gladly have made any sacrifice to have saved or prolonged his life had sacrifice been asked of me.

He was clear-minded on matters regarding the Church, its laws, observances and obedience thereto, but he was not great-minded or sympathetic with men of really exceptional ability among his own priests or among the eminently-gifted men of his vast diocese. He did little or nothing to cultivate their acquaintance or to assist them in their careers. Perhaps, as I have said, the very faculties requisite for such action were not in him, and so he was not and is not to be blamed.

Instead of this he seemed to favor men of mediocre ability, whether in literature, ecclesiastics or politics; men who would fawn upon him and flatter him simply because he was the Archbishop of New York; but if the worst phase of all this view be true, it only shows that nature seeks her own in kind and degree,

and those who may have felt slighted, ignored or opposed by him should remember that every Archbishop has his limitations, and has a right to his own choice of confidants and friends.

What if the men who fawned upon him to his face and in his presence simply mimicked and mocked him behind his back, as I have been credibly informed. Theirs, not his, was the loss in such case, and such men, priests or whatnot, in my judgment, deserve to be hung.

He was not a great leader in literature or in politics; if he had been he might have accomplished vastly more good than he ever did accomplish, but, as I have said, no one man can be everything. The gentlemen who excel in larger lines of life are apt to have their larger and corresponding vices.

He managed well the financial affairs of a vast diocese. He had only a few serious difficulties with his priests; and in these, as far as I have been able to learn, the priests were as much as or more to blame than he. And whatever he did or failed to do he always acted with that quiet and unassuming dignity, so becoming to a churchman in these days of universal humanity, universal education and a many-sided Christianity. He was neither a great logician nor a great psychologist. He had no intuitive sight of moral or mental philosophy; nor was his well-trained mind the most discriminating in the very lines and questions for the solution of which he was educated. In the language of a medical charlatan I once met, "You can't put a quart measure into a pint cup." The Archbishop's faculties were not of the largest quantity or the sharpest quality.

But when I recall the men of his own generation who have often ridiculed the prelate in my hearing, and in my mind's eye place any one of them in Corrigan's position, gad! what a mess they would have made of it. Fluency and brilliancy and readiness of speech are not usually united with soberness and calmness of all-round good judgment, especially in our American hierarchy. He was not brilliant or supremely gifted. What he knew in the lines of worldly wisdom, like what he knew in ecclesiastics, had been learned by careful and plodding study. His greatness, even the greatness of his position, had a sort of refined commonplaceness about it. He was rather a scribe than an apostle; a prophet he never claimed to be. The great tides

of human emotion and human questioning in his generation seemed to rise and go by him without touching his heart or even his feet. But he was a busy man in a thousand little things: ordinations, confirmations, corner-stone layings, etc., all of which might have been quite as well done by some new kind of machinery, or at least by ecclesiastical officials in his employ. The great life of New York went by him like a whirlwind, but he was undisturbed. He was a mediocre little man thrust into a very great position, and if he did not parade as the great Archbishop of New York and gather the leading literary lights about him or use them for all they were worth in the service of the Church, and the leading dramatists and artists in all lines, and help them and make himself popular with the dominating intellectual forces of the land, as some think he might have done, at all events his good sense and his unassuming piety kept him from doing foolish and ridiculous things, not to speak of rascally things, such as certain would-be *great* Archbishops have done at times.

He had too much good sense, too much sense of human justice and was too mindful of the dignity of his office and the spirit of the Master whom he served, ever to unite with the noisy Potter or the crazy Parkhurst in their persecution of poor ruined women or of saloon keepers, all of whom had the same right to their vocations that Potter or Parkhurst ever had to theirs.

But again we say, every man to his trade.

It is the business of some to enkindle and inflame the world of thought by the great thoughts that arise in their minds and the greatness of their utterance of them. Few Archbishops have ever been smitten with this divine afflatus of mental illumination. Archbishop Corrigan made no pretense to greatness. He knew to the contrary.

The Archbishop of New York was certainly not among the highly-gifted souls. His utterances were rather childish, with a tendency to weakness, but what he said and what he did was always sensible, never stupid or offensive in the sense of loudness or bluffery, and it is something, it is much, to have had an Archbishop of New York during the last decade whose good sense, modesty and quiet self-reliance, the very absence and

antithesis of bluster and noise or persecution won and held the common respect of a very large portion of the archdiocese, Protestant and free-thinking as well as Catholic.

It is often what a man avoids or fails to do as well as what he does that commends him to his fellowmen and that builds his life in harmony with the will of God. Let us think well of the dead and hope for a better man to fill his place.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

CHINA SEEN THROUGH CHINESE EYES.

Touching China and the Chinese, our first need is that of honest and unbiased information. It becomes increasingly evident that such information is scarce. In justice to this ancient nation, and also to ourselves, the facts in the case ought to be and must be reached. And why not accept the facts and base our opinions, to some degree at least, upon the documentary evidence these people themselves present to us, upon what we know of China, from the Chinese? Take it with a grain of salt, if you will; but listen to what they have to tell us and give it as much weight as we expect others to give what we tell them about ourselves. And how feeble the light we are apt to receive from that source! Nearly all the information we get is testimony against the party of the second part by the party of the first, the plaintiff in the case. Seldom is there any defense.

Besides considerable study of the Chinese and rather unusual facilities for this study, it has been my good fortune, indeed, my distinguished honor, to know many Chinese gentlemen quite intimately; scholars seeking information, diplomats here in Washington, consuls elsewhere, and merchants everywhere—men of sound judgment and keen insight, who have furnished data of all sorts concerning every point we have to discuss. All this has been checked over by some authorities and corroborated by others until it must be nearly correct. It makes most interesting reading, this assemblage of notes—particularly the terse comparisons between their ways and ours, made by men of such brilliant parts as the present minister to this country, Mr. Wu-

Ting-Fang, who have lived long enough among us to see things in our way as well as in their own.

Most interesting of all, however, are Mr. Tcheng-Ki-Tong's remarks, which form almost a treatise upon China and the Chinese. He has spent nearly twenty years in travel, studying everything he meets with. He has learned to think as we do and knows exactly what we should like to learn about his country and its people; and he has given us the information unstintingly and clearly.

Mayhap you will not begrudge a half-hour spent in looking at the Chinese through these borrowed Chinese eyes. Let us follow Mr. Tcheng about his own country, into his own home. Introduced to his friends, we shall soon appreciate how hospitable and whole-souled they are to *invited* guests. Let us go about in the provinces, not with a gun in one hand and a Bible in the other, nor in mere idle curiosity, but intent on seeing good where it may be and noting the causes of evil where it, too, may be. Let us delve into their literature a bit, even into their poetry, whose harmony will charm us and its depth of sentiment give us new notions of their intelligence. We shall find their civilization to be the final outcome of experience, founded upon all forms of it known to us; a civilization as perfect as our own of to-day, even when old Egypt was a savage land; a civilization, moreover, which has not deteriorated greatly through all the intervening generations.

In China the family is the foundation of society, of government, of everything. It is and always has been the prime consideration in Chinese affairs. Confucius warned them ages ago that to govern a country well one must have learned to govern a family. In China the family is no small affair; it resembles the religious communities we are familiar with. Each member contributes all he can to the enjoyment and support of the whole. No favoritism exists. There are well-defined rules of conduct; equality and fraternity are not mere words among them, and the family as a whole defers all final decisions to and is subject to its oldest member. We read of one house where *nine* generations lived and thrived in peace and good-will.

Each family has a sort of written constitution. Its lands are portioned off, and have been so for centuries perhaps. One part

is to provide a sort of pension for the old; a second, to start the young men in life, and a third, to educate the children of each succeeding generation. It is monstrously unchangeable, if you will; but do our Probate Courts show us any better or more equitable arrangement of proprietary interests?

There are family laws, defining the duties of each member, with the punishments to be inflicted on him in case he brings disgrace or loss on the family "through dissipation or culpable conduct." These rules and regulations are as closely observed as are our State and Federal laws; for the whole system of education in China tends to inspire respect for these rules, for the sacredness of the family and love of one's kindred. In fact, Chinese teaching inculcates a sort of cult, almost, of the family, meaning both the individual family and the great family which constitutes the nation. Fealty to the sovereign, respect for parents, conjugal fidelity, brotherly love and constancy in friendship are the five main objects of early education and training. Each of these means what it says; these things are practiced literally and are not simply maxims printed in books.

Some of this may surprise the reader of this article, who is likely to have heard much of Chinese depravity and vice. We will touch upon this whole matter more in detail later on.

Fealty to the sovereign is the keystone of the whole social structure in China. It is a family trait, the ruler is but the head of one great family.

Not only do children respect and obey their parents in China, but all that may accrue to the former is participated in by the latter. Should a young man be ennobled for his services to the State, his parents by that act become nobles too. Should he sin against the State, punishment will be meted out to the whole family therefor.

The idea of "ennobling" leads us to state here that there are two distinct classes or ranks of nobility in China. First is the hereditary nobility, a small class, its titles and emoluments having been bestowed for distinguished services to the country, usually upon great warriors. The title is handed down from eldest son to eldest son. The other class is the official aristocracy, the "nobility of the robe of office." The various offices carry with them distinctions not inherited by the children of such officials,

but which actually ennoble his parents, a retroactive nobility as it were. And, by the way, if the hereditary noble has no personal qualifications that entitle him to respect, his mere title gives him scant prestige—indeed, is a hollow, meaningless honor.

Love of one's parents amounts to a cult in China. The dead are not forgotten. Family "temples" are built to their memory. These mausoleums are erected near the house or in the country, as a sort of summer villa. The dead buried there become the "ancestors" of the family. Often weddings or the graduation feasts of a family are held there, that *all* the family may be united in joy. To the Chinese our way of burying the dead in one place, as far from our habitations as possible, and carrying thither a few flowers once or twice a year seems cold, forgetful and barbarous indeed.

Marriages are arranged by the parents for the best interests of the families and their sole object is the continuation of these families—and this with the view to the propagation of the species. A fruitless marriage is the greatest of misfortunes.

People marry young in China. The parents wish it. The married state is entered into to please them, not to gratify a passing whim; filial affection prompts obedience in this as in all else, conjugal affection comes later on.

In China there are no old maids or bachelors. Betrothals are made when the children are very young, and the wedding generally occurs before they are twenty. Sometimes a father is scarcely sixteen, and a grandmother at thirty is not unusual. It is not a climatic cause that influences; the same conditions exist both in the North and South of China. It is a national custom, sanctioned by forty centuries of use.

The selection is made by the parents and from their own class, frequently from their own distant relatives. There is no courting. The betrothal is a formal affair, a contract between parents, signed by the chief or patriarch of each branch, and these signatures hold good in any court in the land. Presents are sent the bride-elect by the chief of the intendant's family. Near the time settled upon for the wedding the groom sends his fiancée baskets of silks, embroideries, fine cottons, flowers and the other ornaments of a bridal costume—besides candies, confections and other dainties—perhaps dozens of hampers of such rich goods

and sweets, depending, of course, upon his fortune and position in life. The sweets are distributed by the bride's family to all their friends; it is the announcement of the affair. The bride sends her "future" a rich costume, or uniform of his rank, which he will wear on the day of the wedding. Then there is a banquet given by the families to all their friends, a great affair.

On the eve of the wedding the bride's parents send her clothes, her silver and everything that constitutes her dower to the groom's house. This is done with great pomp and ceremony, forming a processional transfer; and at seven in the evening of the same day the groom sends his bride the very best porter's chair or litter he can afford. It is lined in red satin, embroidered and gilded, and accompanied by an orchestra and a troop of servants carrying lanterns—or torches, if the family be of official rank—a red umbrella and many tablets upon which are inscribed the titles and pedigree of the groom's family—and these, for generations back. The bride's parents give another feast to their friends and the bridal chair is the cynosure of all eyes, as it stands in the middle of the room. The groom's parents, too, keep high festival, and exhibit to all the bride's dower.

Early next morning four persons chosen by the groom's family wait upon the bride, and with low salaams invite her to accompany them to his house. They then precede her there, her chair being carried by four porters, or eight, according to the family's rank. And right here be it said, by way of comparison with our own doings, that the Chinese do not countenance any extravagance or aping of one's betters in these weddings. There is no borrowing of money to put on a style people are not accustomed to. If a Chinese bride is entitled to eight bearers, she gets them; if not, she fails to, whatever her own wish may be.

At the groom's house all the friends are gathered, the "ladies-of-honor," the groomsmen and relatives to the "sixth and seventh degrees." The arrival of the procession is announced by music and shouting. A groomsmen carrying a metal mirror bows three times before the chair and begs the bride to come forth. A lady opens the curtains and escorts the still veiled maiden to the bridal chamber where her spouse awaits her in his

most gorgeous raiment. Her veil is taken off and they see each other for the first time. After this introduction they are escorted by a "happy couple," one long married and parents of many male children, back to the principal room where the guests are assembled, and there the two young people prostrate themselves before a table upon which are fruits, wines and burning incense, emblems all, and thank God for having created them, the earth for having nourished them, their parents for having brought them up and the Emperor for having protected them. That is the wedding. The bride is introduced all around; there is music and feasting; doors are opened wide and even passers-by are called in to partake of the cheer. The occasion is truly a joyful one, but not properly a civil or religious ceremony, since no priest or public official is summoned. It is a family affair, before God, the family and friends; and in few countries are its obligations more sacredly kept.

The day following the wedding the bride takes her husband to her home; more introductions follow and feasting.

Divorce is uncommon in China. It was introduced by legislation, not custom, and was little known before the writing of the present code of laws in 253 B. C. Adultery, sterility of the wife after a certain fixed age and disobedience or abuse of the parents of either party are the grounds for divorce. The first cause is a punishable sin; the second is rarely made the basis of a divorce—in such cases children being adopted—and the last cause is almost wholly unknown, so that divorce is rarely resorted to.

The Chinese particularly resent the Occidental notion that their women are a despised and inferior class, mere chattels and toys. True, women there do not meddle in business or politics, as a rule; nor do they practice all the arts and blandishments the sex is so capable of using, in furthering their husband's interests or their own with other men. There are few "new women" there. A distinction is made between the sexes, each having its peculiar functions in society. The women's duties lie along the lines of domesticity, the care of the house, the education of the children. They visit and go about, despite their little feet, shop, go unveiled and have perfect freedom; but they do not practice law, court the society of other men than their husbands, or dip very

far into what they deem their husband's affairs. Yet, even so, we have found that a Chinese woman, if occasion demands, can keep things political well stirred up and the world's great diplomats in very hot water.

Knowing both sides of the question, it is hard to say whether, all things considered, the Chinese or the civilized women are the happier and which more perfectly fulfill in the highest sense of the word the true functions for which nature seems to have created them.

We read much about concubinage in China. It is said to be a recognized, legal institution, and it is. The Chinese are open and above-board about it. With us it is not thus recognized; still, who says it does not exist, and to a very great extent? If a Chinaman lived long enough among us to become familiar with men's habits and their private lives, he, too, might find matter for many volumes upon the Occidental phase of the subject, which would bring surprises to most of us!

With the Chinese if a wife is barren, or other circumstances exist that we cannot here discuss, but which from their point of view make such a thing expedient, an arrangement is made—generally by the wife herself—with another woman, usually from the lower classes, and she is taken into the household and becomes a sort of servant and deputy to the wife, after the manner of Sarah and Hager of old. If the concubine bears children to the husband, they are not neglected or farmed out, but legitimatized and brought up by the wife as her very own. So all hands are satisfied. This may be reprehensible, but let the sociologists wrestle with the problem. These are plain facts.

The Chinese have an exalted idea of God. They believe He understands all languages, and in particular the inmost, unspoken hopes and offerings of the soul, its "silent prayer."

There is no atheism in China.

The religion of Fo or Buddhism has made rapid strides there. Buddhist monasteries flourish, and, after the manner of their kind, wax wealthy and influential. It is a metaphysically ideal religion, carrying its followers to extremes of mysticism and involved reasoning.

The Lao-Tze faith is greatly in vogue among the lower classes, being a grosser, more material religion, done up with much form and elaborate dress.

But the national faith—that, too, of the better or “lettered” class—and the religion of millions throughout China, is that founded by Confucius. Formerly it had neither images, priests nor set ceremonies. To-day it possesses all three. These have become necessary to satisfy weak minds and to give those who crave such things that which is tangible, palpable, formal. To the thinkers it is still a principle, not a form.

“What is their creed?” you ask.

The religion of Confucius is a philosophy. The great master laid down maxims of morality, principles of life, preached “the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man,” leaving each man to worship God as best he might. Confucius left no speculative treatises upon the ultimate destiny of man or concerning the nature of the Supreme Being.

Read the moral teachings of Moses and St. Paul and you will find a notable similarity between them and the famous maxims of Confucius, which have been preserved unchanged, in the one language, intact, unedited, neither censored nor versioned, since he wrote them, six hundred years before our era.

The time-honored dictum, “*Tempora mutantur et nos mutantur cum illis*,” does not hold good in China.

No evidence is at hand, or has ever been produced, to prove that writing was known among the Celestials prior to 3000 B. C. In those early ages notches were cut in sticks or knots tied in cords to convey messages from one part of the country to another or to record events.

At about 3000 B. C. the Emperor Tchang-Ki devised rude letters, called tsiang, patterned after the constellations in the heavens, real hieroglyphics, picture-letters, figures. But, mark you, this was a thousand years before the Egyptians had made their first step letterwards.

Progress from this beginning was along similar lines to that of the Egyptians, with which we are familiar. At first these figures were clumsy indeed, rude pictures of objects. Then, modifications were made, curved lines introduced and fewer figures employed to express the thought, which, at the outset, had to be fully pictured. These letters were called li. We find them in the sacred books of Confucius and Lao-tze. Then came a radical change. Characters called tze, or words, were used

that represented the "pronunciation" of the name of the object, the writing of sounds, the true beginning of our present modes of writing. About 983 B. C., under the Emperor Tsang-Ouang, a learned man, Lu-Lin, devised the ta-tchiang letters. The sacred books of Y-King, the only ones saved from the great destruction of books by fire ordered by Tsin-Su-Hoang, were in this text. It was exclusively used until 246 B. C., when still another improvement was made by combining and boiling down all the previous forms, the result being a clear and easily written writing.

This evolution of the science of writing involved a slow but steady progress. We find no sudden changes, such as borrowing another nation's system in toto or even the infusion or occasional injection of a character from this or that outside source. It was like the polishing of a diamond, patient and continual rubbing being the only means to this end—but see the final result! The diamond is not an inapt comparison. No written signs in any language are as subtle, refined in their application and significance, and capable of reflecting as brilliant and as many colors, as it were, as are these Chinese characters.

In the first century of our era a sub-prefect named Tcheng-Miao, having been imprisoned for some reason or other, spent his time writing an appeal for clemency to the Emperor in characters based on the old li, but more refined and decisive in their form and meaning. There were three thousand words in this appeal, and it not only got him his pardon, but that writing was made the official form, and high honors were showered upon him.

Under the Han dynasty the final step was taken. A certain councillor, wishing to give the Emperor more rapid and accurate notes of what occurred at the meetings of that council, hit upon a system of letters, based of course on the old li, but curtailed in numbers and formed into a semi-cursive hand, which, five centuries later, became a fully cursive writing, economizing time, richer in meaning and susceptible of finer distinctions than all its predecessors. And, this is the writing of to-day.

It is invariably done with a brush and India ink—why Chinese ink should be called "Indian," in English only, is one of the things which bothered us in boyhood, and bothers us yet.

In French we say *Encre de Chine*, and so in all other languages. The English *will* mix things! This, by the way—to return—a whole word in Chinese may be formed with one movement of the brush. It really is a sort of stenographic formation; but the thickness of the line, the variations from light to heavy strokes, their decisiveness or their uncertainty, in each case have a meaning, giving character to the writing. In other languages combinations of words may be beautiful, but each single word or letter is the same as in the driest of accounts or reports. There is no soul in the writing. One has to hear an orator; written speech can only help your imagination as to what it sounded like. Not so in Chinese. If the orator be also a polished writer, his written essay or poem or inspired appeal to the passions will be as effective as his voice to each one of his readers. Nothing is left to be imagined. The finest sentiment may be given to a most ordinary word by the manner of tracing its letters. Writing thus becomes an art, for in that language and that alone in all this world of many writings is there really visible expression of eloquence. All other written languages are merely bodies; the Chinese is a body also, but one infused with virile life, a soul, heat and action.

The people of China are divided into four great classes. There are subdivisions of course, but the honors and position of each are well defined. Mere possession of wealth will not get one man from his class into a higher one. He must have acquired all the qualifications first. Nor will birth keep one in a class he has not been fitted for by education and accomplishments. There are the “lettered” class, the “agriculturists,” the “manufacturers” and the “merchants.” The first two are the more esteemed, the latter two being but branches of the main trunk, agriculture. From the first class are taken all the officers and functionaries of state; but they are not considered superior to the second. A farmer in China is as good as any one. From the earth all blessings flow and they honor their farmers accordingly. A pen crossed with a plow might be the sign heraldic upon every escutcheon devised in China.

The Chinese are absolutely democratic in that, irrespective of birth or previous condition, the first class is open to all comers in competition at the great public examinations, a truly “uni-

versal suffrage." At these examinations prizes are awarded in way of diplomas admitting candidates, according to their merits, to the various grades. In China to be a Doctor, a Bachelor of Arts or Science, a "Licensed Scholar" is not to win mere empty honors, whose possessors may starve unless they have business ability enough to get themselves a "job" in their own special line or some other.

There your diploma gives you entry into a certain grade that carries a "job" with it—also, all its honors and emoluments. There is an immediate and assured result, if one passes examination. Possibly we too might be better off if, for instance, only a set number of lawyers were admitted to the bar each year—as many as were pensioned and retired for age—just enough to fill vacancies; those who passed with highest honors to be given State-attorneyships, the best plums; and the others, down to those of the merest defenders in the police courts, distributed according to merit, each man receiving the fixed salary of his particular post until further examination demonstrated his power to climb higher.

There is no governmental or compulsory education in China. The fact of the examinations being absolutely public, whereby "the lowest may become the highest," offers incentive enough to study. These studies are carried on at home; the wealthy, of course, obtain the services of very learned tutors and thus expedite things, but even the very poorest may obtain "liberal education for their children at day or night schools in every village, where the fees charged are so nominal that they are not burdensome even to the least among them."

We have all read about the little cells in which each candidate is locked up, without books or notes or "refreshers," while he writes out answers to the questions handed him when he enters. And how old white-haired men may be seen taking the very first steps along with the children of the "first grade." China is, in fact, a country where one who aspires to any position at all has to spend part of his life in being examined. Each promotion means another examination, however old, or tried, or scholarly the candidate may be. It is the perfection of Civil Service, as our reformers understand the term.

As soon as a young man, if he has had early opportunities, or an older one, if he has had hard scratching, feels himself ready for the first ordeal he passes through six tests, given at certain times in public examinations in the different towns. If he goes through the last with honor, he is certified up to the examiner at the principal point in the province, where he goes through six more tests, each of which lasts a day. "Flunking" in any of these means waiting until the next term and taking the entire examination for that grade again.

Should our candidate for "lettered" honors pass the second trial successfully, he is next examined by the Imperial Examiner for that province. From him he receives a warrant, if he passes, to a baccalaureate.

The second degree for a "license" is examined for every three years in the capital of each province. There are three tests of three days each and their severity may be gauged by the fact that of a batch of ten thousand candidates examined seldom more than two or three hundred get through.

The third degree, the "doctorate," is conferred only at Peking. This last examination is held before the Emperor. The "happy ones" who get through with colors flying are divided into four groups. The four highest percentages admit their holders to the Academy; the next group are "Candidate-Academicians;" the next become attachés to the ministerial departments, and the least meritorious of the examinees are henceforward sub-prefects or other minor officers. All of these latter groups may try and try again until they get into the class of the select. All four groups, the Doctors, rarely number more than two hundred.

The top-knot fellows after some probation become members of the Imperial College of the Han-lin, the most exalted body of scholars in China, from whose members are chosen the ministers, envoys and other high dignitaries of the Empire. At the last doctorate examination there were three men examined who were over seventy years of age; so that we may well say a "lettered" Chinaman's life is passed in examinations. Two of these three old men had been up eight times before this last, so that we are led to deem persistence a national characteristic.

One of the four approved in this last examination was the son of a chair-porter. The greatest honors now lie in his path, for

the Chinese have an aristocracy, an "upper tendom" of merit—not necessarily one of birth or riches—and his father, the poor, old, broken-down porter, climbs up a notch on the social ladder along with his son.

After the first examination the successful candidate may immediately take another, a sort of side affair, which, if he passes, will entitle him to a pension and, if vacancies exist, places him in the legal departments. Strange to say, few avail themselves of this privilege, ambition is so keen that most of the younger men prefer to forge ahead and prepare for the "license" degree.

The conferring of a degree means a great family jubilation. Everything, you remember, redounds to the glory of the family. Relatives and friends gather from miles about, yet all this feasting does not swell the heart of the "happy one" with pride—it merely spurs him on to renewed effort for honors and fame, not for himself, but for his family.

We have said that education was not compulsory. It is, in the sense that parents are held accountable and responsible for the acts of their children. They realize that education is one of the things that will keep the latter straight and they hasten to take advantage of a system that was called "old" long before the Christian era began. The government realized even then that its interests were best subserved by "making the acquiring of science so easy to the masses that all would try for the prizes, thus permitting the rulers to extract the very best talent from the nation and direct it thenceforth to the advancement and benefit of the State." Example, in China, is insisted upon as an essential of education; teachers are therefore most carefully trained and only the best pedagogic and moral material selected. Greater attention is paid to this than to systems.

As far back as the reign of Yong-Tching it was insisted on that children "must not mutter with their mouths mere words while their *hearts* were absorbed in other matters." School maxims are to-day what they were then. "Analyze daily the work that has been done that day" is an applied precept in Chinese schools, not a motto upon the wall. Likewise: "Recapitulate what has been learned, every ten days," and "There is no harm in being slow, but there is danger in stopping."

Although not obligatory, education is universal. Probably there are not over three per cent. of illiterates in the vast population of the Chinese Empire.

There are journals in China, not newspapers, a distinction and a difference. Let me give you verbatim the description of a newspaper given by a witty Chinaman who has traveled much and observed carefully: * * * "See the expectancy of that crowd! They are awaiting the newspapers. They get them; some take five, six, ten. They glance them over, the last as the first, at breakneck speed and with the same impassive expression upon their faces; then they yawn and throw the papers away, saying, 'Bah, there's no news!' Some day a great event happens and all the world knows it before the papers get it! There are serious article, yes, but no one reads them save their authors, who read them over once, aye, twenty times and then send copies to their friends, even in remote lands. These latter say, 'Bah! so-and-so is as great a fool as he ever was.'"

Is there not more truth than fiction in this?

In China there is no liberty of speech, nor of the press, but there is a public opinion and clearly expressed, nevertheless.

Ten centuries before the Christian era there were popular chants concerning events and matters of history in China. The Emperor Hung-Hoang ordered these compiled in books that he might know the feelings, the opinions of his people. These books were destroyed later—all save those containing three hundred songs that Confucius incorporated in his book of verses. And that was the origin of Chinese journalism. Since then the popular songs have not necessarily been so compiled, but the Emperors have been kept informed as to the popular feeling. For centuries there has been a high council of censors, whose duty was, and is, to compile from reports received from each province a summary, giving the state of affairs, public sentiment and the like, throughout the Empire—a newspaper for the Emperor and high functionaries to read. In more recent times the subscriptions have been extended somewhat. To-day these reports, as well as edicts and other formal utterances of officialdom, are printed in the *Pekin Gazette*, an official journal read by many persons; certainly by all officers of the government the country over.

Chinese papers upon Occidental lines have been established, but are short-lived. The *Shanghai Journal* still flourishes. But the foreign papers in China fall outside the province of this sketch.

The censors alluded to are men of renown, who have taken the highest degrees. They are outspoken and criticise those nearest the Emperor even, if, in their opinion, the latter have neglected their duties or overstepped their authority. This official *Gazette* is not depended upon for a record of contemporaneous history. In China history marks dynasties. As long as a dynasty is upon the throne nothing is printed of its history or its doings. That history, duly written by a council of doctors, all great scholars, as events occur day by day, forms an accurate official diary; but its archives remain carefully guarded, profound secrets, sacred books, until that dynasty has passed away, when its records are printed and distributed. Then, a new council with new books becomes the order of the day.

Public opinion in China is not voiced by the newspapers, but by the people. There is no Parliament, no Congress. But custom and precedent demand that the "lettered" from each province, assembled in Peking, shall represent the people thereof. Through these men petitions are presented to the throne; appeals made and wrongs righted all over the Empire. With the Chinese, you know, the "voice of the people is the voice of God," not an echo of it.

There is but one code of laws in China and that is unchangeable. Oftentimes special cases are brought forward by these representatives that clash with these laws. If such a case be meritorious, an exception is made in the application of that particular opposing law. This exception becomes a precedent in all other similar cases. Here we have popular representation, *vox populi*; the "power of the press;" complications in law, and whatnot. Are the conditions so radically different from ours, in principle and application? Are the Chinese so very much behind the times, after all?

There are few works descriptive of China written any length of time ago that do not harp upon the destruction of children in that land, and in particular of female children. More recent travelers, as well as the Chinese themselves, brand these state-

ments as cruel calumnies. It was said that the birth rate was so high and misery so widespread that the Chinese got rid of nearly one-third of their children. Now, infanticide is punished as severely in China as in any part of the world, more so, in fact, for the chief of the family and the neighbors are also punished as accomplices. There is as little of it in the Flowery Kingdom as in any of the so-called civilized countries. Yet it will take our people a very long time to correct these early impressions. The idea originated, no doubt, in our slender knowledge of exact conditions that existed; we did know that female children disappeared from their parents' homes, whereas the boys were thought much of and carefully reared. Yet this may be accounted for, when one is familiar with the people and their time-honored customs. Each family has, of course, some poor relations. If that family is comfortably off, it will relieve the poorer connections of a girl for each of its boys. That girl is adopted in early infancy, brought up as tenderly as its own children and expressly trained in all feminine arts and work that she may make a good wife at the proper time for that particular boy. Then, often, where there is abject poverty, the female children are sold to wealthy people who bring them up almost as carefully as their own that they may finally make good household servants—an admirable way of settling the servant-girl problem! When these children reach a certain age they are free; their "purchasers" dower them modestly, and no stain attaches to their having been what we should call slaves; they marry and go their way like any one else. There are also splendid institutions maintained by private funds, to care for the children of those parents who prove that they cannot support them and for abandoned children. All things considered, the charitably inclined need not worry any more about the little girls in China than they need to about the little girls in New York, for instance.

The entire face of the country is farmed; there are no deserts or waste places. The Chinese tend to building *elevated* gardens or farms rather than railroads. Two stories under cultivation are so much better than one! The workers upon the farms, or in the cities, are not Oriental in that they are extremely active. They are honest, patient, happy, sober and economical. There is not the terrible poverty among them, the want and misery

that some would have us believe in. Taxes are not exorbitant; twenty cents a year per inhabitant is about the rate, and in bad farming years this is reduced and in flooded districts entirely remitted.

No lands on earth are made to produce more; and the farming is intelligent, even scientific. Farmers and even "leasers" make a comfortable living, conditions generally in the rural regions being far from deplorable.

The following is not from Chinese sources, but cited from an English Consular report: "The number of people who suffer from cold and hunger is far smaller, proportionately, than in England. The women of the lower classes are far better off than those of the same classes in England; wife-beating is unknown, and while she works hard and helps support the family the Chinese woman is respected and treated with the consideration that some of our countries would do well to emulate."

The question is often asked, "Do the Chinese take any amusement? Are they not a joyless, saturnine race?"

As we understand the word amusement, meaning mere frivolous pastimes, they do not indulge very extensively in such recreations. Their amusements run on different lines. They allow no mixing up of the sexes save in the immediate family. Men do not call upon the women of other families. There is no comparison between their fun and ours. To begin with, theirs is apparently more intellectual and indulged in at home. The Chinese of the upper class are so situated and run such establishments that they do not think of dining at cafés, playing cards at clubs or frequenting pleasure resorts, as we do. They have large families, the children marry young and necessarily drift into serious ways early in life. Several generations live under the same roof with the head of the family, or in a group of establishments adjacent, and the spare time is spent by such family groups together. They intervisit often; one family will invite another to come and see a rare flower in blossom, or to watch the moon rise from a particularly advantageous spot, or to compose verses suggested by the season of the year. Nature-study plays an important part in such gatherings, for the Chinese are passionately fond of flowers and other beautiful objects.

Then there are weddings and family feasts, birthdays and graduation festivals, all occasions of much feasting and mirth and giving of presents. Next come the great popular festivals, the Feast of Lanterns, the Feast of Kites, the Feast of the Dragon-boats, and the feast of this or that flower. These are all anniversaries and have wonderful allegorical attributes. Nor should we forget New Year's, a feast of many days' duration. There are also excursions to high mountains and picturesque spots, where some famed author or poet enlivens the occasion with declamations and oratory, while a "pyrotechnic" artist turns night into day by the brilliancy of his display. Excursions on the water are likewise in high favor. Beautiful scenery, a good dinner, fine music and more verses!

The wealthy Chinese, like the same class with us, spend the summers North, sometimes at great distances from their headquarters, in cottages and villas by the water or in high mountain districts. They do not play golf, ride to hounds or talk politics, but cultivate their flowers, walk, read, visit a little, discuss their friends, the latest work of art or the scenery, and, in the end, fall to composing more verses still!

We have read much about their "flower-boats," floating "dens of iniquity," some kind soul has styled them. There is no more immorality about these than about our high-class concert halls. They form part of the amusement of the "gilded youth" of the cities. In the larger centers there is a class of young, unmarried women, professional singers, who are hired—the Chinese say invited—to sing on these boats. A young fellow rents one of these floating gardens and invites his friends to a "night of song." Each in turn invites his particular singing-girl to accompany him. The prettier the girl, the more urgent invitations she gets, naturally. The youths loiter about, smoke, eat, make epigrams, verses, plays upon words—they are all of the "lettered" class—and listen to their invited damsels singing in chorus or solos. Nothing vulgar or coarse is uttered. There may be more private séances following such a night; but as far as the flower-boat episodes themselves are concerned they form one of many peculiar customs that make the suspicious Occidental wonder, surmise and criticise, where nothing wrong really exists. They are as sinless as a well-organized Sunday-

school festival. The Chinese of both sexes, rich or poor, are not, as a race, coarse in speech or song, lewd or profligate in thought or deed.

The reason they advance for the rather general separation of the sexes is that women are naturally jealous and men far from perfect. The principal object of all their laws and time-honored customs being to insure national and social peace, the best means of avoiding danger was found to be to really avoid it; hence the very practical way of keeping clear of entanglements by keeping away from any occasion for them. Naive, simple, effective, is it not?

By the way, we have neglected to say, under the head of marriage, that a woman found in adultery is summarily executed by her husband without other trial than that his family is willing to give her. A certificate from the chief of the family that that was the cause of death satisfies the authorities. Strictly a family affair!

One can best learn the habits of mind of another by listening to his criticism of a third party. To a traveled Chinaman European society seems astoundingly frivolous. "It is composed of useless forms and meaningless acts that result in nothing. At first sight it pleases, but soon grows stale and musty to the taste. It becomes a surfeit, music composed of noises without harmony. There is nothing real about it; the whole life is a pose."

This may be the idea of one who did not dip very deep before formulating an opinion; still, even to us, it smacks somewhat of a "true bill."

The idea recurs, "what must a Chinaman think, for instance, of our crush official Washington receptions at the hour for refreshments? Would he not be justified in writing home that we do not sit at table to eat, but hurl ourselves into the fray with true warrior zeal and fight for a salad or a cake, carrying back to our women what we cannot eat ourselves—the remains of the feast, which have not been trampled into the carpets? Would he be less justified in calling this local habit a national characteristic than was the famous writer who recently traveled through China, and, being shown some pictures that an enthusiastic artist-priest had painted depicting the Buddhistic hell

in all its horrors, wrote home that he had been shown the official charts prescribing the forms of judicial executions of those who did not pay toll at certain river ports?" What a magnificent imagination!

Our great objection to Chinese ways and Chinese civilization is that it remains unprogressive. But does real progress consist in changes? If existing conditions are satisfactory, as the result of centuries of slow and well-measured progress, a true evolution, why change them for speculative uncertainties?

Our civilization must seem to the Chinaman—and is it not so in very fact?—a new edition of anterior civilizations that were not classic works of art by any means, corrected, indexed, beautifully bound and favorably reviewed, if you will, but still containing the same old principles set forth afresh, with a new one tentatively injected, now and then. Their own civilization, on the other hand, has been through a thousand editions, corrected, edited and generally set in order centuries ago, and is to them, to-day, a classic it would be criminal desecration to touch and impossible to improve. It must be a satisfying feeling, this sense of living up to a standard, never seeking to change it, calm in the certainty that it covers all contingencies. When one is comfortable, thoroughly so, why change one's position and run the risk of never getting into one quite so easy again? To chance it is Occidental; to be content is Chinese.

As things were needed evolution has produced them. One should not accuse a nation of backwardness that had dictionaries in the first century of our era, at which period it also had and used the mariner's compass; a nation that understood magnetism, indulged in printing from type nine hundred years ago and amused itself with gunpowder ages before we knew of it. Strange, too, that the peaceful Jesuit missionaries should have been first in teaching the Chinese to make guns, wherein their powder, used before only for fireworks, could be made to project murderous missiles against their enemies, the Jesuits' own people!

Nor must you forget that the Chinese, like many another people, want some practical demonstration that a thing is good for them before they adopt it; they are not satisfied with the mere say-so of someone else. What good can a railroad do

them? It passes over the graves of their ancestors, cuts through their farms, brings the foreigner—we are all foreigners to them, there is no distinction between friend and foe, we are all opium-sellers or speculators in antiques to them—into their midst before they want him. Wherein is the advantage to the Chinese? They do not like strangers. Have they ever been shown that these foreigners were of any advantage to them? On the contrary, has it not been clearly demonstrated that the foreigner has reaped all the advantage of his peaceful as well as his warlike incursions into China?

Put the shoe on the other foot for a moment's trial and see how it fits. The lower classes of the Chinese, the "coolies," have heard that there is more money to be made here than in their own country, and, if allowed, would swarm to our ports. We do not see the advantage of their coming, so we build up Chinese Exclusion Acts and other barriers to keep them out. Suppose China were strong enough to say, "We really need your America as a market for our labor, for our surplus population. We insist that all our people who want to shall enter your ports, do business in your towns, be amenable to our laws only, freely introduce our customs, our religions and our goods, how and where and whenever they wish. Your people are nothing to us; we merely need them as a vehicle for our commerce. If you dislike the way we do things, we will leave a garrison of troops strong enough to insure the accomplishment of our wishes, strong enough to enable our people to ride over you with perfect impunity." Would not our affection for the Chinaman be something truly beautiful, just then?

The fact that China will not adopt this or that way of doing things simply because she is told so to do, seems to be her chief fault in European and American eyes. Show her that this or that particular thing is of actual advantage to herself—or even that, while of profit to us only, it will not result in her own ultimate injury—and she will take to it kindly. To combat pauperism and promote peace are her two objects in life. Can we show her that with all our vaunted civilization we have attained either goal. She loves peace above all else. She has found that Occidental civilization is not synonymous with peace and she is suspicious of it and its good intentions; she has also found

it to be somewhat haughty and all-absorbing, rather Jugernaut in fact. More than all, how can you expect a country to accept with open arms and shouts of anticipatory delight something presented to it on the point of a bayonet or shot into it with our compliments?

The Jesuits have had better success in China than anyone else, simply because they early recognized this fact; they attempted no forcing. They insidiously got permission to travel and study in that country as early as the sixteenth century. They sent their best men, great scholars and linguists who clamored not for protection and gunboat moral suasion, but went into the country, lived with the people and taught only by the example of their lives. Little by little they began to teach astronomy and physics—not a word was said about religion or law or customs at that time—but they worked around to religion after a while, merely describing their views and beliefs to the native scholars they met. The whole process was slow but very sure. The great Emperor Kang-Hi voluntarily decreed that they could build churches and worship as they wished. All was going well, and the later history of China and even that of our civilization might have been written differently had well enough been left alone. But in 1773, the Franciscans and Dominicans, jealous of the Jesuits' power in the East, got Clement XIV to issue his famous bull against that order. Their churches were destroyed and they were ordered out of China by their own ecclesiastical superiors. The principles they had been teaching were found to be inoperative, for was there not discord among their own people, jealousy and strife? The peace they had been preaching, the perfected civilization they had been trying to introduce were but illusions. Here was proof of it! In fine, the whole scheme was compromised. The Chinese grew suspicious of everything foreign and withdrew deeper into the shell of exclusiveness, from which the patient and smooth Jesuits had almost gotten them out.

Then came in rapid succession, the forcing of the opium habit upon China by the English; "retaliatory reprisals" upon it for real or fancied injuries done to visitors, missionaries and ships; concessions that were never conceded; indemnities collected twice over; protectorates that were not asked for, and whatnot.

Do we wonder that we are not hailed with delight and cordially received by our "dearly beloved brother of China?"

How can he discriminate? He has been fooled so often. To him the missionary, be he ever so holy and ever so much the preacher of peace and good-will, is but a secret emissary from a foreign, that is an enemy's country. Or else he is an agent of some commercial house? All considered, we really cannot find it in our hearts to blame the Chinese, or wonder overmuch at their suspicions.

The optimist will tell us that to-day, as our twentieth century is blossoming forth, our ideas have so broadened, evolution has gone on so rapidly—and indeed we have seen gigantic strides in some directions—that we may soon hope to note a better understanding among peoples, a friendlier feeling, a broader sense of the real "brotherhood of man;" that there will be devised a better system than the "protectorate" to bind distant countries in real alliance with us; that governments will get closer to one another and that diplomatic fencing with truth will yield to a clean, sincere intercourse, based on an earnest seeking to promote general as well as mutual good. The grand cause of civilization would gain by every such step as much as she is losing to-day at every belch of the cannon.

The pessimist will tell me that all these hopes are visionary; that our vaunted civilization is but the gauziest of dresses worn over most primitive savagery; that we really like powder, noise, strife, smoke and blood; that the flowers we covet so much and seek continually, the laurels of victory, grow but upon the ruins of nations. And the pessimist, we fear, has the best of the argument.

In any case this article will not be in vain if it but contribute in small measure—small even as the widow's mite—to the better understanding of the oldest civilization on earth, of a people unlike ourselves but not necessarily of a lower order, a people which asks but to be let alone to enjoy the peace we will not share, a people we might do well to copy in many things, the wrongly-termed heathen Chinese.

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

Washington, D. C.

SONGS OF A SAINT.

We have received from Mr. Francis W. Grey a little book of poems, in paper covers, entitled "Love Crucified, and Other Sacred Verses," published by the author at Bruges, Belgium, and which can be had of the author by writing to 9 Rue du Coret, Bruges, Belgium, at twenty-five cents a copy.

It is not our custom to mention the price of any book in our literary notices of the same. We gladly make an exception in favor of Mr. Grey's little book for two reasons: *First*, while formerly a resident of Canada, and later still, while residing in England, Mr. Grey contributed some of his most beautiful and thorough work to the pages of THE GLOBE REVIEW, whose appreciative readers were charmed alike with its purity of sentiment and its musical power. *Second*, to my thinking, these poems have the true voice of the saint in them, and though for this reason, if for no other, they can hardly expect to catch the ear of the millions, as saints, or those who care for them, in these days are comparatively few, still for this reason we would gladly aid in spreading the heavenly influence which it seems to be their peculiar mission to diffuse.

I understand that since we last heard from Mr. Grey in THE GLOBE he has lived temporarily in South Africa—a queer place for a saint, but his residence in Krugerland does not seem to have robbed him of his capacity of spiritual utterance.

This little book appeals to me as an unusual treasure. Its very title, "Love Crucified," repeats the idea that I in my poor way, attempted to preach and convey in my little book "Songs of the Soul." Mr. Grey, by keeping close to the ways of our Saviour, has entered into the spirit of those ways and has reproduced that spirit of the martyrdom of love which seems to be so often lost sight of in the jargon and confusion of modern creeds and modern commercialism.

It is refreshing as a draught from a pure spring in the desert to peruse and meditate upon these lines. They come to us unrobed of purple and fine linen, without any of the gaudy and impressive splendor of ecclesiastical ceremonial, without pompous authority, simply with the still small voice of the spirit

of God's holy love, and yet we are bound to treat them as a sacred presence and bound to grant all that they ask of us.

I have selected the *Civitas Dei* as, all things considered, the most characteristic of the varied powers that Mr. Grey brings and gives to his fine work:

CIVITAS DEI.

Pilgrim of earth, who art journeying, journeying on through the
desert,

Long hast thou traveled, and far, since first, in life's innocent
morning,

Heedless of toil and of pain, but eager to follow the Master,
Forth thou didst set on the way that leads to the City celestial.

Rugged the pathway hath been, and many a storm hath beset thee,
Many a tear hast thou shed, and heavy the cross thou hast carried;
Many a fall hast thou known, and many the stains on thy raiment;
Many a friend thou hast loved, who journeyed beside thee, hath
left thee—

Passed through the Valley of Silence and entered the gates of the
City;

Pierced are thy feet with the thorns, yet shrink not to tread them,
O pilgrim!

Pierced were His feet Whom thou lovest; and all of his saints, who
have trodden

Slowly, with toil, in His footprints, have felt them, the thorns that
have hurt thee.

Many a tear hath He shed, the Master thou servest, and heavy,
Heavier far than thine own, the Cross that He bore, to redeem
thee;

Fell he not thrice 'neath its weight? The storms that beset thee,
beset Him;

Lonely was He in the way that leads to the City Celestial.

Be not discouraged; the noon is passed, and the lengthening
shadows

Tell of the close of the day, and soon shall thy journey be ended;
Soon shalt thou pass through the mists and gloom of the Valley of
Silence,

Pass through the River of Death, and enter the gates of the City!
Look! Dost thou see them? The lamps that lighten the heavenly
City—

Vision of peace and of rest, the home of the Master thou lovest—
Shine through the mists of the valley, more bright than the stars of
the zenith.

Hark! Dost thou hear them? The songs of angels and saints in
the City

Sound o'er the rushing of waters that border the Valley of Silence.
Art thou afraid of the darkness? The lamps of the City shine
clearly—

Lift but thine eyes, thou shalt see them, more fair than the rays of
the dawning.

Fear'st thou the noise of the waters? The songs of the City
Celestial

Ring, through the roar of the river; the dear ones thou lovest are
singing;

Singing to welcome thee home. O way-weary pilgrim, press
onward;

Soon shall the journey be done, and thou, who hast followed the
Master,

Shared in His toil and His Cross, shall share in His glory forever.

I have never had the honor of meeting Mr. Grey, though invited time and again to visit him in England, where, these many years, there have been others waiting till the shadows have a little longer grown—but I understand that, like Dr. Williams, Mr. Stockley and Mr. Lattimore, Mr. Grey is a convert from the Anglican Church, but hardly of that fine American breed of converts who appear to delight in being paraded in the average American Catholic newspapers with a sort of feeling on the part of said newspapers that they are leading a captive of old Roman times and making a show of him, or of that other Buffalo Bill species who are, or who seem willing to sell their stale jokes as lectures by a convert—anything to raise a laugh and put money in their purses.

There are converts and converts, but to my mind, the convert to Rome from the Protestant ministry who forgets, or appears to forget, all the sacred and spiritual lessons and ministries of his earlier life in the new and completer faith, and to make of himself a mountebank for fools to laugh at has been converted to little purpose. For such as these I fear that Mr. Grey's "Love Crucified" will have little meaning.

Whether Protestant or Catholic, there is but one Divine and beloved soul, whose weary feet, bearing the cross in silence, climbs the shining way of life immortal, and by His crucified love raises for the human race a new hope and a new ambition to serve God in truth and righteousness and love unto death, that so perchance we may meet in the distant future, beyond the stars, where the trusts and minions of hell find written in their hearts and before their eyes, "*No admittance*; in yonder life ye had your good things a millionfold while Lazarus was tormented; now, behold the heavens open—and yonder, in the bosom of eternal love, are love's own redeemed." How we forget it all, but it must surely be.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

The Federal attack upon property in the South during our Civil War was but a history of towns taken and retaken, of battles that decided nothing, of retreats more beneficial than victories. Plunder and devastation, and the calamities of individuals marked the principal feature in the events which characterized our military exploits.

When Sherman marched to the sea the smoke of his devastating torch rose high in the air and warned the people at a distance of his coming. The horizon was streaked with smoke for miles. Columns after columns went up into the air like mountain peaks. Pliny described the eruption of Vesuvius and compared the smoke that went up from the crater to an Italian pine. The internal forces of the volcano sent the smoke high in the air, and it spread at the top like the foliage of a pine tree. But the smoke of Sherman's army rose like mountain peaks one after another as the soldiers marched along and set fire to the turpentine stills and dwellings of the people. After marching through Georgia they directed their ravaging course toward North Carolina, sweeping off cattle and sheep from the pastures of South Carolina, driving on long cavalcades of horses and mules laden with spoil until the earth shook with the tramping of their feet. Their course was marked by clouds of dust and the smoke of burning villages.

When they arrived in North Carolina great clouds of black smoke were seen riding up in the distance, and the soldiers of three political parties went among the people, depredating upon property.

The soldiers of the Abolition party went to the negro cabins, Goshen plantation, and said: "Get out of these houses and break up this slavery, and have paid labor all over this country so a Northern man can come to God Almighty's best country and make a living.

"Leave here, you infernal wooly-head, flat-nosed black devils, and go back to Africa where you came from, and quit competing with white labor in free America.

"Leave here, I say, and break up this Southern aristocracy, and make this old rebel work for his living like we have to do."

The soldiers then went into the cabin with drawn sabres and broke up the furniture, and pieces of bedsteads went flying out of doors, with trunks, bandboxes and clothing. They ripped open the beds hunting for treasure, and a shower of feathers went flying through the air as they drove the slaves away.

The next day the soldiers of the Republican party came to Goshen plantation and plundered the planter's dwelling house. No one can realize how effectually the Republican party can plunder the people. Bureau drawers were pulled out and the contents emptied on the floor, so they could pick up such articles as they wanted. Beds were ripped open hunting for treasure, blankets were carried off, clocks were knocked from the mantles and fell to the floor with a crash, and looking-glasses fell to pieces by the stroke of the sabres.

The Republicans seemed to have a special spite for looking-glasses, for they said they encouraged Southern vanity.

When they began to break the furniture the planter remonstrated with them, saying: "Soldiers, do not break up the furniture and the piano, for it will not do you any good to destroy that which is of no service to you." The Republican soldiers replied: "Shut up, you damned old rebel; we are going to have protection. We will break up your furniture and make you buy more from the North. We are going to put the bottom rail on top, and make your black negroes vote against you for our protection, and break up this free trade Democracy."

On the morning of the third day the soldiers of the Democratic party came to Goshen plantation, and went to the smoke-house and began to load their pack-saddles with bacon. The planter went out to them and said: "Gentlemen, do not take all of my meat." One of the soldiers, speaking for his party, said: "We are fighting for the Union, sir, and you must feed us while we are here. If you had not split the Union we would not have come here. You have the finest hams I ever saw; you ought to send them to the New York Fair; they would take the premium." The planter said in reply: "How in the devil can I send the hams to New York, and you carrying them all away? A party of your soldiers came here and drove all of my slaves away, and another party of them came here and plundered my house, and here you are carrying off all of my bacon." In answer to that the Democrats said: "Those men are grand rascals; they are Abolitionists; the North is full of them, and the bummers are Yankees; they will plunder anybody, for they are Republicans."

The planter then said: "It seems to me that if they are such grand rascals, you are in bad company and ought not to be with them."

To that the Democrat replied by saying: "We are not keeping their company politically; we are fighting for the Union. We do not want your negroes; all that we want is the Union, and when we get it restored, you and I will vote the old Jeffersonian ticket together, and defeat the political schemes of both of the grand rascals—the Abolition fanatics and the Republican robbers."

In reply to this, the planter looked straight into the eyes of the Democrat and said: "You are a fool. The other two parties are fighting for a principle, but you are fighting to destroy yours by assisting them."

To this the Democratic soldiers made no reply, but rode off, carrying loads of bacon with them.

On the morning of the fourth day General Kilpatrick called to make the planter a social visit. The General said that he had heard, through some reliable source, that the planter was a very intelligent and well-informed man, and that he desired to talk with some of the old citizens on the probable results of the war. The planter met the General at the door and invited him in, and

apologized to him for the disordered condition of the house. "You will not lose anything by this," said he. "But tell, me, General," said the planter, "are these visitations in civilized society for the good of the whole society, or is it the dream of fanatics who are the authors of their own destruction?" The General was somewhat perplexed for an answer, but after a moment's reflection said: "Slavery is in the way of civilization and it must give way to a higher order of progressive civilization." The planter then said: "You intend to convey the Northern idea that free labor cannot compete with slave labor in the United States, and slavery must go to make room for free labor?" "Yes, that is it," said the General.

"But you must remember," said the planter, "that revolutions sometimes defeat the purposes for which they are made, and abolishing slavery will not abolish the negro."

"I am fully conscious of that," said the General; "but the negroes will die off; they will scatter and disappear; they will not be in the care of intelligent masters, who look after all their wants and send for the finest doctors in the United States when they get sick. You take your slaves into your own house when they get sick and nurse them like you do your own children; that is the way the Southern people do; and they hire Irishmen to clean out the ditches, to keep the negroes' valuable feet out of the cold water for fear they will get sick—that is the way the Southern people do; and when they are set free and cast aside they will not have anybody to pet them, and they will die off—that is the way the negroes will go."

The planter then said: "I have not paid a doctor's bill on my plantation in eighteen years, for the simple reason there has been no sickness here, and my family have numbered sixty people, counting both black and white. And I will assure you all the medicine we use we get out of the kitchen garden, such as sage tea and Jerusalem oak seed, stewed in molasses."

After a moment's reflection, the General said: "I will admit that our winter march through Georgia and the two Carolinas was a revelation to my soldiers. They never knew before what a good climate is; the balmy Southern air is so genial to the temperature of the blood that consumptives in my army, who were barely able to start on the march, came through hearty, robust, well men."

"I fear, then, the negroes will not die off, as you predict, in such a climate as you found in the South," said the planter.

"Yes, they will," said the General; "the lazy, sleek, black, flat-nosed, woolly-headed devils will not have sense enough to take care of themselves in any climate without masters."

"I would like you to tell me the real motive of your people for making war upon the South. It certainly must be a great political mystery to them. I have heard the remarks of some of your soldiers and they do not seem to agree among themselves upon a single political principle. They call each other Rebels, Abolitionists, Communists, Republicans and Copperheads; pray tell me, sir, what does all of that mean? Tell me, if you can, what is this war about?" In reply, the General said: "To make room for white labor to come down South from the North and take the place of slave labor, and build up schools and factories all over the South like we have up North." The planter, continuing in his philosophical way, said: "I cannot understand, General, how you can expect to benefit white labor at the North by changing the political status of the negroes in the South, for the physical man will remain the same as he now is, and that being the case, I cannot understand how white labor can compete with free negro labor any better than it can with slave negro labor. Now it seems to me, if your object in making the war is to benefit white labor, you will have to remove the physical competitor by transporting the negroes to Africa, or to some other part of the malarial tropics where white men cannot live, and then white men from the North can flock to the South like doves in a wheat field. But I think you have but few statesmen in the North who are smart enough to see that, and now, since Lincoln has just been assassinated, I do not believe that you have any statesmen in the present administration at Washington who have forecast enough to carry out this colonial policy. We of the South had a great mission work on our hands in the civilization of God's lowly black people, but the people of the North would not allow us to carry it out fully and to the best results. Fifty years ago we began to teach our slaves letters, but as soon as we took that step the people of the Northern States began to circulate incendiary literature among them, and the Southern slavemasters thought it best to stop teaching them how to read

and write on that account. And, later still, when the South wanted to scatter the negroes in the territories so as to make the abolition of slavery fall as light on her as possible, the North objected to that."

When the people of the Northern States clamored for the freedom of the blacks, Robert Toombs told them how they would be set free. In his lecture in the Tremont Temple, Boston, Massachusetts, January 24th, 1856, he said:

"The condition of the African may not be permanent among us. Under the conditions of labor in England and the Continent of Europe domestic slavery is impossible there, and could not exist here or anywhere else. The moment wages descend to a point barely sufficient to support the laborer and his family, capital cannot afford to own labor, and slavery must cease. Slavery ceased in England in obedience to this law, and not from any regard to liberty or humanity. The increase of the population in this country may produce the same results, and American slavery, like that of England, may find its euthanasia in the general prostration of all labor.

"Now, sir, you have made an unnatural crusade against the South," said the planter, "to free the slaves before the appointed time, and as you have freed those entrusted to me without my consent, you can go to Africa with them, for they are not fit to be my political equals, for you have not allowed me to fulfill the mission of civilizing these lowly black people. So, if you can do better than I have, go, and come no more."

The General took his hat and left, muttering as he went, in an undertone, saying to his body-guard:

"We will not accept his slaves for any such purpose. We have conquered the rebels now, and we will do as we see fit, not as they suggest. We will put the bottom rail on top of the proud rebels."

The planter turned to his son as the General rode away and said: "What fools fanatics will be."

Several thousand of General Kilpatrick's cavalry had gone into camp at Flatwood plantation when he made the planter a visit, and a large number were at Thunder Swamp, but the principal number and his headquarters were at Mt. Olive, a station on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. Goshen plantation

is about three miles from Mt. Olive and two miles from Flatwood. The public road traverses the center of Goshen plantation, and the soldiers made a barricade with fence rails across the road directly in front of the house, and a picket was kept there until the army left that region to wind up the rebellion.

The planters in the neighborhood had bedded their sweet potatoes and planted Irish potatoes, and were preparing their fields for the general crops when Sherman's army came upon them. At Goshen plantation a patch of Irish potatoes had been planted in the field adjoining the road and near by where the pickets were at the barricade. The potatoes were half-grown in April, and they were a great curiosity to the soldiers from the far North, who had never seen potatoes growing so early before. One day a soldier who had been admiring the potatoes called the attention of a number of the others to them and said:

"Boys, just look at these potatoes; they are from eight to ten inches high, and the ground is hard frozen in Michigan yet, where I came from. They have not thought of planting potatoes there. Now, mark what I tell you: As soon as the war is over I intend to come back down South to live, for this is the country to live in. What do you all think of it?"

A number of others, all speaking at once, said:

"Yes, sir; that is the climate; this is the country to enjoy life in."

One of them was so enthusiastic contemplating his future prospects he said that he was going to sell what little property he had in the cold North and come back down South and take a new start in life. "Yes, sir; come back down South and take a new start. That is the way to do," he said.

"Now you are talking to my notion," said another. "That expresses my ideas," said another. "The war has cost many lives and many millions of dollars, but this country is worth fighting for, and I expect to be fully repaid for my trouble. The Southern plantations, divided into small Yankee farms, would be the finest country on earth."

At this stage of the conversation a soldier with a very sedate countenance interposed, and said:

"As soon as the war is over I expect to go home and stay there. If I were a Confederate soldier I would shoot Yankees

for forty years to come. We had no more right to come here and destroy the property of the Southern people than we have a right to go to England and destroy theirs. You were not satisfied until you came here to free the slaves, and you have found them better off than many of you in the North, and now you talk of coming back here to live when the war ends. Do you suppose that the Confederate soldiers will allow you to live here when they come back from the army and see how we have destroyed their property? Look how we have destroyed the property on this plantation. The weatherboards are all torn off of the barn and there is not a grain of corn left in it, and the frame stands there like a skeleton to show what we have done. The furniture in the dwelling was all demolished, and the floor in every room is covered with tobacco spit. Such insults are worse than injury. When his sons come back from the army they will judge our character by the signs we leave behind us, and the Southern people may yet make it a personal matter with every Northern man in the South, and if they do, no excuses on earth will justify our conduct. It took a hundred thousand of us to come through to North Carolina, and the men who opposed such forces as the North marched against the South are not cowards. You cannot say that the Confederate soldiers are cowards on the battlefield, neither will they be cowards at home. I am a Democrat. Democracy means attend to your own business and let other people alone."

The next day about seventy-five soldiers came from the camps to relieve the picket at the barricade, and they admired the potato patch also.

"Did you ever see potatoes growing in the winter before?" said this one. "This is winter with us at the North, and here they have potatoes half-grown."

Upon this remark another proposed to go to the fence and take a good look at the potatoes. Whereupon about twenty-five of them went, and as they sat upon the fence admiring the potatoes and talking about them, one of the soldiers said. "It is the climate; the climate is what we came to see, not the potatoes. These old rebels have been living here in God Almighty's best country all their lives and never let us know before what a fine climate they have. Why, sir, we Yankees have just discovered

that we have been living in the cold frozen North on half of what they throw away."

"But I fear we will be forced to live on what we earn in the future instead of what the Southern people throw away, for I have put paper bottoms in shoes and we have lived well in New England off of the good money that the Southern people threw away when they bought them. This is the way we have been living on what the Southern people have thrown away," said the shoemaker.

"But you must remember that they are rich and have the slaves to work for them and of course they do not care for being cheated a little. No, what do they care for being cheated, but never kick at small matters," said another.

"But I think that it is poor policy to destroy the very customers that we are depending upon to sell our shoes to," replied the shoemaker.

"What are you talking about?" said another. "Nobody is destroying the Southern people or injuring them even; the slaves will be set free, but they will remain in the South where they are to work, as they always have; it will only break the political strength of the South and give us protection, and the manufacturers in the North will make millions; why, sir, they will make five dollars to one; it is not fair for the South to have slaves and then not even allow us to make use of our hirelings. The Northern and Western farmers are ignorant. It is the Southern intelligence that will not allow us to have protection, and they must be conquered, for capital must rule labor; I am a Republican."

The remarks of the Republican caused a murmur among the soldiers and they all jumped down from the top of the fence and went back to the barricade. On their way back one of them said: "Lincoln has been assassinated, his scheme for colonizing the negroes is not dead, and these fellows in authority at Washington will be forced by public sentiment North to carry it out. Lincoln had a principle and he was the poor man's friend. But all of those other fellows at Washington have no principle, or to say the least, they have never defined their principle; but honest Abe Lincoln had no secrets to keep hid from any one, he was open in his policy from first to last, he never had any

idea of making a black negro a citizen to vote against white men, as you Republicans propose to do. Negro equality, why, sir," he said, "what I would most desire would be the separation of the white and the black races."

"I heard a number of soldiers say that they were going to live in the South when the war is over. Do you want a negro to vote against you when you come back here to live? It is a blessed thing that there are but few people North who advocate your doctrine, for if they were to enfranchise the slaves they not only would disgrace themselves, but they would make the negro a permanent industrial competitor with white labor for all time to come, and we never could divide up the Southern plantations into small Yankee farms; for the negro, bond or free, gives the South her industrial independence. I am in favor of sending them back to Africa where they came from and break up this Southern aristocracy. You may accuse me of communism, of whatever you please, you all know that the workingmen in this country have the majority, and labor must rule capital. I am an Abolitionist."

Let all those who question the verity of this most marvelous statement consult the soldiers of Sherman's army. I speak nothing but what I heard them say and saw them do. Conscientious of their wrong-doing, and fearing the South might retaliate at some future time and destroy property in the North, they took precaution to place no obstructions against their defense of property in the Reconstruction Acts. Not a word was said against secession in the amendments of the Constitution. They left that word silent, and have engrafted no laws on the Constitution against it, fearing they might have to resort to it themselves; they reserved the right to secede in future defense of their own property against usurpations of the national rulers.

Alexander Hamilton says: "If the representatives of the people betray their constituents, there is no resource left but in the exertion of that original right, self-defense, which is paramount to all positive forms of government, and which the usurpations of the national rulers may be exerted with infinitely better prospect of success than against those of the rulers of an individual State. In a single State if the persons intrusted with the supreme power become usurpers, the different parcels, sub-

divisions or districts of which it consists, having no distinct government in each, can take no regular measures for defense. The citizens must rush tumultuously to arms, without concert, without system, without resource, except in their courage and despair. The usurpers, clothed with the forms of legal authority, can too often crush the opposition in embryo.

"The smaller the extent of territory, the more difficult will it be for the people to form a regular, or systematic plan of opposition; and the more easily will it be to defeat their early efforts. Intelligence can be more speedily obtained of their preparations and movements; and the military force in the possession of the usurper can be more rapidly directed against the part where the opposition has begun. In this situation there must be a peculiar coincidence of circumstances to insure success to the popular resistance.

"The obstacles to usurpation and the facilities of resistance increase with the increased extent of the State, provided the citizens understand their rights and are disposed to defend them. The natural strength of the people in a large community, in proportion to the artificial strength of the government, is greater than in a small; and, of course, more competent to a struggle with the attempts of a government to establish a tyranny. But in a Confederacy the people, without exaggeration, may be said to be entirely the masters of their own fate. Power being almost always the rival of power, the general government will at all times stand ready to check the usurpations of State government; and these will have the same disposition toward the general government. The people by throwing themselves into either scale will infallibly make it preponderate. If their rights are invaded by either they can make use of the other as the instrument of redress. It may safely be received as an axiom in our political system that the State governments will, in all possible contingencies, afford complete security against invasions of the public liberty by the National authority.

"Projects of usurpation cannot be marked under pretenses so likely to escape the penetration of select bodies of men as of the people at large. The Legislatures will have better means of information. They can discover the danger at a distance; and possessing all the organs of civil power and the confidence of the

people they can at once adopt a regular plan of opposition, in which they can combine all the resources of the community.

"They can readily communicate with each other in the different States, and unite their common forces for the protection of their common liberty. The great extent of the country is a further security. We have already experienced its utility against the attacks of a foreign power.

"And it would have had precisely the same effect against the enterprise of ambitious rulers in the National councils. If the Federal army should be able to quell the resistance of one State, the distant States would have it in their power to make head with fresh forces. The advantage obtained in one place must be abandoned to subdue the opposition in others, and the moment the part which had been reduced to submission was left to itself, its efforts would be renewed and its resistance revive.

"We should recollect that the extent of the military force must at all events be regulated by resources of the country.

"For a long time to come it will not be possible to maintain a large army, and as the means of doing this increase, the population and natural strength of the community will proportionately increase.

"When will the time arrive that the Federal government can raise and maintain an army capable of erecting a despotism over the great body of people of an immense empire, who are in a situation, through the medium of their State governments to take measures for their own defense, with all the celerity, regularity and system of independent nations? The apprehension may be considered as a disease for which there can be found no cure in the resources of argument and reasoning."

The Southern States pursued the military plan suggested by Hamilton in opposition to the usurpations of Lincoln, and their defeat has had a salutary effect upon the North and the South alike, for, as Hamilton says, safety from internal danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effect and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort, for

repose and security, to laws which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights; to be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being left free. Taking advantage of this the Republican party have taxed the people unmercifully, reduced the farmers to land renters, made millionaires of a few at the expense of many. The Populists resenting it, have organized to attack property and overthrow the rich men in the North, as the Abolitionists did the rich men in the South. That the people may overthrow the rich men of the republic whenever they desire is accepted as the result of the war, and the danger to the government lies in the popular suffrage, which is apt to make depredations on property. In the words of Alexander Hamilton, "Theoretic politicians, who have patronized this species of government, have erroneously supposed that by reducing mankind to a perfect equality in their political rights, they would, at the same time, be perfectly equalized and assimilated in their possessions, their opinions and their passions."

B. W. HERRING.

WATER-CURE SMITH & CO.

It is a great pity that somebody does not rise up to explain or to apologize for *Water-cure Smith*, of Philippine fame.

He must be, like the rest of us, a foreigner, or one or two steps removed from some foreign ancestors.

Perhaps he went to a parochial school in his babyhood, like the slayer of McKinley is said to have done, and so learned from the savage nuns the awful habits of cruelty.

Perhaps he was stroke oar in one of our university crews, and so grew used to hard pulling and the water, and became callous of human life, so takes all the sufferings of the Filipinos as a joke.

Many of the Smiths are devoted to science, and this *Water-cure Smith* may not have meant to be brutal to the little brown men, but just wanted to see whether their muscles could stand the same sort of strain, for instance, that Pope Alexander VI induced his Italian slaves of the civil power to apply to one Saint Savonarola, back in old "barbaric" days.

The comparative muscular development of the white, black and brown men, alike as effective for stroke oar and for resisting or enduring the cold-blooded inhumanity of the scientific Water-cure Smiths is bound to be one of the leading questions of the near future.

Perhaps this Water-cure Smith had and has organic heart disease—a malady known to toughen and harden the delicate valves of the heart so that those who are afflicted therewith gradually lose all the finer sensibilities that make us careful of the anguish of others, thus leaving often the most delicate looking men and women the toughest and most unfeeling creatures in human shape. Or, perhaps he is just an insufferable brute that ought not only to be cashiered, but hung and quicklimed out of sight and memory of mankind, and as quickly as possible.

One honorable M. C. from Pennsylvania, with feeling eloquence, arraigned Smith in the House of Representatives, and seemed quite anxious as to the infamy that Smith's conduct would bring upon the American name. Bless his dear innocent heart. The American name is used to worse things and laughs them off as water is shed from a duck's back.

A letter received from a talented New York lady during this writing reflects somewhat upon my article on Roosevelt in the March *GLOBE*, and speaks of the President as "a typical American, which, in my opinion, is the highest praise we can give any man."

Now that was my idea only last year, as far as Roosevelt was concerned, but I had to abandon the idea or give up all hope of the Anglo-American race. Of course, I gave up or lowered my idea of Roosevelt and still cherished some faintest gleam of hope for the Anglo-American race. All depends on the qualifying word *typical*. Roosevelt came of Dutch ancestry, and in my opinion represents as good American blood as we have. Now there is German-American, Anglo-American, Irish-American, the American par-excellence; then we have Italian, French, Spanish, Indian and Negro-American—one as genuine as the other and about as old or acclimated.

The question for science to get at is, which branch, or rather which root or rootlet of this great American brotherhood of heartless scoundrels does Water-cure Smith hail from? and what religion does he profess?

He did not, like Topsy, simply grow up out of the ground. He has his ancestry—physical, psychological, philosophical, theological and religious or skeptic and atheistic. Let the readers look into this. He cannot be explained away, so let the wisdom of the great conglomerate American people explain him as he stands.

It is easy enough for the powers that be to try him and expel him from the army. What good will that do? Unless he is electrocuted he will grow worse. There is no self-help in such heart disease.

Do not let us lose our heads over Smith's cruelty to the little brown men. Of course, it is all the more dastardly because of the prevailing smallness of stature of the Filipinos. Many of our officers have said that to fight them seemed like fighting children. Naturally, the little brown people, not having the muscular strength of the average germanic races, resort to subtlety. They are not used to stand up and take it, but used to making their escape and trapping their enemies. They are not to blame for this. It is as natural to them as it is for the bee to build an octagonal cell. But why Funston & Co. should be excused, yea, even promoted for exercising these gifts, which, in a white man, have always been considered despicable; and why Water-cure Smith should consider himself justified in applying the rack and the hose to cure these people of the only instincts nature gave them—well, that is a question for the scientists. They know it all.

Seriously, I have been studying American physiognomy for over forty-five years. The type of face and the type of character, heart and soul that Water-cure Smith represents is as familiar to me as cherries in cherry time or violets in spring. They are a thin-lipped, close-mouthed, cool-blooded, well-groomed, usually well-dressed, and an eminently respectable breed of bipeds. They are smart as beavers. Whether salesmen, mechanics, clerks, bookkeepers, editors, real estate men, bankers, politicians, sailors or soldiers, and their name is legion; Smith may bite his lips a little closer and harder than most of them, but he is even more than Roosevelt a typical American, showing us what lines of demarkation the fates are laying out for the American race of the future.

There is no particle of Christianity in all this range of faces. Thousands of them are church members, and as we said, the pre-

vailing type is that of well-governed and respectable men and women—for the women are like the men, or growing to be so.

They have no human kindness, no moral discrimination. They neither know nor care for the decalogue or the golden rule. They are, in my judgment, as often expressed in these pages, the cleverest and cleanest set of incipient and actual brutal scoundrels on the face of the earth to-day.

Old Cotton Mather, of Boston, noticed long ago that there was something in the New England atmosphere that hardened and narrowed the human heart and mind. I have watched this process through the Middle States and the West, as well as in New England, where the trend is still most palpable, and *Water-cure Smith* is simply a typical specimen of the sharpened and hardened American breed.

I know that it seems almost brutal on my part to state this simple truth—but it is the simple truth and is not meant unkindly. One crime follows another and our faces are tell-tales.

The army and navy journals, in discussing Smith's tactics, are mostly inclined to praise or excuse them. They all understand the truth of what I have often said in *THE GLOBE*, that war is no child's play. You cannot practice it without soiling your hands and your soul. It is murder at best. It is wholesale murder at best, and because a man is a soldier and in the employ of the government, hired and paid to kill his fellow-men, that does not make him, be he President, general or common soldier, any the less a murderer and culpable before God and men as such. If you call him a rough rider, he is a murderer all the same.

Looked at in this light, our admirable Water-cure Smith may be a humane wretch after all. I mean as to his water-cure, though he and Waller & Co., in their campaign to kill all over ten years, appear as among the worst murderers of all the "Christian" nations of the world. We are a bad lot any way.

To my mind, looking rather upon and for the moral or immoral quality in human actions, and assuming, to begin with, that war is murder, and that all's fair in love and war, I am not inclined to magnify and stigmatize Smith's brutal orders and actions with half the severity that I have all along criticised the action of Congress in declaring war against Spain. That was the first murder.

We had no human right or call to do it. There was no cause for war. The Queen Regent of Spain made every possible concession to avoid war. Congress and the President were simply forced to declare war by a set of Americans, mostly of Masonic inclinations and bitterly and brutally opposed to Spain as a Catholic nation, and I consider, hold and teach that the action of those Masonic bodies sitting in Washington just before war was declared, and the action of the American Congress and of the Executive in declaring war as being forever essentially and absolutely far more brutal, infamous and damnable than any action Smith has ever committed or any order he has ever given.

In truth, the infamous declaration of war having been made, under the circumstances thereof, and war being actually upon us, that Congressman or that editor who whittles down the murder to its most esthetic shavings may be a very nice fellow for talk and all that, but to my mind he lacks the first essentials of a man.

I would take Smith's hand to-day in friendship rather than the hands of those American Congressmen and Senators who voted the blasphemous declaration of war with Spain. But this Mr. Water-cure and Shoot-under-ten Smith has made himself one of the notorious members of a very famous family.

As one enters Fairmount Park by way of Fortieth or Forty-first street, West Philadelphia, one is confronted by a vast pile of white marble monumental work. On asking a friend recently what it was all for—shutting out to many visitors one of the quietest and loveliest views up the Schuylkill river—said friend told me that some ambitious citizen by the name of Smith had left, I think, a hundred thousand dollars on the condition that the City Fathers would build to his memory in the Park a monument to perpetuate his fame.

He might have been a brewer, a dry goods man or a banker. I have never inquired and do not care to know, but our Water-cure Smith will get fame, notoriety, immortality along with our John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, and Joe Smith, the pious polygamist, and can leave his salary to science and the higher grades of learning and religion. And when our poor marble piles have tumbled to dust, our State-houses to ashes, our Constitution and our liberty to the dreamlands of fools, this Water-cure Smith will be remembered in Northern song as the *Typical*

American of the twentieth century—this beginning of the Christian millennium about which all the advance guards of science and humbuggery have been dreaming and talking for the last twenty years.

Let us in all the affairs of our lives try to be honest and upright men, and cease straining at a gnat while swallowing camels.

Surely we are the people. Our Beef Trusts, Steel Trusts, Ship Trusts, Hell Trusts are the wonder of the world—all typical Americans and the laughing stock of the gods who look an inch beyond their noses, now as of old, call all men to judgment in due time.

It is useless for Hon. Charles Francis Adams & Co., outside of Congress, or for the Hon. Judge Hoar & Co. in the United States Senate, or in the House, to try to hasten this day of judgment that surely awaits us. Nor can these excellent and well-meaning men alter a hair's breadth the truth of American history. They are only typical Americans in this that they are lineal descendants of the rebels of a hundred years ago. Nor is the Hon. Carl Schurz a typical American, and the ideas of these men as recently announced in and out of Congress are not in accord with the general facts of American history the last hundred years.

C. F. Adams & Co. want to impress upon us the fact that our own war in the Philippines is not in accordance with civilized warfare. The Hon. Judge Hoar & Co. insist that we cannot be a republic at home and a monarchy in the Philippines. Both gentlemen are talking and reasoning from the ideal figments of their own brain.

General W. T. Sherman was a more gifted man than both of these gentlemen combined, and he had some very realistic experiences in our "Civil War." General Sherman announced before his death that war was *hell*. He knew what he said and he was not a man of many words, nor was he subject to general excitement. So I keep telling our greenhorn military and the public *there is no such thing as civilized warfare*. There never was any such thing. It was *hell* under Washington and Napoleon as it was *hell* under Cæsar and the rest, and it is *hell* in the Philippines to-day. You can't make a sorosis or a church sociable out of it. You can never have a civilized warfare. It will always be *hell*. The in-

nocent have always suffered with and for the guilty in every war the world has known. General Water-cure Smith was only a little more outspoken than the other demons engaged in the hellish business in the Philippines or elsewhere. Judge Hoar and C. F. Adams must get their false notions out of their heads and accept our position. War is and always has been and always will be *hell*, no matter who wages it or where it is waged, and no matter how you whitewash it with Boston slush and socinian piety.

Again Judge Hoar is wrong when he says we cannot be a republic at home and a monarchy in the Philippines. Here again he is talking from his imagination and not in accordance with the facts.

During the days of the ancient Greek and Roman democracies and republics both Greece and Rome held and governed their conquered provinces with a monarchical power. I do not believe or admit that Greece or Rome ever had a democracy or a republic worth talking about, but Judge Hoar believes it, and I am talking to him and of his position. As a matter of fact, we have been doing these last two years just what Judge Hoar says we cannot be or do. But the Senator's primary error is in supposing that we are or ever have been a republic as he understands the term.

At first our government was a relic of English aristocracy parading as a republic.

Next we were a slaveholders' aristocracy parading as a republic; and this form of government continued up to the time of Wendell Philips, W. H. Seward and Abraham Lincoln. Then we were in the hell of civil war for about five years, during which years every true Democrat and every true Republican in the country—that is, according to Judge Hoar's idea—was constantly denouncing Lincoln as a red-handed tyrant, an absolutist who ruled our immediate destinies by the severest absolutism the world had ever known. Yet our hack Secretary of State says Lincoln and the other martyr Presidents never had an enemy on earth.

During the war I gladly accepted Lincoln's tyranny. I believed in it; but these many, many years I have seen that his enemies and slanderers had the best of the argument, that is, constitu-

tionally speaking. Lincoln was a tyrant. I hold that he had to be or quit the job of governing with the same supine weakness that characterized his predecessor. But Lincoln's tyranny of the war period fastened itself upon the Republican party and from his day till now we have simply been an oligarchy parading as a republic. Now, if Senator Hoar or any other would-be Christian gentleman will picture any blackness or cruelty in or out of hell, discovered or concocted by any government, or any people or any region, so-called, in the past history of the world or at present, that is too uncivilized for the perpetuation or protection of an oligarchy, I am ready to ask his pardon and to subside. We are not a republic but an oligarchy of the most absolute kind, parading as a republic, and I beg to assure these disgruntled misrepresentatives of our government that men like Water-cure Smith are the true representatives of the ruling oligarchy of this land.

While Senator Hoar was trying to enlighten the Senate as to how a civilized war should be conducted, and while certain humanistic Congressmen were dilating on the horrors of our war in the Philippines, other Congressmen were reminding the humanists and the world that the army they were abusing was our own army, that the boys and the generals were all our own boys and generals, born in this land, taught in our public schools, that they had grown up in American homes and had attended American churches and Sunday-schools; in a word, that they were, all of them, typical and genuine Americans.

This is what I have been contending for these many years, viz. : that when taken as a true test of polite Christian manhood the American was not in it; that give him a hose and he would turn it on anybody that he dared; give him rope and he would forget and prove himself oblivious to all the laws and usages of civilized society and act like the rude, immoral brute our so-called civilization has made him.

I did not expect to see my contention realized during my lifetime; much less did I expect to see it argued and confirmed by the Congress of the United States.

Over and over again I have asserted in these pages that mere smartness was not civilization; that fighting capacity did not argue any capacity or worthy quality of character; that the hell

of American life was to be found in the unfilial and undevout life of the American family; that mere wealth did not argue or prove civilization. Most of the great fortunes of the world have been made by robbery, and robbery is no evidence of civilization. Only as men—individual men and women, have learned to be influenced by and to follow the moral laws of God in Christ Jesus is there any true basis of civilization anywhere.

So according to this we are not only not a republic but we are not a civilized people. We are simply a menagery of would-be oligarchs ruled by a few real oligarchs, and there is no baseness and no cruelty in the universe too corrupt for us to undertake and to execute.

Again I say as always, there are exceptions to this almost universal rule of hell among us, and any man who feels that he does not belong to this class of looting and water-cure thieves and murderers must not be offended at me. I do not mean to include him or her. I am ready to take by the hand and welcome into that closer fraternity of good men and true all who are at least trying to live moral lives in this immoral and uncivilized and hypocritic age of the world, but as for typical Americans—God save us from the clutches of that favored breed.

The latest on this subject up to this writing, June 1st, is a plausible article by General Charles King, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which argues that as all other methods failed to get the information needed by our "typical American" generals from the little brown men, and as the water-cure method succeeded, therefore the water-cure method was legitimate. It is the argument of every needy cut-throat, murderer and bank robber on earth, but as General Charles King, a novel writer, advances it in the name of the American army, of course it then becomes respectable.

Almost simultaneously with General King's article, President Roosevelt distinguished himself by arguing that the typical American general had at times been kind to the little brown men, and that these occasional instances of patience and kindness should be placed over against the alleged instances of torture, etc. It is the common argument of the everyday murderer and thief trying to show general good character, and on that ground to excuse or palliate the sentence sure to follow his crime.

These arguments must have some merit in them or they would not be used by such eminent men. And Mr. Mark Twain, who at last has ceased to be clown, and is trying to be a serious writer, argues in a late issue of the *North American Review* that all the infamous conduct accredited to General Funston—robbery of church altars, every form of contemptible deception used in the capture of Aguinaldo—were all legitimate acts of civilized warfare; but even this old joker draws the line on Funston's appeal to Aguinaldo for food, and then taking advantage of the approach this appeal gave him to capture the foe; and the ground of argument against this phase of civilized warfare is not the baseness of the whole method of deception, but the fact that this particular phase of the deception is a violation of the law and usage of hospitality recognized and held sacred by all the ancient peoples and nations.

I hold that every step taken by Funston and his men in the capture of Aguinaldo was a step more severe and brutal and contemptible than the most brutal savagery that has ever cursed the world.

I hold that General King, in arguing for Smith & Co.'s water-cure and other methods of torture as being worthy because they were the only methods in sight of obtaining needed information, is simply an apologist for hell, and that the sooner he goes there and finds out for himself what it is, the better for the age he is trying to deceive.

As for President Roosevelt, if he knows enough to write a clean sentence or to make a speech of any kind, which is doubtful, he is old enough to know that the performance of a deed of kindness yesterday is no excuse for a lifelong or a war-long action of infamy and torture worse than murder, and it is the poorest sophistry for him to use any such argument.

But what can these so-called respectable and honorable and honored and exalted members of our "typical American" civilization say or do? If they denounce the army they denounce the arm that has nursed and petted them. If they admit that the methods of the "typical American" army—"our army"—are savage and uncivilized they might as well shut up the White House, the Senate and the House, dismiss the army, let the navy float with Sampson where the woodbine twineth, and themselves—

every man-jack of them—go to some honest work, planting beans or preaching sermons. The whole structure of our civil government, so-called, stands or falls upon the President's defense of our "typical American" army.

Again I say, in conclusion, there is no civilized warfare. Watercure Smith was no more brutal than Grant and Sherman. "War is hell." And so long as we practice the methods of war, of conquest, all our talk of being a Christian nation is an insult to common honesty and to Almighty God. Why, every true instinct of the human race sickens at our sophistry, and all the Presidents and all the Secretaries of State on earth can never make it anything else than a flaunting and despicable lie.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

A JEWESS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Until very recent years the assertion that the Jewish women were slaves to the male half of humanity, in the same degree as females of other oriental nations have been, has in most cases passed unquestioned. However, the light of modern criticism shows that had less time been spent in assertion and more in investigation it would have been seen that from the beginning the Jewess has been one of the greatest factors for progress, and that it was owing to her peculiar environment and inherent tendencies that monogamy became the basis of the higher family life and the foundation for the future civilization of Western Europe.

The women of the Apocryphal books involuntarily impress one with their nobility of character, and no one, not prejudiced, can say that said women were not revered by man and loved by God. The false idea that not until the introduction of Christianity was woman freed from her fetters needs only to be confronted, on the one hand, with the position of woman in the Jewish commonwealth, and on the other hand, with the sayings of the apostles and teachers of Christian morality. Christianity, keeping in mind the words imputed to Christ, that "There are however, some who are circumcised for Heaven's sake," viewed women and matrimony not as high adjuncts to the perfection of

things, but as necessary evils. Paul said: "Whosoever gives his daughter in marriage commits not exactly a sin; but he who does not give her in marriage does a good deed." It was such ideas as these which led, it seems to me, to the celibate priesthood of the early Christian Church. In his epistles to the Corinthians, Chapter vii, Paul, as I read it, divests marriage of all that it meant to the Jew, to whom marriage was a sacred obligation, as it was written "Be fruitful and multiply." What these diverging lines of thought led to has been practically illustrated by the position of Jewish and non-Jewish women in succeeding centuries.

In so brief a paper one can but touch a few of the salient features which made the history of Jewish women so distinctive. To know her as she has been she must be compared with women of Greece and of Rome under the emperors. During the highest civilization of the former she never rose beyond being a chattel, mentally neglected and morally degraded. Under the latter she is best understood when pictured by a Juvenal or by an analysis of a Messalina, who was the reaction of an era of unnatural wedlock and more unnatural celibacy.

That which best illustrates the difference in treatment of women by the various nations of the East was the manner of caring for women during childbirth. Amongst the Egyptians, Indians, Persians and Turks, numerous precepts and customs expressed aversion and sometimes even hatred to the woman who was about to become a mother, the function of maternity being regarded as something low and brutish. The birth of a girl often meant torture for both mother and child, and the horrors of infanticide by all these peoples remain ghastly blots in history. With the Jews, however, maternity was regarded as most sacred, and shelter and care were hers by right, while a birth was made an occasion for prayers of thanksgiving, feasting and general rejoicing. From the beginning family life was the corner-stone of the Jewish temple, woman the strength of that stone.

In a recently published book, "The Jewish Woman," the author, Nahida Remy, one of Europe's most learned women and a leader in German thought, asks this question: "Were the ancient Jews so much ahead of their time, or did modern legislators

retrograde so far behind the ancient Jews?" "Their special care for women and the reverential regard for her are remarkable and fall nothing short of homage." These words bear additional weight, coming as they do from a Christian who has been able to pursue her studies of Jewish history and legislation in Hebrew.

Now and then one of the *asserters* says, "How is it that the Jews thank God they were not born women?" At bottom there is an excellent reason for this. The Jew, a subtle psychologist, even in antiquity, understood full well the complexity of a woman's life; her sufferings in maternity; her quick sympathy for all that lived and breathed; her unrestricted and tireless efforts to rear the child according to the law, he comprehended in their real nature. And when he thanked God he was not a woman it was because he appreciated the lot of a woman as far harder than his own. His treatment of her throughout the centuries verifies this interpretation.

Long before the Saxon mind began to analyze the sentiment of love for woman it had become part of the Hebrews' being—many a Jacob having labored long for his Rachel ere the Apocryphal story became the keynote of Jewish national life.

In the Ketubah, the document wherein is expressed the obligations of the husband to the wife, it is written: "Be my wife according to the law of Moses and Israel and for thee will I work, thee will I honor, thee will I support and provide for according to the custom of Jewish husbands who work for, honor and support their wives and provide for them in verity."

At death he was obliged to leave his property to his wife and her children. She could not be divorced without his consent, and all sorts of devices were used to make him considerate ere performing toward her any act of injustice.

The wife had the right to select the first dwelling-place after marriage. Unfaithfulness on part of the wife was fearfully punished; but fearful also was the punishment of the accuser if his accusation proved false. Stern laws encompassed both husband and wife. Disobedience was never excused. The ideal was justice, and nature does not deal in palliations.

A strict morality was exacted from both men and women, that the progeny might be physically perfect.

Coming down to later times, women were not forbidden to study and learn, and in the *Mishna* of the *Talmud* there is a disquisition on the subject of both sexes being permitted to receive the same instruction. Boy and girl have the same right to parental care and have the same God-given mind though their work in the world is different.*

MISS RAY FRANK.

San Francisco, Cal.

ELBERT HUBBARD'S PHILISTINE.

Now and again, for many years, I have read into a copy of Hubbard's *Philistine*, named by the editor a periodical of "Protest;" it is the quintessence of all the protest, all the arrogance, all the ignorance and all the atheism and conceit of modern Protestantism—the last gasp in the last ditch of the children of the night—the Philistines, the unbelievers. They have always been in the world since Cain killed his brother, and tried to shirk the lawful consequences by bluffing the Almighty—the all-wise Ruler—and His rule of the universe.

In these days Protestants, or rather the protesters, have become respectable. Everything is respectable in the twentieth century except truth and righteousness. We had hoped great things from President Roosevelt. His record, though loud, was sound; but he, too, has become a Philistine—selling his birth-right of righteousness and character for the prospective mess of pottage of a second term. But of all that we have spoken in a previous issue.

The old loafer and sensualist, Walt Whitman, called by some the good gray poet, was a Philistine, and by the latent spark of possible poetry in his soul, made Philistinism a quasi-respect-

*I have published this brief paper not for the sake of its reflections upon early Christian teaching, which I think the writer misunderstands, but for the instruction of those modern termagants who think and try to teach that woman never had any show in this world till she put on divided skirts and bloomers, got up new Bibles and went about half-clothed on bicycles to show how free and vulgar a woman may be in the civilization of these late days.

able commodity to many who knew not the rotten egotism and selfishness of the man. Hubbard's *Philistine* often refers to Whitman, and always with approval, comparing him with great and true poets, painters, etc., men whom the world has honored for their gifts and culture, and Hubbard and scores of other arrogant and untaught Philistines do thus because they have no real standard or basis for their judgments of character or culture; anything to appear smart and atheistic. It is the cult of the untaught ignorance of the twentieth century.

As often as I have read Hubbard's *Philistine* I have thrown it aside disgusted and nauseated as a seasick man throws up his dinner. The shallow, assumptive arrogance of the stuff is sickening to any healthy stomach, and unutterably offensive to any soul at home with the great and harmonious laws of this universe. The Philistine is at once smart and silly. Its smartness comes of the abundant talent of these days and the untrammelled use of this in all directions, regardless of all laws of decency, truth and justice. It is smartness, that is, smartness that is smart for its own sake, no matter whose eyes are blackened or how truth and God are slandered. There are lots of Philistines even in the Catholic Church, but not exactly of the Hubbard breed. In the Church it is more subtle and devilish. With Hubbard and his kin Philistinism is not always vile or wicked, except as all unbelief and falsehood are vile and wicked. It is, or claims to be, good-natured and gives good advice as if to commend itself and seem respectable. This phase of its smartness has been exposed since this article was written.

Somebody sent me a copy of the December, 1901, *Philistine*, and I began to read it because of some pleasant and rather smart things in the opening article about "Leonardo." Mr. Hubbard has done some very clever work in his little "Journeys to the Homes of Great Painters," so I was caught for a few minutes. But only for a few moments. I thought the man might have become true and genuine, but after a few lines the serpent showed his fangs and I was sick as ever. This time, however, I read on, saying to myself it may be worth while to show up this pigmy for the conceit and falsehood that are in him and incidentally such course may open the eyes of some readers of THE GLOBE.

If Hubbard would never say anything about God or religion, themes concerning which he is unspeakably ignorant, his lighter banter about men and things might serve for the amusement of other Philistines. In a word, he would simply play the clown that he is, and the circus would laugh and enjoy. But that would not do. His readers are mostly like himself, Philistines—people who think they know it all, though ignorant not only of the first principles of theology and religion, but ignorant even of their own language. They are of the untaught smart set—ready-witted, but without judgment, reverence or reason.

In truth, regardless of his readers and the commercial aspect of things, Hubbard, being a man, in some sense, hence a component part of the universe of mind and matter, material and spiritual—the soul and the world—God and His universe, cannot speak long or intelligently without recognizing and naming the spiritual factor—which is God. Some years ago I went to a club meeting of the intellectual elite of Chicago, where a man by the name of Snyder was trying to explain Goethe's *Faust* without recognizing any element of the supernatural therein. When Mr. Snyder was through I was pressed right and left for some remarks. I tried to beg off but could not, so in a few words I explained the passage that Snyder had been struggling with and told the audience that the three elements present in the text were present right there in the audience—man and God and the devil, and the devil of a time we were having of it. This broke up the meeting and no doubt the Philistines are still trying to understand Goethe without introducing the element of the supernatural. Mr. Hubbard is too smart for this. He constantly introduces God into his smart talk; into his biographies; cannot write a page of true biography of the great men of the ages without being forced to do this, for they were all great believers.

The article about Leonardo goes very well till Hubbard mentions a bishop who really made the smartest remark about Leonardo in the article, and then the bile of the Philistine rises and the smart and frivolous and beastly Hubbard defines the bishop as "spiritually obese," and goes on to the close in this intoxicated mood.

In referring to Leonardo's gratitude to God for His Providential care, Mr. Hubbard twists that gratitude into the following shape:

"This idea of 'divinity' is strong in the mind of every great man. He recognizes His Sonship, and claims His Divine parentage. The man of masterly mind is perforce an Egoist. When he speaks he says, 'Thus saith the Lord.' If he did not believe in himself, how could he ever make others believe in him? Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on earth, and reasons for staying here so long, and run and peek about to find themselves dishonorable graves. Not so the Great Souls—the fact that they are here is proof that God sent them. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manners affirmative.

"Leonardo's mental attitude was sublimely gracious—he had no grievance with his Maker—he accepted life, and found it good.

"'We are all sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.'"

In a word, Mr. Hubbard flouts the idea of gratitude to God—the poor idiotic Philistine twists it in Leonardo's case into a sort of egotism and superstitious weakness, common to great men, commends this stalwartness in this case, but ridicules the essential and basic fact in the case, in all cases, in all the universe. "Leonardo's mental attitude was sublimely gracious—he had no grievance with his Maker." That is, Leonardo was most generous toward God!!! But Mr. Hubbard and his set do not know how to be grateful or gracious.

Oh, Hubbard, Hubbard, get thee to a monastery and have thy head made level, and cease to be a breeder of raycroft, sinners and fools.

The last part of the quotation has a bit of genuine Hubbard wit in it; but that reads as if Mr. Hubbard had a grievance, and his quotation, "We are all sons of God," etc., is very satanic. What we shall be? Why we shall be black and slimy as the spawn of hell unless Leonardo's faith supplants Hubbard's Philistinism and unless the twentieth century listens more attentively to those harmonies of the music of the ages that have ever given humanity its supremest joy.

Further along in the December, 1901, issue of the *Philistine*, Mr. Hubbard invents for himself a little tilt with one Bock, editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Philistine* being jealous of Bock because of the enormous circulation of that paper and of its editor as a lady's man.

Poor Hubbard; you are clever, but stupid. You have chosen the devil and his imps—the Philistines—as your master and your audience, and though the audience is world-wide you are not satisfied with the percentage of fools in it that read the *Philistine*. I am not an admirer of Bock or his silly paper for women, by women, mostly. But the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia has grown out of nothing, but the good sense and the smart adaptiveness of Mr. Curtis has grown to be one of the cleanest, smartest and most successful enterprises of that sort in the world.

Most of *The Ladies' Home Journal* is silly, but most of the ladies are silly—see! The same concern, a few years ago—only yesterday—got hold of the old *Saturday Evening Post*—that had hung by its gray hairs in Philadelphia for a century—and now the *Saturday Evening Post* is one of the most attractive, as it is one of the most profitable, publications in the United States. I have little or no sympathy with the spirit or the aims of either one of the Curtis publications. I know them well. I know how the way was prepared for their great success. But this is to be said of them, they do not fly in the face or spit in the face or insult the sacred reverences of mankind; they do not, for the sake of trying to appear smart, deny even the salient truth of God's universe, or God himself. They are not Philistines. They have neither the ignorance, nor the arrogance, nor the silly foolishness of Hubbard's *Philistine*. They are in a world full of people who like to be entertained by fluent chit-chat about subjects in which they are interested.

The Ladies' Home Journal and the resurrected and well-dressed *Saturday Evening Post* know this, and their owner or owners or editors are skillful purveyors of the public taste.

It is contemptible enough to stoop to popular taste in any line, but to stoop to the bestial and coarse and degraded taste of the Philistines, the atheistic, is the lowest obscenity known to mortal man.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

SOME FAMOUS CYCLOPEDIAS.

As man is a reading being and has a curiosity to know, a long series of handbooks, dictionaries and other works of reference have been made to satisfy this curiosity. While the cyclopedia, as we know it, is comparatively recent, some writers of ancient times attempted to prepare compilations of facts relating to the chief subjects of learning in their day. The ordinary meaning of cyclopedia is a circle of instruction. It is a comprehensive work, dealing with the arts and sciences and other matters making up the round of human knowledge. It is supposed that the lost writings of Solomon were works of this character. Aristotle's treatise "On Sciences" and Pliny's "Natural History" might be called cyclopedias in a loose sense, and so were the collections or summaries of Varro and others.

In the Middle Ages there were men of encyclopedic knowledge, like the venerable Bede, who wrote a considerable number of volumes on a wide range of topics, but their sources of information were so meager and libraries so scarce that their writings were necessarily fragmentary and inaccurate. The learned Thomas Aquinas, of the thirteenth century, began a work entitled *Summa Theologiæ*, which "was meant to be the sum of all known learning." As its title implies, it was theological rather than scientific; it was never finished. One of his contemporaries, Vincent, of Beauvais, was an encyclopedist of marked ability, whose great compendium was printed about 1470 in ten volumes. It is a medley of history, legend, religion, natural science and the practical arts.

The first real cyclopedia of modern times is the work of Alsted, a German Protestant clergyman of unusual attainments. It was written in Latin, and published in seven volumes in the year 1630.

Later works, variously named dictionaries and lexicons, traversed the fields of the sciences and arts as known to the scholars of the seventeenth century. The most celebrated of these works are by the French writers Moréri and Bayle. Bayle's publication (2 vols., 1696) was called "a prodigious treasure of various knowledge." It had an immense success and

was translated into several European languages. An English version, with additions, was published in London (10 vols., 1734-41).

An English cyclopedia of much merit, by Ephraim Chambers, was published in two large volumes, 1728. This pioneer cyclopedia was a popular work and ran through many editions. It was called "The pride of booksellers and the honor of the English nation." A revised and enlarged edition, by Abraham Rees, appeared in 1778-88. Chambers' work was translated into Italian, and a French translation made about 1745 formed the basis of another publication, the great encyclopedia prepared under the direction of Diderot and D'Alembert, which deserves special mention.

This celebrated work departed widely from its English model, although it owed much to Chambers in its general plan. It was begun in 1751 and completed in 1765, in twenty-eight volumes. It represents the newer thought and culture of its age, and had a tremendous influence on the public. The chief editor, Diderot, though assisted by a company of distinguished authors, wrote the greater part himself of this monumental work. The French encyclopedists, as they are called, by the free expression of skeptical opinions brought on their heads a flood of abuse, and Diderot was left to finish the work alone. It was brought out at great expense and achieved a remarkable success.

A colossal undertaking was Zedler's "Universal Lexicon of all Sciences and Arts," published in Leipsic (64 vols., 1732-50). In our hurrying age the earlier volumes of the cyclopedia would be out of date before the last was printed. A supplement of four volumes was added in 1751-54. A set of Zedler, in the Chicago Public Library, is something of a curiosity in book-making. There are thirty-four substantial tomes bound in hog-skin. Two volumes are bound in one, making a book thicker and taller than Webster's Unabridged. The pages are double-columned, each column numbered—a page having about 1,000 words. As the volumes average more than 1,000 pages each, the sixty-eight volumes (with the supplement) contain some 68,000,000 words, or five times as much matter as Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia. The work was compiled by nine editors and may be

called a characteristic German enterprise. It is not illustrated, except that each volume has as a frontispiece the portrait of some notable individual and the first page of the text is adorned by a headpiece of symbolical figures—Justice, Learning enlightening savages, etc. The portraits are nearly all of monarchs and nobles, some of them full length. Among the royal personages are George II, King of Great Britain. Many of the articles are elaborate in treatment and often longer than those on the same topics in cyclopedias of our time. Cicero has five pages (about 5,000 words). One is rather surprised to find two pages devoted to the Sphinx and twenty to woman. Paraguay is described in two pages, while spice has thirteen and species eight. Shakespeare is disposed of in less than two hundred words.

The *Encyclopedia Britannica*, when first published in 1771, was a small affair. The three volumes were written by one man, William Smellie, a Scotch printer of wide reading and some literary talent. Considering the circumstances, it was a creditable performance. The second edition, greatly enlarged by the addition of biographical and historical articles, was the product of several hands and appeared in ten volumes (1776-84). It was a great improvement on the first, and more successful. For the third edition (18 vols., completed in 1797) an able corps of contributors were secured, and the longer articles had more of the character of scientific treatises than those of the second. The fourth edition, edited by a well-known scholar, was published in 1810 (20 vols.); and the fifth edition, a reprint, in 1817. The sixth edition, brought out (in 1824) by the enterprising Scottish publishers, Constable and Co., had a supplement of six volumes, to which some eminent authors contributed—Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Arago and others. The seventh edition (21 vols., 1842) contained the much-admired dissertations by Dugald Stewart, Sir James MacKintosh and Professors Playfair and Leslie. All of the important articles in the main body of the encyclopedia were written by celebrated men whose names added to its reputation. The many advances of learning, especially the newer discoveries in science, received their share of attention, so that the work could be called up-to-date. But soon it was realized that increasing knowledge re-

quired another edition, revised and enriched by numerous additions. As in previous editions it "treated each science completely, in a systematic form, under its proper denomination," thus making it the scholar's cyclopedia. The eighth edition, begun in 1852 and completed in 1860 (21 vols.) was practically a new work—so little was retained unchanged of former articles. No other literary enterprise undertaken in Great Britain had involved so great expense. Among its three hundred contributors were the leading writers and scientists of England. So rapid was the progress of knowledge in the sixties that the ninth edition of the *Britannica* was projected. It was not as much revised as reconstructed—so revolutionary were the changes. The work of the old-timers had been outgrown, valuable as it was once. Science had now come to her own, and the later tendencies of history and philosophy required fresh treatment. A wider area of subjects was included in the plan of the new work, edited by William Robertson Smith and Thomas Spencer Baynes. The twenty-four volumes, published from time to time, between 1875 and 1888, constitute a library. It is no idle claim to say that they give "an impartial summary of results in every department of inquiry and research."

Other English cyclopedias have had an interesting history—that of Rees (41 vols., 1803-19), republished at Philadelphia (1810-24); the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana* (28 vols., 1817-45); Knight's (23 vols., 1854-62), based on the *Penny Cyclopedia*; and Chambers' (10 vols., 1860-68), founded on the German cyclopedia of Brockhaus. Of these it may be observed that Rees' is the most voluminous; Knight's, the most readable; and Chambers' revised, the most accurate. The *Encyclopedia Metropolitana* is not convenient for reference; the subjects are arranged, not alphabetically, but grouped in four general divisions.

Of American cyclopedias there are at least three which have a wide reputation—Appleton's, Johnson's and the *International*. The first edition of Appleton's *American Cyclopedia* was published in sixteen volumes (1858-63). Its editors, George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, had the coöperation of more than three hundred scholars. The fullness of treatment of American subjects made it acceptable to the people of the United States, and

it was a success from the start. The revised edition (1873-76), with its additions and pictorial illustrations, was for a long while a standard authority. The *Annals*, published every year since 1861, give in concise form a register of the important events of each year.

While Appleton's was appreciated by a large class of readers, its cost put it beyond the reach of many. A briefer, less expensive work was called for, and in answer to this pressing demand came Zell's *Popular Cyclopedia* (2 vols., 1871) and the *People's* (2 vols., 1879). Johnson's *Universal Cyclopedia* was projected by Horace Greeley, whose idea was to have a comprehensive *resumé* of human knowledge reduced to the compass of three or four volumes. The first edition, in four stout volumes, appeared in 1874; and its large sale proved that it met a felt want. It profited by the defects and omissions of Appleton's, special attention being given to the geography of the United States. A revised edition appeared in 1886-89, in eight volumes. The aim of the editors was to secure brevity without sacrificing anything of essential value. The third edition (1892-95) was thoroughly revised, many of the articles being entirely new. It is noteworthy that this edition of Johnson's was brought out by the Appletons, the former publishers of the *American Cyclopedia*. The new edition (12 vols., 1899) is the joint production of several hundred specialists, and is in every way an admirable cyclopedia. Scarcely less serviceable for the average reader is the *International*, in fifteen volumes, which enjoys a well-deserved popularity.

In Germany the greatest cyclopedia is that compiled by Ersch, Gruber and others, who produced a work that is more thorough and copious than Zedler's. But more useful cyclopedias for most persons are the *Conversations-Lexikons* of Brockhaus and Meyer. Brockhaus has the honor of being reproduced in several foreign countries—one of the translations being the *Encyclopedia Americana*, published in Philadelphia (1829-33), with additions by Dr. Francis Lieber.

The most ambitious of recent cyclopedias have appeared in France. That edited by Larousse (15 vols., 1866-76) is said to contain 80,000,000 words, or six times as much printed matter as Appleton's. A work of still greater magnitude, when com-

pleted, is *La Grande Encyclopédie*, now publishing under the editorial direction of Berthelot, aided by a large company of renowned French scholars. Volumes 1-27 (1890-1900) bring the work to *Rab*. Perhaps a dozen more volumes will be added the next five years, making it the most complete cyclopedia in existence.

It is evident from the considerable number of encyclopedias published in the nineteenth century that a "Dictionary of Things" is scarcely less useful to the average man than a dictionary of words. Of late years attempts have been made to combine the features of both in one work, as in the Encyclopedic Dictionary and the well-known Century Dictionary.

Two publications, the *Zeitlexikon*, of Germany, and the *Current Encyclopedia*, of Chicago (now the *World To-Day*), have some of the characteristics of a periodical, but their contents also partake of the character of a reference book. As cyclopedias are never really up-to-date when they reach the reader, the value of such works is evident.

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DOGMATISM OF THE INFALLIBLE CHURCH.

Mr. Thorne's article, in the March number of this REVIEW, "Is Christianity the Absolute Religion?" like all that comes from his pen, contains much that is "thought provoking;" but it also contains—if I may venture to say so—much that "provokes," in the same sense, the expression of a diffident divergence of opinion.

While reading it I was irresistibly reminded of another essay dealing with this same question of "Dogmatism," namely, Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Exclusive Church and the *Zeitgeist*," the concluding chapter of his "Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman," which is, or should be, familiar to every educated English-speaking Catholic. It is not my intention to make direct use of it here, or not by way of quotation; though one of its main contentions—the right of the infallible Church to define, to "dogmatize," as we say—must, in the nature of the case, influ-

ence what I shall attempt to say. And this right, be it noted, includes that of saying to historians, critics, experts and others just how much, and just when and under what conditions, they may make known the results of their investigations. The Church, in fact, has, as her primary duty, *the safeguarding of the faith of the multitude at any given period*. And this even at the risk of seeming "tyranny," of laying herself open to the charge of "obscurantism," of suffering "abuses" to continue. Yet, the wheat and tares are to "grow together until the harvest."

Mr. Thorne's quotation from the *Literary Digest*, concerning Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," brings to mind, of course, that statesman's protest against "the passion for defining" with which he charges the theologians of the sixteenth century, Protestant as well as Catholic. In regard to which, moreover, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has something to say—very much to the point, as it seems to me. Also, on our part, it may be urged that there is a difference, very obvious to the philosopher, between the dogmatism of a professedly infallible and that of a professedly fallible authority.

To come, however, to Mr. Thorne's article. On page 8 he states, in effect, that questions as to the very foundations of belief are of greater importance to mankind in general than the "Primacy of Peter," or "the exact position and attitude of the Blessed Virgin in heaven." The "temporal power of the Pope" I omit, of set purpose, as not "on the same plane." The first two are matters of faith; the last one of ecclesiastical polity. But, to Mr. Thorne's statement, I answer that the foundations of belief are, *in a sense*, of greater interest than this or that dogma, *taken by itself*. On the other hand, since the very foundations of that faith "without which it is impossible to please God" *rest on the infallibility of the Church*—the source of all Divine revelation—no deliberate utterance on her part can have its "relative importance" lessened or increased by those whose duty it is to "hear the Church," to accept the teachings of those to whom the Divine Head of the Church has said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me."

And here, even if only by way of digression, let me say that if we would only leave "books of devotion" and "manuals of piety" which the Church sanctions—*propter imbecillitatem human-*

itatis? as a concession to human weakness—and betake ourselves to that devotion which is her own, and which she names “the Divine office”—the Breviary—we should learn from her own lips what she would have us hold concerning the Blessed Mother of God, the Primacy of Peter, the Most Adorable Sacrament of the Altar, the Saints, the Angels, the Holy Souls. It is, in the truest sense, a Scriptural devotion, and the “familiarity” with Holy Writ with which it fills the faithful soul is the one, the only safeguard against the canker of “criticism” which eats into the fair flower of devotion, and sooner or later fades and withers it. It is the devotion she assigns to those set apart, by solemn consecration, to “the work of the ministry,” to “the edifying”—the building up—“of the Body of Christ.” It is the sober devotion of saints: of Augustine, Gregory the Great and St. Theresa; of Thomas of Aquin, Bonaventure, Ignatius; rather than the gushing, turgid effusions of sentimental pietists. It is, in one word, what we need if we would enter into the spirit of the Church. Once so entered into harmony with her—*unius moris*, as the Psalmist says—her “dogmatism” assumes its true aspect, that, namely, of the utterances of “a teacher sent from God,” for we see with her eyes; think with her mind, rather than with our own. And her eyes are the eyes of her Divine Head; her mind the mind of Christ Himself, since she is “His Body, the fullness of Him who filleth all in all.”

Again, on page 9, Mr. Thorne refers to “the peculiar and limited dogmas” of the Church’s “own manufacture;” dogmas “one-half of which,” as he maintains, “the intelligence of this world has sifted and respected ages ago.” He does not, however, specify which these are, but is it not true that “the intelligence of this world has sifted and rejected ages ago” every distinctive doctrine of Christianity from that of the Incarnation to that of Papal Infallibility? Is it not true, also, that every doctrine which the Infallible Church has declared to be *de fide* rests on her authority, that is, on God’s? If we reject one—so the apostle tells us, in effect we are “guilty of all”—we reject all.

That the Church is now, as always, in antagonism with “the intelligence of this world,” that world, which, “in its wisdom, knew not God,” as St. Paul says, adding the cause thereof, I freely admit. That she is “exclusive”—“narrow,” if men please

to call her so—I admit as well, but so, it seems to me, is God Himself; “Thou shalt have none other gods but Me; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God.” These dogmas “of her own manufacture,” which are they? Her infallibility? That is of her very essence, *if* she is divine; one, without the other, is inconceivable. At all events she has “arrogated” this attribute to herself—as her Lord “arrogated” to Himself equality with His Father—since the day of Pentecost. Rather, since the promise was given, “I am with you, all days, even to the consummation of the world;” since it was said, “He that heareth you, heareth Me.” If He had been content to take His place among the other “prophets of God,” among the “emanations of the divine,” to sit with Jove on high Olympus; if she had never claimed to teach “as one having authority,” supreme over all men, the “intelligence of this world” would have been benignly tolerant of Him and of her; indifferent, not antagonistic.

Is it the Primacy of Peter? Was it not “on this rock” that Christ promised to build His Church? Was he not bidden to “confirm his brethren;” to “feed My sheep, feed My lambs?” His infallibility, as Vicar of Christ, transmitted to his successors? Did not his first “encyclical,” his first pronouncement *ex cathedra* begin: “It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us?” Is it her claim to define, once and for all, what is and what is not of faith? Was she not charged to “make disciples”—that is, learners—“of all nations?” Her claim to excommunicate her rebellious children? Did not St. Paul, “in the person of Christ,” commit the incestuous Corinthian to Satan? Mr. Thorne speaks of “hair-splitting dogmas,” yet even Carlyle came to admit that the fate of Christianity hung on the “iota” which separated “of *one* substance” from “of *like* substance,” Arianism from the true faith.

I agree that, at times, she has seemed to forget “the weightier matters of the law” of God, “judgment, mercy and truth,” in her zeal for some other—perhaps no less vital—aspect of her Master’s cause, but that is only to say that she has her treasures—authority, infallibility—“in earthen vessels;” that churchmen, even Popes and Cardinals, not to mention saints, as Thomas à Kempis tells us, “are men and not angels.” That to be “committed to a line of policy,” however lofty, however

sacred, tends to turn the best of us into deputies of Providence—whom Providence cannot do without—"we are the people, and wisdom dieth with us." But we die, and wisdom lives to be "justified of her children," because she is Divine, and, therefore, eternal.

Not that I fail to recognize the dangers incident to "dogmatism," the chief of which, as it seems to me, is that of taking any definition as an adequate expression of the truth it is intended to convey. But "dogmatism," as I have already tried to show, must be founded on devotion; a truth exemplified most clearly in St. Thomas Aquinas. None ever "dogmatized" as he did, none, certainly, ever excelled him in loving, reverent devotion to those mysteries which he discussed so keenly, so "audaciously," we might almost say. If theologians would only take him as their model! Assume, if you will, that the definition is "adequate" for all practical purposes; but do not assume that it is adequate for a whole system of deductions, logical or otherwise. St. Thomas, I doubt not, was always conscious of his own limitations, but the fact that the Church has made his definitions "official" proves how firm a grasp he had on the eternal truth which underlies them.

This, I fear, is another digression; a hint, at best, as to a possible line of reasoning concerning "dogmatism." Yet I would say, with all deference to Mr. Thorne, that this objection to "useless dogmas" is one of the shibboleths of "Liberal Catholicism," of its very essence. It is as if some "Liberal" sprite had gotten into Mr. Thorne's pen when he was thinking of something else! "*Vade retro! Satana!*" As to the Council of Trent, and the inspiration of Scripture referred to on page 10, I would venture to remind Mr. Thorne that the era of the Council was one of conflict, or rather of open rebellion, and therefore a time of repression rather than of concession, however advisable under normal conditions. The faith of the multitude was in peril; it was the Church's primary duty, as already said, to preserve it "at all costs," short of the—impossible—sacrifice of truth. The sacrifice of some *expression* of truth is a very different matter. Not inspiration, but Scripture, was at stake; the conclusions of the "higher critics" were simply "inopportune," a danger, not a help; it was for the Infallible

Church to say, "Not now, but at some other time." And of that "other time" she, and she only, is the judge.

Her attitude, in fact, toward those whom she justly regards as rebels against God, *because against her*—since she *is* Christ—is one and invariable. Her one word is: "Submission first;" submission as to one endowed with God's authority. And to those who do submit—as every convert knows—what is she but the gentlest, the tenderest, the most generous and considerate of mothers? "The half was not told me." It may be, as Newman says, that there are mists and bogs around the base of the Rock of Peter, that not all who claim to speak in the Church's name are sacred, wise, still less infallible. But her voice—if we would but hear it! her wisdom—if we would but learn it! It has been said, moreover, on good authority, that this matter of inspiration was, so to speak, "rushed" through the Council by the ultra-conservative party, justly alarmed at Protestant attacks on the very foundations of belief, on the principle of authority. In war it is wisdom to occupy more ground than you really need; it is the wisdom of "moderate" men to hold their peace—till better times.

Let this be as it may: The decision of the Council of Trent was an expression of the mind of the Church, inadequate, if you will, but binding until succeeded by one more suited to conditions wholly different to those in which the first was uttered. Moreover, the fact that our present Holy Father, Leo XIII., has appointed a commission of representative theologians to *continue the task interrupted at Trent*, shows that the eternal, unchanging Church of God knows best when and how—after ages, it may be, for that which is eternal moves, as we say, slowly, forgetting that to her, as to her God, "a thousand years are but as yesterday, seeing that it is past as a watch in the night"—to give new and fuller expression to definitions which, at best, are "attempts to define the indefinable." The dogma, to use our human fashion of speech, "changes;" the truth of which it is the partial—and transitory—expression remains the same because it is of God. But it rests with the Church to decide when, how and within what limits the "change" is to be made. In truth, it is rather development than change; a growth governed by the laws of her being, as is the growth of all living organisms.

Nor can she discard one of her "outgrown formulas" without leaving a *lacuna* in her historic consciousness, any more than a living language can dispense with its philology, or a tree with its roots.

Mr. Thorne, on page 12, seems to think it probable that "the scholars and others appointed to do this work," in respect of the inspiration of Scripture and "the higher criticism," so-called, "will prove themselves trimmers, trying to save the reputation of the Church and the dignity of truth by a non-committal statement." If by "trimmers" he means that the commission consists of men of various views, he is doubtless correct, and there is no question but that the result of their labors—like the pastoral of the English Bishops on "Liberal" Catholicism—will prove what the "higher critics" love to call "a composite document," wherein he that reads carefully may discern traces of both "tendencies," "liberal"—in the good sense—and ultra-conservative. That they will fail to satisfy the "extreme" men of either "school" is certain; also, that their decision will be by no means the "last word" on the subject, absolutely. But whether they will be "better and braver" men to whose lot it shall fall to say "the next word" is open to question. It is no question of goodness or of courage; it simply rests with the Infallible Church—that is, with the Vicar of Christ—to decide how much or how little of their conclusions is "opportune" in the highest meaning of that much-abused term. *The faith of Christ's little ones*—the vast majority in any age—*must be safeguarded*, the "higher critics" notwithstanding. Let them prove their fitness to investigate by their willingness to submit to authority. Do you doubt me? Try the "conclusions" of the "higher criticism" on some childlike nature—if you are bold enough to undertake the task—and then judge if you would wish the result repeated many million times. "Let both grow together"—the critical and the non-critical spirit—"until the harvest."

Turning back to page 11, we may say, in respect of the definitions "of the Constantine period"—of the Council of Nicæa, in fact—that they *were*, in very deed, expressions of the belief, not merely of "the ruling elements of the Church"—of a "chance majority" in a General Council, but of the very mind of the

Church. The non-Catholic dwells—with pleasure or otherwise—on the intrigues, the “lobbying,” the “wire-pulling” of contending churchmen, not all imbued with sanctity, nor yet actuated by the highest motives. The Catholic who knows that the Church is Divine and infallible, that her Lord—as He has promised—is with her “all days”—even in her councils—*knows* that the ultimate decision, however tortuous the paths that led to it, *must* be divine and infallible. “The gates of hell,” the powers of evil, human or devilish, “shall *not* prevail against it.” Indeed, Cardinal Manning’s “History of the Vatican Council” gives us the real “focus” from which to view the workings of such assemblies of “men of like passions with ourselves;” teaches us how God rules and overrules the councils of His Church; rules and overrules the designs, the jealousies, the policies of churchmen—as He needs to do, with all reverence be it said.

In respect of Arianism, Carlyle’s verdict has been already quoted, but it was not so much the Church that opposed the heretics as “*Athanasius contra mundum*,” a man against the world. The fact that he even proved that it was God *and* Athanasius against a world that had lapsed from the faith. Also, we may remember Newman’s dictum to the effect that “heresy is the insistence on some one *aspect* of truth in defiance of the Church’s authority.” Surely, too, of Arianism, as of any other distortion of the truth, which is heresy, it may be said, “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Arianism becomes Socinianism; Socinianism, Unitarianism; the Unitarianism of Dr. Mantineau “develops” into the vague Deism of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

And in regard to these two chief definitions of “the Constantine period,” the Eternal Sonship of Christ, “of one substance with the Father”—against Arius; the title “Mother of God” assigned to the Blessed Virgin—against Nestorius; doubtless both seemed “hard sayings” to those who were accustomed to the less “rigid” theology of the earlier Fathers. Yet Christ Himself declared “I and the Father are one.” Arius insisted on that other saying, “My Father is greater than I.” The Council of Nicæa affirmed that Christ was “of one substance” with His Father; the creed *attributed* to St. Athanasius tells us that He is “equal to the Father as touching His Godhead, and

inferior to the Father as touching His Manhood." There is seen to be no contradiction, and, in those few words, we come as near an "explanation" as the limits of human thought and human language will permit.

So with the title "Mother of God" assigned to our Lady. Herein we cannot do better than refer to St. Thomas of Aquin, who, in the third part of his *Summa*, Qu. xxxv, Art. iv, deals with this very question. His conclusion—*ad primum*—is that "though we do not find it expressly said in Scripture that the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God, we do find it expressly said in Scripture that Jesus Christ is True God (St. John 1) and that the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of Jesus Christ (St. Math. 1, of whom was born Jesus, who is called the Christ). Whence it follows, of necessity, from the words of Scripture that she is the Mother of God." Let it never be forgotten that Nestorius *was the aggressor*, the Church "dogmatized" in defense of truth.

We might pass all the "peculiar" doctrines of the Infallible Church in review, one by one, did space and time permit. But this, at least, I may be permitted to say—as other and wiser men have said before me—that the "dogmatism" of the Church has amply justified itself. Each definition, from Nicæa to the Vatican, has been proved to be *necessary* to safeguard some truth assailed; to restore some distorted truth to its real, divine proportions. There is much more that I could say but there is, surely, no need that I should do so. I have presumed to join issue with Mr. Thorne where he speaks of "useless dogmas," simply because I am convinced that no dogma promulgated by the Infallible Church is or can be "useless." "Dogma," strictly speaking, means "teaching," or, rather, "something taught." So understood of what the Church, which is Christ—that cannot be too often or too strongly reiterated—has seen fit to teach us as *de fide*, how can it fail to be of use? Further, experience proves that each "dogma" safeguards—for a time or forever—some portion of that faith "once for all delivered to the saints." Moreover, dogma, as Mr. Wilfrid Ward points out, is *a weapon of defense, not of attack*. The heretic—the man who thinks differently—assails or misrepresents some *aspect of truth*, the Church expresses *the whole truth*, as it is present to her consciousness—a consciousness which goes back to Bethlehem, Calvary, Pente-

cost; the consciousness of a living entity whose experiences extend over nineteen centuries. The expression, to be sure, is couched in the language of the age, measured by and adapted to the ideas prevalent at any period; it is finite, and may be transitory, whereas the truth that underlies it is infinite and eternal. But the expression stands for "the mind of the Church" until the Church is guided by the Holy Spirit to give newer and fuller utterance to the truth of which she is the guardian and interpreter. That interpretation must, as said, be "in the vulgar tongue," plain to Christ's little ones; the path so clear "that the warfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Did not the Truth Himself, the Wisdom of God, "who knoweth the end from the beginning," speak in the language of Jewish fishermen and give expression to their ideas?

As to all that Mr. Thorne says concerning the beauty, the supremacy, the divinity of Christ and of Christianity need I say that I am heartily at one with him? We do need, as he says, to "go to the root of the tree once more," to deepen, that is, and strengthen our hold on "the foundations of belief." But in order to do this we need to stand on "the pillar and ground of the truth," to accept the Church's teaching in the spirit of the Church. It is then, and then only—as already said—that the various dogmas to which Mr. Thorne refers fall into their proper place and assume their true proportions. Was it not Cardinal Wiseman who compared the Church to a painted window? We may look at it from outside, from the world's side, or from within; with her eyes or with our own. But the difference! Mr. Thorne, I know, sees it as I do; as do all true children of our Holy Mother Church. Of that, at least, I am certain, which is the very reason why I have ventured on a remonstrance, why I dare to suggest that in his zeal for truth he has "spoken unadvisedly with his lips"—or, rather, with his pen. Popes, Bishops, Saints commit errors of judgment, that I freely admit; nor are even Popes infallible, except when teaching, *ex cathedra*, concerning faith and morals. But I do know that the Most High ruleth in the Church which He has purchased with His precious blood; that He nourishes and cherishes her "even as a man his own flesh." I know, too, that since she is divine and infallible she cannot teach error; more, that

what she teaches cannot be either "useless" or "unnecessary." Is not her mind the mind of her Head, and she His Body?

As for the rest, "them that without, God judgeth," but their antagonism is not, so it seems to me, due to the Church's failure to deliver her message in the best way possible. It may be the fault of individual churchmen; it may even be our own. If every son and daughter of Holy Church were worthy of our Mother there would be no antagonism left to contend with; the world would be converted in a day. As it is, the antagonism of the world is a tribute to the Church's faithfulness. If she were "comprehensive," and would "make concessions to the spirit of the age," men would have nothing but good to say of her. But then "the friendship of the world is enmity against God," and the worst evil that could befall the Church would be that she should win the favor of men.

"Them that are without, God judgeth;" may He judge them mercifully, as He doubtless will, and justly. But their duty—could they only see it—and ours—if we only would—is submission, not criticism, obedience, "as little children," to the Church which God bids us hear. Let us forget the faults of churchmen in the perfection of the Church; let us show by our lives what she really is, our divine, infallible and most tender mother; "the King's daughter is all glorious within."

Mr. Thorne, I feel sure, will be at one with me in this; we only differ in our way of looking at things. Perhaps the Westminster Confession—the "infallible" dogmas of fallible men—haunts him still; I know not; perhaps "manuals of piety" have vexed his soul, as they do the souls of many more. I trust, at least, he will believe me when I say that I have passed through a somewhat similar experience, but that many months' practice of the Church's devotion has helped me to see things, in some measure, at least, from the Church's point of view. It is in her own "office" that she is more evidently divine than under any other aspect; it is her divinity that makes her infallible; divine and infallible, how can we cavil at anything that she does or says? It must be "she does," "she says," yes; rather, "He that heareth you, heareth Me."

Possibly, very possibly, indeed, Mr. Thorne may not be at one with me in some, at least, of my deductions from the fact of the

Church's divinity and infallibility; in any case let us all take, as a conclusion, the advice of our good friend, Thomas à Kempis, "If that which thou thinkest be not amiss, and thou partest with it for God's sake"—or thy neighbor's, which come to the same thing—"it shall be better for thee." Mr. Thorne, since he became a Catholic—and before, I doubt not—has done and written—and doubtless suffered—much for truth and righteousness. But here, as I have taken upon me to suggest, he is at variance with many of his neighbors. He may be right, or, at least "not amiss" in his view of dogmatism, or he may not, perhaps he may see his way to "part with it" for his neighbor's sake. In any case let him try a course of St. Thomas—or the lessons for the Octave of Corpus Christi—and see how devout the "dogmatists" can be. Then, if he can devise any better "definitions of the indefinable" than those which, up to the present, the Infallible Church has made her own, she will, I am sure, adopt them, as she did the philosophy of St. Thomas of Aquin.

The "peculiar doctrines" to be defined are, I suppose, the Incarnation, the Eternal Sonship, the Divine Motherhood of Blessed Mary, Transubstantiation—that is, the Real Presence of Christ in the Most Holy Eucharist—the Infallibility of the Pope. If he can better the "dogmas" of the Councils—I speak with all deference and respect—I, for one, will accept his "dogmatism," when the Church does, as it doubtless will. But I am sure of this, at least, that he—like the Church whose loyal son he is—would be the last to "make concessions" in order to lessen the antagonism, or to gain the favor of heretics, wise men—enemies of the Cross of Christ.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Bruges, Belgium.

GLOBE NOTES.

On the fifth day after mailing the March GLOBE—that is, as soon as it had gotten around to the nearer circle of readers—I received from an old subscriber in Massachusetts an advance remittance of \$5.00, the remitter thinking that, as THE GLOBE had been under the special expense of moving from New York

to Philadelphia, and as the editor had just been through another siege of suffering, a little extra cash would not be an intrusion.

On the same day, another constant reader of *THE GLOBE*, who had been especially gratified with the opening article in the March issue, sent me \$5.00 for ten extra copies of that number, that he might distribute the same among his intelligent friends.

On the same day I received from a learned professor in one of our Catholic Colleges a remittance of \$5.00, with a request that I would send the March *GLOBE* at once to six prominent ecclesiastics, bishops, rectors and leading professors in various colleges and universities in England, Ireland and Canada.

On the same day I received from another professor, in another American Catholic University, a request to send the March *GLOBE* to a well-known bishop resident in Rome, Italy—for there is another Rome—also to a very Rev. Superior General, resident in Neuilly, France, and send bill to said American professor.

A day or two previous, that is, after the March *GLOBE* had been mailed, I received from a well-known priest, in Chicago, a check for \$4.00—advance subscription—with the kindest of letters apologizing for delay.

On the same fifth day an old subscriber, resident in Michigan, sent his subscription for 1902, stating that though he did not like or agree with all my criticisms he liked the vigorous style of *THE GLOBE* and was glad to support it. The same day another priest from the same State sent \$1.00 in payment for last issue, but said that if he continued to subscribe for *THE GLOBE* it might be supposed that he approved of its criticisms, so please mark off his name.

But who on earth would blame or hold a priest responsible for my criticisms found in *THE GLOBE REVIEW*? It reminds me of the action of a former bishop of Maine, who, on being presented by a lady with a dainty volume of her poems, requested the lady to put her name in the book so that were he, the bishop, caught with the article he might not be suspected of having purchased the treasure. The lady put her name in the book and was duly grateful.

On the same fifth day I received an advance subscription from a well-known priest, resident in Maine, with a note stating that

the last December issue was the "Banner Number" and to "let them have more like it," but two days previous a Vienna Doctor of Philosophy and one of the most gifted of our German-American journalists had said to me that in his judgment the March, 1902, issue was much better than the issue of December, 1901. Tastes differ. You can't please everybody in the same minute.

Finally, and not to mention other bright letters that came on that day, and that are coming every day, I received, on the same fifth day, from an archbishop whose name is as well-known in Rome and in Europe generally as it is in this Western Hemisphere, an advance subscription for the present year, without note or comment of blame or of praise, and all these, as others, that came and have come, for years without solicitation; yet a year or two ago a certain hide-bound, pesky, starched, padded and infamous Yankee Catholic weekly, published in Hartford, had the unblushing audacity to speak of the clientele of THE GLOBE REVIEW as an insignificant, unknown set, simply because they did not all reside in the woods back of said editor's hog-pen. If these men could only see an inch beyond their nose they would not fall on it so often.

On the same fifth day there came a hearty letter from a priest in Alabama, stating that the rector to whom THE GLOBE had been sent had moved away, but to send THE REVIEW right along, and he inclosed an advance subscription therefor. Some learned editors have questioned whether certain references of mine to individual communications were genuine and not manufactured in my office. Were any man to question my veracity in my presence I should order him out as I would a yelping cur, but we cannot impress such gentlemen by wireless telegraphy or long distance telephones. Their hides are too thick to feel the air waves.

The curious reader may query: Do they come right along like that every day? No, not every day, but occasionally a single remittance will net more cash than all those indicated as coming on the fifth day after the March issue, and from the highest Catholic sources, but we are not boasting. I am not a colossal publisher, with a million-dollar bank account back of me, and I do not fail every year or two in order to grow rich quickly.

No priest or other party has purchased THE GLOBE REVIEW. I have always been fair and open with my subscribers, and now and then I print what a disgruntled enemy says as well as the words of a friend. But Catholics of the Hartford type know but little of their own town, and nothing of THE GLOBE.

* * * * *

Early last March we wrote of the famous merger of certain Western railroad interests as follows, especially touching President Roosevelt's attempted legal interference with the same:

"This second fiddleism of the President was again noticeable in Roosevelt's instructions to the Supreme Court to proceed against the combine which consolidated two of the great railroad corporations of the Northwest. Here the President seemed to be in the line of popular official action and of success, but alas! the Supreme Court, owned and run by the same 'coterie of gentlemen' that controls Congress, found that it had no jurisdiction in Minnesota, or over the combine named. Later it will look into the matter, but it will not go on record against the machine. It looked like a case where manhood and a little 'strenuous' Americanism might have lifted the President into favor with the people and into some real power, but the gentlemen who pull the strings of our Punch and Judy show did not think it worth while to have stocks and margins knocked into confusion at the word of the President, and the Supreme Court agreed with the lobbyists. Why not? In truth, it was the wisest thing to do. We have already had too much State and national interference with private and corporate enterprises."

This is one of a hundred paragraphs in the article on "The Fall of Roosevelt" in the March GLOBE, any one of which paragraphs contained more clear thinking, foresight and worthy suggestion than the President has derived or secured from his private secretary or the new members of his Cabinet or the total gang of Senators and Congressmen that dictate his policy, since he became President. But he has not sent a generous subscription and has not even thanked me for this and other advice sought by him or volunteered by me.

At the date of this writing, May 21st, the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, published a leading, but careful dispatch from

Chicago, intimating that the Government's case of prosecution against said "merger" would almost certainly be dropped. We take it for granted that it will be dropped, as it ought to be dropped—ought, in fact, never to have been started—and all this to indicate that our foresight, that is, the foresight of any intelligent thinking man—but they are so few that a single one in a century makes all the wax noses shake for a lifetime—might have advised the President wisely and saved the young gentleman from blundering in this rough rider fashion. It is foresight that the President needs.

The same verdict will be reached regarding the so-called "beef trust." No law or effort of this kind ever made in old Roman times or in our times, could work the righteousness intended by its over-zealous and stupid advocates. Such official interference with the usual methods of commerce always leads to revolution or to failure as in the President's case. Not only this, but as we also remarked in the *MARCH GLOBE*, the Supreme Court will not go on record against the machine.

The canal business, after millions of dollars' worth of stupid Congressional bungling, took a course that any intelligent Congress would have given it from the start. We have not sent any bill to the President or others for the comprehensive advice furnished on this point either. It is so easy to stick the egg on end after some Columbus has shown you the way. But other and similar issues will arise that will demand the wisdom of more independent thought than Roosevelt or his Cabinet have at their disposal, and then—appeal to the Supreme Court, and after months of haggling and months of silly newspaper discussion, just to satisfy the ignorant masses, let the Supreme Court dismiss the case—what are the President and Congress and the Supreme Court for but to throw dust in the eyes of the blind? They do not want to do the right thing, the wise thing, the best thing for all concerned; they want to serve the Oligarchic Coterie and at the same time make it appear—in the newspapers—that they want to serve the people—it is a fine show.

* * * * *

The month of May, always so beautiful in nature, was this year a month of sad and untimely death and of fearful disaster. In one week the Archbishop of New York, Admiral Sampson,

Bret Harte and Frank Stockton, all men of extensive reputation, and all four of them still in the prime of their manhood, were almost suddenly plucked away; and while we were wondering over this sad news, came the heartrending accounts of volcanic eruptions in Martinique and St. Vincent, with various reports of lesser disasters in other parts of the world, the total of the slain being computed at fifty thousand; and the unexpected and unnatural turn and suddenness of the deaths, thus brought about, and the nearness of it all to our own cities, where we dwell in comparative and reckless safety, seemed to cast a pall of darkness as of the shadow of death over one-half the world. At such times how insufferably petty seem most of the cares and botherations about which we daily vex our souls.

I have written a special article on Archbishop Corrigan. In regard to Admiral Sampson, the least said the soonest mended. We must speak only good of the dead. He was not to blame for the political dishonesty that promoted him to honors which his superiors deserved, nor was he to blame for the fact that Admiral Schley won the battle that might have given this political favorite glory; nor was he much to blame for claiming the glory—it was his only chance in this life; nor was he seriously to blame for the brazen persistency with which the *New York Sun* and other hireling journals lied and lied about him and Admiral Schley, and surely he was not to blame for the long-winded and senseless sophistry with which President Roosevelt tried to foist on to his shoulders the glory which belonged to and which will forever adhere to Admiral Schley.

Admiral Sampson appears to have been quite a respectable American citizen, a good officer, though boosted beyond his dues, but as an Admiral in the Spanish-American War—merely a dog fight, as we have called it—he certainly was not favored of the gods of war with any signal success. Let him rest in peace, and very soon he will be forgotten, but Schley and Santiago will live for many a day.

* * * * *

Of Bret Harte we can only say what the world of English culture has said for more than a generation. He was the cleverest and quickest handler of the English language in our age of the world. Edgar Allen Poe had no successor till Bret

Harte came. Harte had not the poetic genius of Poe, though his poetry was widely read and admired by a generation of fools who had learned to call Emerson and Lowell, Eugene Field and other American scribblers, poets, but Bret Harte was the first story-teller we have ever had. Stockton told a good story, too, dainty and airy and winsome, with a faint imitation of the weirdness of Poe's best genius, and the ladies liked him, but Harte learned his lessons of human nature amid the rocks and hills and mines and mining camps of the great West, and grew up among the mutually adoring coterie that first made California immortal; now nearly all gone or ready to go; and his stories told of the quick and to the quick, which Amelie Rives told of the dead—and your commercial yarns of the last decade that constitute the greatest selling books of the period, etc., etc., are simply the plainest mechanic yarns of the commonplace such as this generation appreciates and deserves.

Bret Harte was a genius. His shortest or longest sentences, as well as his characterization, his plots, his whole work breathed the breath of life, of genius. He was more than a serene duck shooter. He was not a hack, like ninety-five per cent. of the newspaper and other hack writers of our day, or like our would-be literary President. Writing was a gift given him of heaven. We thought it simply cleverness and so bought and admired his books or his stories in the newspapers as those of other literary fellows. What I have said of old in noticing his works I say again. He was *more* than the other fellows. But it is useless to talk thus. I have vowed never to do it again. Maurice Egan is the only American of Harte's generation who approaches Harte in the genius of his writing, but here again the tables are turned. Egan writes, or used to write, *exquisite poetry*, but he always wrote commonplace prose. It makes no difference whether his prose would be critical or in the line of fiction. The man's genius is in the very highest and purest range of poetry, but he does not appear to have prose, horse sense enough to know this; yet he would dream of having sense enough to criticise the prose of a man like Father Fabre. Oh, yes, you will get money, young man, and possibly lose your soul.

Inside the line and shadow of a man's genius he is an angel of heaven in proportion to the eternal quality of that genius, but outside of this line and shadow the man is like most other men, and very largely fool.

Egan does not know his own genius; has failed to keep in touch with it, but he can spin you yarns to sell—and write "criticisms" that no true critic respects. It is all the commercialism of the dry rot of our day.

Bret Harte knew his own genius and quietly followed it and used it for the exquisite gratification of the reading world. It was not the most exalted gift the gods can give and do give to mortals, but it was a scimeter of finest edge, and he used it with a deftness known only to those so gifted.

The very best of our story-tellers are tame and dry as dust beside him.

He was an American—a Californian—but he went to live in England many years ago, leaving his household idols behind him. We will not lift the veil. The editors say that spite of his world fame he lived much alone—by and to himself. Went seldom into society, visited only a few near friends. In a word, he could not bear their rough and rude questionings, and so let the crowds go by him. What man of talent has not had to do so? *Au revoir* and *bon voyage* to all these departed. Soon our turn will come.

* * * * *

Of the volcanic disasters and their victims what can we say but this, that while the world is so wide and so fertile in millions and millions of unoccupied acres, why will people persist in choosing for their habitation districts that are known to be volcanic and dangerously so; and when the premonitions come, as they seem to have come in Martinique, why do not people use their plain senses and flee for their lives while yet there is time?

According to newspaper reports many of the women and children were sent away out of possible danger in this case; but if the premonitions of danger were sufficient to deport the women and children, surely they were serious enough to induce the men to flee also. One report declared that many of the inhabitants of Martinique were desperate and wanted to escape for their lives; in fact, that a scientist had reported near danger

to the Governor, but that the authorities placed a cordon of officials at the ports to prevent the departure of the people.

This is a terrible arraignment and one is kept from being severe in denunciation of said officials only by the fact that they paid with their lives, like the rest, for their own daring determination.

It is an old saying, that where there is smoke there must be fire, but when the smoke is black, and burning cinders, and pours from the mouth of a long silent volcanic crater, everybody should have known that the fire was near and most liable to be fearfully dangerous.

Nearly twenty years ago I was hemmed in on the plains of South Dakota by the great flood of the Northern Missouri and its tributary streams. The scenes witnessed in that flood impressed upon my mind more vividly than a thousand sermons could have impressed it, the fact that people should not build their homes on the great bottom lands of our larger or smaller rivers, at least not while there is an acre left in the uplands. This I tried to make plain at the time in local papers.

Martinique and St. Vincent are lessons in the same line, and they are so plain and simple and significant that the plainest man can comprehend them.

The old marks of the floods of ages gone are on the sidehills, below which no home should ever be built. The lava marks of the old volcanoes, from Pompeii to St. Vincent, are plainly visible. Do not cross such Rubicons. Life is not worth the risk, or is too precious for such risks, as you like it. At all events, common prudence indicates that outside and above such lines are the only places of safety.

Of course, officials like to prevent panic among any inhabitants. It may be a part of their official duty, but the instinct of self-preservation, especially when inspired by such landmarks as I have noted, should be respected. And lessons of this kind should be learned without such fearful calamities.

Certain silly people may reply, What is the use of preaching after such disasters? In truth it is the best time to fix a lesson while the world is well scared by a tremendous fact of experience. Were we so inclined we might say, where is the use of your abundant benevolence, the outpouring of your abundant wealth

and your over-stored provisions when the tens of thousands of people who, with a little prudent forethought, might have been and should have been saved, are lying still in death? Will the forty thousand dead wake to your call of kindness? Do they crave or can they stretch forth their hands to touch the food you send? It is a sad, sad story. Of course the few survivors will be glad of your help, and there are always thousands ready and able to help in such hours, but why can we not use our heads, our wealth, our experience to prevent the recurrence of such scenes of death?

Of course, we may, any of us, be caught the same way any day or night in Philadelphia, New York or elsewhere, and I doubt not that one of these days we shall get stronger and unlooked-for responses to our coal mining and oil well digging and boring and farming in Pennsylvania and Texas and elsewhere—responses little dreamed of by the millionaires of to-day, but we have selected our homes where the landmarks are not against us, where every sign and argument favors comparative safety. Still, sites of cities as favorable as New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and others, where great and wonderful cities reared their culture and their crimes from two to three thousand years ago, are now the homes of wild beasts, and no man feels sure of the chatter of our scientific grave-diggers concerning the exact locality; but the poorest fool among us knows that they have perished and gone as a dream.

We have had earthquake rumblings in Philadelphia time and again, and in New York also. Of late the threatening currents seem to be throbbing under the mountains and hills in Colorado and Nebraska, but we need not be so perfectly and Godlessly and ungraciously and ungratefully and atheistically and contemptibly sure that our Steel Trusts, etc., rule the world. The Almighty will make Himself felt once in a while, no matter how strongly you deny Him.

These last suggestions may bring up others that we would guard against. It seems that a half-dozen fool preachers in the city of Baltimore, during the month of May, undertook to preach one Sunday on the volcanic disasters, taking the ground that they were sent of God to punish the wickedness of the West India people. This sort of talk is an insult to God and to the dead.

Were the people of Martinique wickeder than the people of Cuba or of Long Island? There is a Divinity that doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we will. There is a Providence that sees the sparrows fall, and there are great national disasters that seem to indicate grave and inexcusable national crimes, and to be in punishment for such but to single out this Catholic community of Martinique as answering to that charge is alike to show the ignorance and bigotry of the poor, conceited parsons who preached those sermons.

I advise them to go at once to Cardinal Gibbons, or the humblest priest in Baltimore, for instructions in the true teachings of Scripture concerning the judgments of God. The untaught democracy of the Protestant pulpits is itself more like a judgment of heaven.

* * * * *

The State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia have claimed their full share of the world's attention during the past three months. The intellect and the rascality of the State have been taxed to their utmost to find an available and successful candidate for Governor. The volcanic newspapers have been eruptive and firing their usual platitudes of mud and cinders over the already somewhat tarnished name of Senator Quay, while the latter gentleman has been represented by his friends as trying to find a candidate that would unite and harmonize the Republican party and, of course, be the next Governor, and, incidentally, President Roosevelt has been aiding the tarnished gentleman.

At this writing, May 31st, it seems probable that Judge Pennypacker will be the machine or Quay candidate for Governor. Of this choice the *Public Ledger*, of May 16th, had a very sensible leading editorial, in ability quite up to the best old days of the *Ledger*, when it was run by Mr. Childs and Mr. McKean. This editorial took the ground that as Judge Pennypacker was an untarnished citizen and an able man no Republican should object to him simply because he was the choice of Mr. Quay.

A few days previous to this editorial it was publicly announced that the President had conferred some honor upon Mr. George W. Childs Drexel, the present publisher of the *Ledger*.

The *Press* also gradually became gentle in its anti-Quayism,

but not until after the President had chosen Mr. Smith, ex-Post-master-General, to represent the benevolence of the country toward the suffering survivors of Martinique and St. Vincent. So, as we said, the President, in the goodness of his heart, having accepted Mr. Quay as the leading and representative Senator from Pennsylvania, deems it no offense to civilization to help said Senator in his manipulation of the politics of the State.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Big Indian Coal Miner Mitchell has been raising his periodic row over what is called a strike of the hard coal miners of the State, with efforts to involve the miners of soft coal and hard coal in other States, and in utter disregard of what seems to me to be the best interests of the miners themselves and of the public generally. It is certainly time that some halt was called upon such everlasting fools as Coal Miner Mitchell & Co. My sympathies and the sympathies of the public are with any just claims the actual miners may make, but every intelligent man in the country has a profound contempt for such walking delegates as the former Powderly and the extant Mitchell.

Latest statistics show that just such needless strikes as this present one of Coal Miner Mitchell & Co. force an average annual loss of wages upon the miners of about \$50,000,000.

Manufacturers and operators forced into these conflicts by the ignorant and rascally political and other ambitions of such fools as Mitchell also lose heavily, but they can better stand it. They can raise the price of the commodities usually produced by them, and they draw a certain interest on their banked capital during such strikes. Mitchell & Co. are largely robbers of the poor.

I am not discussing the claims of the strikers in the present case. Some of them were unreasonable and meant only to force a fight and bring Mitchell & Co. into public prominence, and this is the phase of it that has to be considered. Indeed, these walking delegates have uncovered their hands.

On May 28th the newspapers stated that a committee of three men, representing the Pennsylvania coal strikers, waited upon Governor Stone and made him understand that if he responded to an appeal from the coal operators and sent the military to the disaffected regions, they, the coal miners, would make him

and his party feel it to the extent of about 80,000 votes in the coming elections. This I consider revolutionary and full of bluff of the kind known as blackmail or threatening. More than thirty years ago I wrote that after a while we should see our Governors and Presidents running like tail-piped dogs at the swish of the scavenger's broom. But if you give your Mitchells power you must look for the rough tyranny of slaves. These are the Anarchists to guard against, but no Congress dares do it.

* * * * *

Mr. John Wanamaker and THE GLOBE REVIEW have been trying for several years to convince the world that Philadelphia, spite of its quiet habits and its *dry* Sunday, was in many ways the wickedest city in the country. Recent facts bear out the assertion. Of mere highwaymen, like Croker, Quay & Co., we expect little but Fallstaffian methods of plunder. But when we enter the pious schoolboards and directorates of a pious city like this city of William Penn & Co., and above all, when we enter the precincts of the cultured circle of its public school teachers, we expect some show of honesty and refinement. "Blessed are them as 'spects little, 'cause them is the ones what won't be disappointed."

Detailed accounts have been given in the newspapers of one Johnson, and doubtless there have been several of him, who act as go-betweens and reconcilers of the City Fathers and especially the lady public school teachers. Miss A wants a position as teacher. The officials advise her to see Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Johnson assures her that she can have the position for so much cash. Miss A has no cash, but she has an uncle, or a gentleman friend called an uncle, who will put up the cash. Miss A can have a better position for more cash. Miss A's gentleman friend advances the cash. Mr. Johnson pockets the cash—sharing, of course, with his pals, the City Fathers. Multiply this \$70.00, paid by Miss A's uncle, by the number of public school teachers in the City of Philadelphia, and remember that vacancies are constantly occurring and that the general number is constantly increasing, remembering all the while the incidental damages liable to occur to the morals of all parties concerned, and you have a state of advanced and advancing financial and moral prosperity about equal to the worst quarter of the

Tenderloin in New York City. Civilization! Why, Philadelphia has civilization and money and morals to burn, and they never will be missed.

There is ample food for reflection in these three texts, and were it worth while we could write a book on this Pennsylvania trinity of perdition, but where is the use?

June 11th, Mr. Quay's man, Judge Pennypacker, was nominated for Governor, and it is understood that the defeated man, Elkin, and his lieutenant, the Editor-in-Chief of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*—both of them ungrateful renegades—have concluded to go to Wanamaker's Bethany Sunday-school to study "the new politics."

Coal Miner Mitchell has already given up more than half of the claims he induced the miners to strike for and will soon be submerged. What are political bosses and mine operators good for if they cannot down such men as Elkin and Mitchell?

The female public school teachers of Philadelphia will not have to pay as much ready cash to secure positions in the immediate future as they have had to pay in the past, and the man Johnson is about to join Neely and Rathbone in a new crusade against Sunday saloons.

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Subscribers—especially those in arrears—will please notice that their subscriptions are *live*, and arrears, by law, collectible until the subscriber orders subscription discontinued and until arrears are paid. The fact that we have not always enforced our claims must not be interpreted as if we had not the right to do so. Quite a number of our subscribers are generous and in advance with their remittances, while others seem to be careless and neither just nor generous; but we often let the tares grow on and go on with the wheat, and sometimes, after many years, the unjust seem to grow just and generous all at once. So the evening-up process goes on and we manage to live and have many reasons to be thankful.

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The only despicable feature in connection with the close of the Anglo-African settlement of peace was the Irish M. P. who sat stolid, stubborn and contemptible amid the general rejoicing. He never ceased to snarl from beginning to end of the war. He and his representatives in America constantly misrepresented the situation to the detriment of the British, and all of

them were too stupid and selfish to rejoice when peace actually came.

They are a queer crowd. The stay-at-home specimens send their representatives to this country to organize Land Leagues, Gaelic Clubs, etc., etc., with murder at the heart of each organization, and certain Bishops, Archbishops and mouthing gutter-snipe orators are always ready to advance the interests of such lawless undertakings, and when the English Government takes steps to prevent this Irish brigandage from cutting English throats, said orators are always ready to excuse or even applaud their sly and murderous countrymen, but peace is not in their make-up. God pity the Irish and give them some decent honesty.

* * * * *

On Wednesday, June 11th, I received from our poet, Mr. Grey, the article in this issue entitled "Dogmatism of the Infallible Church," and though it reflects somewhat upon my article in the March GLOBE entitled "Is Christianity the Absolute Religion?" and, as seems to me, misses the true position and spirit of that article, which has been largely quoted from since the March issue, still Mr. Grey's paper is so clear, so orthodox and so kindly that I gladly make room for it in the GLOBE. I think we want to emphasize Christ and practical morality a little more; the Church, its dogma and numerous devotions a little less. Mr. Grey dwells with more satisfaction in the accepted terminology of the Church. Let us try to be full of charity toward all men, in honor preferring one another.

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Friends of THE GLOBE REVIEW will please notice—we employ no agents or canvassers. We urge no one to subscribe, and we offer no premiums, believing that THE GLOBE is good enough without premiums.

We send out from fifty to one hundred copies of each issue as specimen numbers, and those who receive THE GLOBE without having subscribed for it are thus politely invited to become subscribers. Now, as when we began, we know no law save the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, and we try to make our work square with these.

NOTE.—The editor does not hold himself responsible for the personal opinions of writers for this magazine. He believes that a certain amount of liberty must be allowed writers in order that they may express themselves with natural force and interest; and as long as they give their names and hold themselves responsible, that is enough. It is an age of freedom. All but slaves are free. Let it also be an age of charity.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XLVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

OTHER CRITICS CRITICISED.

As I opened the *Globe* Notes of the last issue with references to various letters more or less complimentary that came in on the fifth day after the day of publication of the previous issue, so I open this issue with a broadside of praise and blame from a priest who requests that his name be not given, but who sufficiently defines himself; a priest whom I have never seen and whose criticism reached me on the *fifth* day after the June issue.

There may be something mysterious in this recurrence of the fifth day. I did not design to make it famous. I believe I called my first book of poems, "Quintets;" but the fool critics, not noticing that a large majority of the poems were composed of *five* verses or stanzas, directly abused me for calling the book by such a name. Poor book, poor author and poor fool critics! How do we manage to live together? And there is an old saying about the *fifth* of November, you will please to remember; and the *fifth* in music, is it harmony or discord? At all events there are *fifths* in history may yet awaken the dead! But here is our critic and his burning words:

"Mr. Thorne criticised by one his best friends, a priest. THE GLOBE REVIEW is the only publication that I read, and I read in it only the articles written by its editor. It is also the only periodical or journal of any kind that I ever subscribe for, and now, being unable to pay the subscription, Mr. Thorne sends me THE GLOBE free.

"For years I have received a great number of papers and magazines—complimentary—and a great many sample copies

of almost everything usually sent to priests. I have long since found out that they are all Organs of the World, the Flesh and the Devil; for the most part, I think, without knowing it, because the so-called 'Catholic papers' are the worst; not having truth for a standard and not having wit enough to make them amusing. I have for fifteen years past used them for waste paper. They still come, in great numbers. Of course I used to read them, or should never have opened the sample copy of *THE GLOBE* sent me many years ago, just when I was so sick of milk-and-water articles that I had concluded never to open another sample. So I used it as a window-prop for nearly a year, when the wrapper gave way. Some words of an article attracted my attention—and I have read it eagerly ever since. I consider Mr. Thorne the deepest, ablest and most charitable writer of the English language to-day, and that he has the widest and clearest view of the fundamental Truth of God and of Christ of any man living.

"Yet I hold that he is entirely mistaken on quite a number of important points, which I shall mention later on.

"That his opinions are not all correct only proves the truth of his own words: 'That no one man can be master of every subject.'

"His article on Reciprocity in the June issue, 1902, is a master-piece from first to last and his doctrine of Free Trade the only solution and cure for all difficulties that this subject is connected with.

"But in that very article, on page 118, he says, 'I may be wrong. But if I am wrong, Jesus Christ is wrong.' This is as much as saying that Jesus Christ *may* be wrong. Mr. Thorne did not mean his words to mean this. It was only a 'Lapsus Pennae.' But in other issues he has repeated statements in which the whole teaching of the Catholic Church *as such* is against him.

"First, he says that Protestant ministers who join the Catholics are 'not Laymen' and should be allowed to preach. I agree with him that the Church would do well to use them for preachers; for God knows that most of them are better men than we priests; not only better preachers than the average Catholic priest, but such of them as Mr. Thorne, as Father Faber, outshine entirely the bright lights of the

Church. Nevertheless, they are Laymen, pure and simple, until they receive some kind of Holy Orders from the successors of St. Peter, viz.: some real Bishop of the Catholic Church.

"Second, Mr. Thorne holds that a marriage contracted before a Justice, between a Catholic and an unbaptized person, without a dispensation from the Church, is valid. In other words, either that the Church *can not* or *has not* made this an 'Impedimentio Dirimens.' Mr. Thorne certainly believes that Christ could make impediments. He would die, I am sure, for this Faith. But the Church is Christ's mouth-piece, no matter how corrupt its members, its Priests or its Prelates—or even its Popes. It has the exact same power as Christ had Himself.

"Third, Mr. Thorne says that desertion, persisted in, frees the deserted party, so that said party can marry again. This put into practice would simply do away with marriage as a Sacrament, and allow Free Love, or rather Free Lust, to take its place.

"Finally, Mr. Thorne says that a marriage of two Catholics contracted before a Protestant minister is null and void as a Sacrament *because it is a sacrilege*; while the Church teaches that it is a sacrilege, *precisely because it is a Sacrament*. A sacrilege being the abuse of a sacrament, if the sacrament were not there, there could be no abuse of the same. If I consecrate in a state of mortal sin, the act is a sacrilege; but the consecration is valid, the sacrament is there, is actually produced there, *Validly*, though *Illicitly*. If I baptize or absolve in a state of mortal sin, in every case I commit a great sin and a sacrilege, but the act is valid.

"I believe Mr. Thorne to be a very great, a very good man, probably a saint; and I almost worship his ability and his clear view of truth on all the many subjects he has so thoroughly studied. But he either has not taken a real course of the Catholic Theology of Matrimony, or else he has missed the main point, viz.: that the effect of an act does not come from the virtue of the minister 'ex opere operantis,' but straight from God 'ex opere operato.'

"We priests and prelates *should* be as smart, and as saintly too, as good dear Mr. Thorne, but alas, we are neither.

"But the Church proper is never wrong, never can be wrong;

and the acts of her representatives are valid, so long as they have been properly ordained, no matter how bad or stupid they may be as men."

My critic's first point is weakly taken. As I believe in the divinity of Christ, hence certainly in His infallibility, my statement simply could not be "as much as saying that Jesus Christ may be wrong." It was simply the use of an impossible negative to show the folly of those who opposed the teaching of the Golden Rule—in commerce, in politics or in private life. Don't read your own imaginations into my words!

In this connection it may be well to refer to the critic's final point. Mr. Thorne has never, under any circumstances, "missed the main point" of this or of any subject he has ever treated. Mr. Thorne believes as thoroughly as his critic that the validity of the acts of a priest or a prelate does not depend upon the virtue or vice of said ecclesiastic, but inheres in the act by virtue of the ordination of the actor. Mr. Thorne also believes in the infallibility of the final word of the Church as expressed *ex cathedra* by the Pope and again regardless of the moral or immoral life of the Pope. Mr. Thorne is a Catholic and has said enough—and, if you will forgive this little slip, has suffered enough—to prove it. In your great charity be a little patient withal.

My critic's second point is not effective. I have never said that Protestant ministerial converts were "not laymen" from the ecclesiastical standpoint of the Catholic Church. I know better. Have had experience. And I have never advocated their preaching except as especially ordained to the work by duly appointed Catholic authority. I preach a heap, myself,—but I call it lay preaching—see? But, speaking in the abstract and absolute, they are not "*laymen pure and simple,*" but laymen and *more*. A Protestant ordination is not a Catholic ordination, but it is an ordination all the same, with a divine meaning in it. Look into that, Mr. Priest!

In regard to my critic's third point, touching the marriage question—and that of marriage by or before a Justice, or without any Justice, parson or what not, Mr. Thorne simply says what the Church says that the parties to the contract or the Sacrament of Marriage—the man and the woman consenting thereto, agreeing thereto and living in confirmation of their

agreement are the main, in fact the only necessary parties to the contract or sacrament. A Justice is simply a witness thereto. A priest is simply a witness thereto. The parties—anywhere and everywhere—after the manner of the Quakers, really *marry themselves*. And that when such a marriage takes place and is confirmed in life, it is binding for life; till broken by some act recognized as validly breaking it; and all this regardless of the question of baptism or religious belief of any kind.

Mr. Thorne holds that the "Pauline Privilege," so-called, is not a privilege at all; but that Paul simply states a natural law of action and distinctly says, however, that in this particular case it is he, Paul, alone, and not God who is speaking.

Mr. Thorne agrees with Paul, and, as far as he can discover, the Church is not yet infallibly decided as to whether Paul was right or wrong. But every priest talks like the Almighty when said priest says anything on the subject; and the only infelicity in this case is that there is but *one* Almighty, and the priests differ so constantly that there is some difficulty in deciding which dominie is the real Simon pure.

Mr. Thorne holds and has shown that the various teachings of the various representatives of the Church on this point are not up to this date a unity; are not an *ex cathedra* utterance; but every priest thinks he knows enough about God and every question of moral and social life to justify him in calling "a layman pure and simple" a heretic. "Speak for yourself, John!"

Let him remember the windows in his own shanty or palace and he may be less inclined to throw stones.

Marriage existed before the Christian priesthood or baptism, and the latter can not change its inherent nature and obligations no matter who says to the contrary.

Finally Mr. Thorne never said "that a marriage of two Catholics contracted before a Protestant minister is null and void;" but that it was not ecclesiastical and that therefore the Ecclesia had no right to treat it with ecclesiastical law. In truth, such a marriage—like every other, Quaker, Catholic, Protestant, or merely civil—is as binding as anything human can be. And the only essentially sacramental element, validity or virtue in it, is in this,—that the two parties to the contract each

in his and her soul offers the body and soul of each, hence of both, a living, bloodless sacrifice upon the altar of marital love:—so that, in fact and absolutely, neither one of the two henceforth belongs to himself or herself, but each to the other. This, also, in such sense that no longer are they two, but one flesh and one soul, and to make the sacrifice perfect and divine the one united soul and body belongs to God; the completion and end of all marriage and all life finding its solution and its perfect joy in Him.

And neither Catholic priests nor Catholic lay people need dream for a moment that they alone control this immortal sacrifice and unity of the male and female in the divine Being.

I accept all the declared, *ex cathedra* dogmas of the Church—Credo—and that settles the matter. In all other questions and matters I hold myself as free as God or any Pope to judge for myself as to what is right and what is wrong. Moreover I have given my life to understand these things, and I am not disposed to be dictated to by every whipper-snapper who wears ecclesiastical robes.

Often enough these sacred gentlemen have tried to damn me as a heretic because I have called in question certain so-called Catholic beliefs and practices. But as far as I know I have never doubted or called in question a single *ex cathedra* utterance of the Church and I do wish the boys would give me a rest and a little peace. It is well known to all students of history, Catholic and Protestant, that there have been many commitments of Councils that have never been pronounced as Catholic dogmas by papal infallibility and some that have been flatly contradicted by such authority. Let us adhere to the essentials and not damn each other over non-essentials.

I am always ready to learn and always glad to learn a broader truth, any truth, from any priest or man or child; but come to me with your ecclesiastical dictation even in the guise of humility and I shall raise your cassocks and discover the cloven hoofs of Satan, no matter who you are.

No writer honors the true authority of the Church more sincerely than I. It is the voice of God to our modern world.

I have never denied the validity of any act of any ecclesiastic because the perpetrator thereof might have been immensely unworthy as a man. In an elaborate review of Alexander VI's

treatment of Savonarola I have taught just the contrary. But every Judas gets his deserts, besides the thirty pieces of silver; and I am not in the business of pandering to ecclesiastical robbers or fools.

About six months ago the author of the present criticism sent me a communication on the marriage question which I published and which showed plainly enough, by his own statements, that he differed substantially with his fellow priests and that they differed among themselves on many points which each one of them considered essential to Catholic orthodoxy. But the very fact of their divergent views is in evidence that there is no Catholic orthodoxy in the case—else there would be no divergent views.

I am not trying to shape my views or teachings to the chameleon or hydrosopic views of the individual priesthood. My views on the subject were shaped nearly a half century ago and I have seen no need of changing them.

Start with any proposition you please—"Marriage is a divine institution. You can argue till doomsday on this proposition alone. Then dip a little into the facts of actual Catholic and other marriages for the last four thousand years and you will be as divided at the dawn of doomsday as you are now. But certainly marriage is a divine institution, quite as often made devilish by Catholic marriages as by others. Still the general proposition holds and no sane and well-informed man presumes to deny it.

Again—Marriage is a Sacrament of the Church. Better say that the Church has declared marriage as one of her sacraments. But marriage was a sacrament before the Church existed. The church did not make it a sacrament. The Church simply appropriated its essential, sacramental nature and qualities and called it one of her sacraments.

Nobody quarrels with her or with the essential sacramental nature of the act and fact of marriage. At least, I do not.

It does not take a priest and a church and some formal ecclesiastical ceremony to make each new marriage a sacrament. Its nature was established ages before the Church was born. And the ministers to each new sacrifice of marriage are not the priests or the ceremonies of the Church but the parties to the sacrifice, as we have said.

I accept both propositions—that marriage is a divine institution and that it is a sacrament. The real trouble between me and my critics is that I hold the matter too sacredly for their comprehension. Let them study my teachings, before flying and flaring up on their clumsy, ecclesiastical wings to call me a heretic.

The famous Parkhurst-Reid case which has been filling the newspapers the past three months with its sin on the one side and its infallibly contradictory and uncharitable so-called Catholic rulings and comments on the other may give point to our concluding remarks on this theme:

“Marie Jennings Reid, a Catholic, some years ago was married by Archbishop Chapelle to Frederic H. Parkhurst, a Unitarian, not baptized. Later they were divorced. Mrs. Parkhurst was then civilly married to Prince Rospigliosi, in Rome. Attention was recently called to the case by the refusal of the Cardinal Vicar of Rome to permit a nun to act as nurse to the pseudo-Princess during her illness, on the ground that her marriage to the Prince is not recognized.”

Beginning with the end of this statement we have to remark in the first place that the Cardinal Vicar of Rome while acting entirely within the laws of the Church in this case acted, in our judgment, without one particle of Christian charity. To nurse even the vilest sinner is not beneath the dignity or purity of a nun. But doubtless the Cardinal Vicar of Rome would have damned and exiled without any nursing various women whom Jesus Christ forgave and saved. This is too often a fault of modern representatives of the Church. In order to stand four square with what they conceive to be orthodox faith they will kick the very heart of Christ into the gutter and walk proudly as if doing God service.

As to the case itself—Mrs. Jennings Reid Parkhurst, etc., on deserting her husband, stealing his child and seeking and obtaining a divorce from him, on any other than the one cause named in the Scriptures made herself *defacto* an outlaw and an outcast from all ecclesiastical law and society or the protection of such, and had no right to expect any service from or recognition by the Church until she had repented of the sin committed and had performed such reparation and penance as the Church had or might have duly prescribed.

Every Catholic must take this view of her case, and ninety-nine out of every one hundred Protestants in the land would say likewise. This is a very clear case of non-Catholic and anti-Catholic action, to be righted only as described.

At the same time the woman doubtless had her grievances. We must not judge her too severely. The unspiritual and infernal spirit of the age, especially as regards the marriage problem, aided her in her wrong actions, and she must in fact be thought of with kindest charity. Furthermore, though an outcast from the ecclesia she is perfectly respectable as regards the marriage laws of the land, and whether outcast or respectable, there is no churchman so holy or so great that he has a moral right to refuse her the comfort of a nun to nurse her.

Now let us touch upon Mr. Parkhurst. His case is the only one about which the Church can have two opinions. If Parkhurst as an unbaptized man and simply a member of civil society cared to marry again, I hold that being a deserted husband, and not only deserted, but by the laws of the land made free; and spite of the fact that his wife was a Catholic, *is free*; that is, free in every sense, and that no Cardinal, Bishop or Priest has any right, moral, theological or philosophical to say whether or not *he* shall marry again. I say still further that this wife proved her infidelity or unbelief by her action of desertion and by getting a divorce and then by remarrying; and that such action on her part is of infinitely deeper consideration than the question whether or not she was ever baptized. I hold that action in such case outweighs the fact or no fact of baptism and that she ended and destroyed by her recreant action, *de facto* and *de jure* whatever of sacrament there might have been in her wedding, that she put the wedding on purely a legal or civil basis, and when the law at her request, added its sanction to her desertion, *the deserted man was doubly free*. I hold still further that if Parkhurst should, as he intended, ever become a Catholic, said action of his in this regard could not and should not re-enslave him to the shadow of his wife's crime, or curtail his absolute freedom.

This is my understanding of the so-called *Pauline Privilege*, and I refer to it here because to my certain knowledge a similar case when recently brought before the late Archbishop

of New York and his perfidious defender of the marriage bond—was decided against the Parkhurst in that case. And as the case in question was and is a case that the world will hear of again, I want my Catholic brethren and especially the priests to weigh well the point in question. Study not only the theology of the Church on it but the theology of eternal righteousness according to the moral laws of God in Christ Jesus. Which in fact is the only theology that I care for.

In truth the case submitted to the Archbishop in question, and on which I have spoken now and again and have been criticised therefore, was still plainer and more simple.

In that case two Protestants—"pagans," who supposed that they had been baptised were duly married by a Protestant clergyman. Later the wife twice deserted her husband and abducted their children. In the first case the husband asserted his right to the children, the deserting wife repented, was forgiven and returned to her duty, and other children were born. Later the wife again deserted the husband and abducted and secreted the children and finally procured a divorce. In this case the husband was of course free in the law to marry again. He did not marry for many years, but made repeated efforts toward reconciliation, all of which were declined. These efforts were made in each case because of the husband's hatred for divorce and because of his solemn view of marriage, as of God, and divine. Later the husband became a Catholic and was inclined to marry again. Search being made it was found that there was no record of the baptism of either party to the original marriage contract and the testimony in view of every priest consulted and of more than one bishop was that the husband had an undoubted right to marry again. The case was submitted to the astute ecclesiastical boobies of the Archdiocese of New York and their united decision was that as "proof of non-baptism of said parties was unsatisfactory, dispensation could not be granted."

This I have quoted before and I dare any priest or man to contradict my words.

Various priests urged the gentleman in question to appeal the case to Martinelli or to Rome—but the gentleman simply remarked that if one ecclesiastic and his advisers could be such fools and fool imbeciles he was too busy to consult others,

and so dismissed the case, acting as a wise bishop had previously advised and consented to his doing—"according to his own conscience," and that man has done with ecclesiastical red tape till the judgment day. Criticise as you will, gentlemen.

I dwell in and rest in the great essential verities and creeds of the Church. In the last *GLOBE* I published a communication from another dear soul who seemed and seems anxious about Mr. Thorne's orthodoxy. He advises a course in devotion as the present critic advises a course in theology. The dear, innocent boys! As if I had not taken courses in theology and in devotion and in humility and in obedience before said youngsters were born. Pardon this! The boys force me to be personal.

Mr. Grey dilated on Athanasius and the Athanasian creed. I am ready to wager that I had learned and imbibed that creed before he was born. The Athanasian creed is a stumbling-block and a laughing-stock to many sincere and earnest Christian minds. They would have been with the majority in the good Saints' day. I never saw a flaw or an obstacle in said creed. To me it was plain sailing more than forty years ago and a beautiful, simple and lucid definition of Christian faith. It is not any better since I became a Catholic than it was before.

One trouble is that my dear and anxious critics have learned their theology in Church Latin and know only the terminology of the Church, while I express my convictions in my own language at first hand, out of my own concepts and have no need of their terminology—absolutely no need of it whatever.

So in regard to marriage. One excellent priest wrote me that I would marry "according to my own lust" regardless of the Church; and when I protested, he frankly admitted that "*love and lust were synonymous*" in his vocabulary. Shall I shape my language to his vocabulary or teach him simply that he plainly does not know what he is talking about and that before criticising me he needs to take a new course in life, in morals, in philosophy and above all to get a new vocabulary.

Let us test his theory, in a word. "God is love"—read it, God is Lust—are these synonymous? No priest and no millions of priests can change the primal and eternal facts of

nature. "Little children," *lust* "one another." How beautiful that sounds! "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have—lust—one for another." It has been said that "Love is the law of knowledge." Read it, "Lust is the law of knowledge," and how lovely it sounds! You are at once in the precincts of the famous 400 and of all the menageries of the damned. Oh, yes, priests are dear, good, overworked, self-sacrificing men,—God bless them!—but what they *do not* know about some of the finesses of human loving and spiritual lives would fill the Vatican library!

The same priest wrote me that pagan and Protestant meant the same thing; and that for a Catholic to marry a Protestant was simply for him to marry a pagan.

What constitutes a Christian? I am not speaking now of morality. Do not Catholics teach that baptism is the outward sign of invisible grace? Did not that wiseacre young Dutchman, Preuss, of St. Louis, teach us, not long ago, that he had just made a Christian out of a pagan, when he had simply had his new baby baptized? For the sake of the argument—silly as the proposition is,—let us admit the proposition. Does not the Church of England hold precisely the same notion and teach it in its catechism? At all events it did so when I learned its catechism fifty odd years ago. Does not the Catholic Church hold that baptism is valid, regardless of the instrument performing the act? And of course it must be so as far as there is any validity in it at all. Well, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists,—all the great sects of Protestantism—believe in and practice baptism; though the Baptists, and sometimes the other sects, defer the act till conviction and full church membership are attained,—just as the Roman Catholic Church used to do in Saint Jerome's day. Yet, according to my critics, it was Athanasius and God against the world in the old days; and in these days a good baptized Protestant is a pagan all the same! It is simply baby talk, without sense or logic or philosophy in it. Let us cease to be children and learn to be men. I had no desire to bring up this subject again.

As regards the deplorable morality or the utter lack of it among so many tens of thousands of professing and "practical" Catholics in our own day, my critics take the ground of all

their predecessors in hyper-orthodoxy in the Church and say "Don't bother about that. Let the tares grow with the wheat, both together, until the harvest." Now I say precisely the same, with this addition. Let the slipping, sliding, half-taught or wrongly taught, quasi-orthodox doubters of faith,—or of certain half-defined or poorly defined or imperfectly defined so-called dogmas of faith—let these also grow up side by side with the four-square and well-trimmed shibboleth-swingers of the cavillings of ancient creed-makers, and don't damn them *instantly* because they do not see truth with your dull, old spectacles! *See?*

Why, it might take a conscientious man all his life to be sure of heaven from your dogmatic standpoint, whereas thousands of "practical Catholics," drunkards, murderers, liars, and proverbial thieves, sail on and on, without lifting their soiled garments, into the paradise of God.

I am not pleading against any sinner. I am sinner enough, myself. As Goethe once said, "I suppose I have purposed doing, at some time in my life, every dastardly thing the vilest criminals have ever committed." That I have not committed them all is not my fault nor much to my credit:—nor yours, your Grace! nor yours, Mgrs. the Cardinals! nor the Popes!

No, no! I am not for being more severe on the sinner in or out of the Church. I would not condemn myself; but I favor and I plead for a more liberal interpretation of the so-called sin of aesthetic, artistic, literary and finely shaded possible heterodoxy—see? Not that I am heterodox I do not admit that to any man, priest or bishop or other till he has proven his proposition. My faith is better than my life and so is yours, your Grace or your Lordship or Rev. Father.

Do not worry about my orthodoxy. "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." Mind your own business, attend to your own devotions and mayhap the good and merciful God will forgive us all and treat us infinitely better than we deserve.

I believe in the Athanasian and in all the creeds and essential dogmas of the Church, as I have said, but I consider that man a pretty good Christian who says, out of the abundant gladness of his soul; of Jesus, as Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

That I consider saving faith. I do not consider it essential that a man shall know anything about the Arian controversy, or any recent controversy, of the various factions of the Church of God. And though I admit the need of asserting and defining the real dogmas of the Church as opposed to their corresponding heresies, I think we have made too much of those dogmas and of the Church and not enough of the actual and ever-present spiritual presence of Christ Himself. We have built a barbed wire fence—corral, so to speak,—about the blessed Christ and have made it difficult for men to believe in and rest in Him; whereas God gave Him into the world to make the way of salvation plain and easy. And, as I take it, when He, Christ, said “straight is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life.” He had reference to the compellent and exquisite moral virtues of a truly Christian life, and not at all to the piled-up details of dogma and the scores of personal devotions with which the Church has encumbered the way to the holy Christ of God.

Try to understand what I am trying to teach you, dear friends, and do not fly at me screaming like green parrots, as if I were teaching you something wrong.

Somebody has recently said that all the Roman Church needed to make it capitivating was a little real spiritual religion. Do not think you have it all or know it all, but ask the Holy Spirit now and then to lead you, the heart of you, into all truth.

Of course the criticism of the Church just referred to is harsh and unjust.

Indeed when I remember her glorious record of virtue, self-sacrifice and victory I am inclined with the most ultra ultra-montane to herald only her praises. When I remember the countless hosts of angelic white-robed, virgin nuns that she has won and reared for the service of Christ and humanity; when I recall the tens of thousands of learned, saintly and devoted priests that she has won for Christ and the ministry of His Church and the service of the higher life of mankind; when I remember that, in our own day and even in Protestant communities, the Catholic Church is crowded from two to five times every Sunday with faithful and devoted worshippers, while the Protestant churches are slimly attended by a few restless and very undevout pew holders; and when I recall the

fact that in the Catholic churches the world over, rich and poor meet and kneel side by side without conflict in face of the divine Presence on the altar, I say, with the most uncomplaining uncritical children, surely these altars are the very gateways to heaven, and these churches, in very fact, temples of the living God. But when I turn to the domestic and social life of these same thousands of Catholic devotees and find that at home and in commercial and social affairs tens of thousands of them are the veriest shrews and inexcusable culprits I may be pardoned if, in humility, I suggest that perhaps a little more emphatic insistence upon the cleanliness, the proprieties, the duties and amenities of private and domestic life, preached from the pulpit and by the religious press instead of the perpetual self-laudation we are now used to, might possibly, by and under the grace of God, bring about some improvement in the practical morality of the world.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

A SLEEP WALKER.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," were the words that naturally often came to the minds of those who observed the phenomena here described.

A student of strong physique and excellent abilities and regular moral life was the somnambulist. The sleep walking became more frequent after a couple of years in college, entered at about seventeen. In the morning there was often a half drowsiness; once, at least, he fell asleep at an examination, and surprised the examiner by leaving but few answers, in one of his best studies, mathematics. But generally the "sleep" came on in the evening, or in the early hours of the morning after some hours of real sleep in bed.

His first discovery of his other self, was noticing that when waking in his chair during the night, where as he thought, he had fallen asleep, his boots were often muddy. And he used often to walk at night, as his friends found; sometimes falling into this trance when with them; and then turning round, and

going off, away from the road toward home: Nor could he be induced to continue his wished for waking path. Pulling was of no use; once, when younger, he had been shoved, not to say kicked home; but no waking. He could not be awaked; neither cold sponges, nor titillating about availed. Pole vaulting, dumb-bells he would practice, o' rainy night; sit on a roof whistling, with legs dangling over. No danger seemed to be round him; though one night he woke up, fishing rod in hand, sitting on a breakwater.

He had other occupations, as playing cards, sitting down by himself, but allowing others to join; yet unable to judge of the game or to discuss, as when awake. Once the ace of trumps was purposely taken from a played trick, and produced in triumph at the close. This only half irritated or puzzled; and he seized all the cards, in which he knew there was some disturbing force and flung them in a heap.

Draughting work, following his student occupations filled up many hours of trances; and he continued the making out of a great street advertisement for a college entertainment only, the conversation was in German. Now that was one unchanging characteristic. He spoke volubly in the trance, but always in German; the which with great energy and determination he used waking to read and speak with friends who had been mastering it likewise. In fact, gradual change from German to English was a sign that the trance was going, the two languages mingling, and English flowing out with the moment of awakening. Even with those who could not understand English, he would speak nothing but the trance tongue; sometimes not knowing those present, but sometimes knowing them, and showing great dislike to have any present but a chosen few; as if he were conscious of some infirmity.

The strangest thing is that he would try to hide from his waking self letters which in his trance he wrote, and to which he received answers, bringing with them drugs. These he would put away. But if in trance he found them, he would hide them from himself, nor could he when awake find them again. And he cared nothing for them when awake.

But when in trance this was his weird occupation. In the night he would make his way to the laboratory, and there with his eyes seemingly almost shut—and when sleep-walking and

acting they seemed altogether shut, as a rule—he would get his spirit lamp to work, choose his bottles (just fingering prussic acid, he was seen once), and prepare this drug, which he ate then with all the greed of an eater of opium. He used to devise schemes to get us away; but after a time would mount up, and on a high shelf rummage in a bottle: there hidden under excelsior packing stuff would be the green concoction. We seized him once to prevent his eating it; he struggled and fought, till collar and tie were torn off; but he managed to swallow some of what he craved for. After a time, the pleasure feeling seemed followed by cold or pain, and then he inhaled quantities of ether, bringing drowsiness and rest. Another night the door of his room was fastened, and he fought and even besought with tearful voice—he most independent, self-mastered, and almost scornful of weakness, when in his right mind—to be allowed to get out to the laboratory. At last, he darted to an old cupboard, and diving down to the bottom of some old clothes, out of a waistcoat pocket brought the green stuff, ate and seemed satisfied.

An old sea captain from Germany seems first to have told the boy of these strange delights, now known to him only in the trance. Or did the very smell of this induce the trance? For once, when a friend had some of the seized drug in his pocket, the 'sleep' seemed to come on the victim; and he gave chase to the more nimble possessor, over bed and chairs; and all this while fast asleep. Or if not fast, yet with some senses shut—Jekyll present, Hyde away.

There was a difference indeed between the two sleeps. For once, getting in at a window during trance, he fell fast asleep, when partly through, and lay there sack like for a minute. Then woke half way, or to his half self, as one possessed; not so much Lady Macbeth like doing the effects of watching, effects of watching past; but rather, Dr. Manette like, living another life—whose?—unthought of, and in his case unpracticed before, and but vaguely apprehended when he was restored to be the man we knew.

And all suddenly the change came sometimes. Once when playing almost affectionately with a friend, his eyes they shrunk in his head,

Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with something of malice, and more of dread,

he looked askance, and then, quick as a flash, drew an open pocket knife, as if, for the most unfriendly act, which only as quick a catching of his wrist prevented.

What bearing has such a story on responsibility for 'some murders—"waking, no such matter"? Or on suicides? As an estimable old man, who when dying from a throat wound by his own hand, could just write the word 'mad'; a rush of blood to the head having seemingly taken away self-control. And the patient of these remarks often seemed to have the forehead overheated or flushed.

W. F. P. STOCKLY.

CHRISTIAN THEISM.

The problem of the origin, nature and destiny of man and the practical demand for a philosophical background to moral, legal and political relations have led men of all eras to formulate or adopt world theories of existence and evolution and man's relation thereto.

Man being by nature religious has usually looked on the constant changes in the dualism of the universe as motion towards an end, and as a corollary to that proposition has imputed the order, harmony and beauty manifest there to a divine agency.

This idea of God innate in human nature co-ordinate with the idea of self as the effect has been perfected by revelation and has been amplified and shown to have validity by various proofs gathered from nature, history and human life.

The first of these proofs declares that every new thing and every change in a previously existing thing must have a cause pre-existing and sufficient. The universe consists of a system of changes. Therefore the universe must have a cause exterior and anterior to itself. An endless series of effects supported by no absolute cause is infinitely less rational than any single uncaused effect. The mind can rest only when it has reached an absolute first cause,

The second argument for the existence of God is as follows: Design or the adaptation of means to effect an end implies the exercise of intelligence and free choice. Therefore the first

cause must have been a personal spirit. Cosmos cannot come from chaos without a director and guide.

The moral proof is based on the fact that man is a religious being; that there runs through progress an absolute moral law; that the incongruity between virtue and happiness requires an all good and an all powerful being who can harmonize them. A combination of these proofs offers a strong probability, if not a certainty, of God's reality.

Attempts have been made to weaken the moral proof by explaining norms of conduct as products of evolution as standards which have survived because of their social usefulness. These attempts have failed to furnish a complete theory of morality because they left a large part of the moral territory unexplored. Though they had a partial basis to work on in the fact that actions prompted by self-interest are governed by consideration of their probable utility to the agent, they neglected the fact that actions stimulated by altruistic motives or by an adherence to duty are often persisted in even when entailing positive loss and suffering to the individual. Men have been willing to endure this temporal suffering as a means of gaining eternal bliss.

The natural faith of man in immortality founded a system of morals which by combating vice and advancing virtue produced some of the finest types of character the world holds any record of. Hedonism never explained the calm resignation of a Job, the manly stoicism of a More nor the sublime self-sacrifice of a Sidney. The faith of these men required no argument, but, judging by its manifestation, came largely through the emotions. Others arrived at the same belief through the intellect strictly. Indeed, speculators on religious topics, inspired by love of truth only, usually terminate their labors by the adoption of theistic principles. Thus Kant, after attacking the ordinary arguments for the existence of a God in his "*Critique of Pure Reason*," wound up by postulating a God, in order to make duty rational, in his "*Critique of Practical Reason*." Descartes furnishes another shining example of the same tendency. He began his inquiry with the statement that the grounds of certainty were to be found in the consciousness of doubt, and closed it by arguing that the conception of a perfect being warranted his existence in reality. And this was

not all. Leaving aside the question of whether the idea of God is a necessary and universal judgment, it is true nevertheless that theism has come ringing down the ages endorsed by the majority of great thinkers, from Plato and Aristotle among the ancients to Lotze and Herbart among the moderns.

Side by side with its continuous existence, as if to furnish it an opposition to thrive on, though always in the minority, have risen, flourished and decayed schools of atheism, the majority having their origin in forces of human pride and selfishness, having as their aim the destruction of faith in a higher moral authority, and employing as their arguments hasty and imperfect inductions from the physical, mental and social sciences. Unable to disprove the possibility of a creator and director of the world, in time they attacked the probability of one by substituting for dualism a monism of matter or mind. Granted such monism, it would be an easy matter, reasoning from the parsimony of causes to destroy the probability of a God who was left no functions to perform in the economy of the universe. The materialist's negation is based on an eternity of matter and motion. This claim is shattered by the cosmo-logical argument. Even if granted eternal matter and motion, materialism fails to account satisfactorily for temporal life and thought. Furthermore it cannot evade dualism, by bringing everything under the conservatism of energy, in order to explain away the mind which constructs its system, without resorting to a false argument and a fallacious drift. If mind is not a casual factor in evolution, how is its persistence to be reconciled with "the survival of the fit?"

The materialist, strangely enough, is also at issue with the agnostic of the Spencer school, who finds it necessary to explain progress by positing an unknowable self-existent force back of the universe. Instead of pursuing this postulate to its logical conclusion in theism the agnostic, after investing this being with the most salient attribute of divinity, namely self-existence, quibbles over words and denies him the name. This is an error in a milder form, a sin of omission rather than one of commission, for such an exposition of agnosticism evidently implies that the ultimate meaning of agnostic terms and the ultimate truth of agnostic propositions rest upon the same foundation as the theistic.

Evolution has been represented as excluding a deity. This exclusion is not inherent in the doctrine of evolution, but only in those forms of it which proceed from atheistic pre-suppositions. It is logical to suppose that God may work as readily through evolution as through special creation. Besides, the evolutionist who dispenses with teleology, contenting himself with a mechanical explanation of the universe, ignores a great mass of historical evidence, which goes to show that the end of the natural order is the moral order. To illustrate: The last few centuries, which have witnessed a vast growth of industry and commerce, have also witnessed a remarkable religious development. Man has ministered as much to his spiritual as to his temporal wants, his knowledge of the industrial arts has been supplemented by a better knowledge of himself and the application of that knowledge to moral ends. The degree of man's control over self now approximates to his control over nature, and theistic dogma, to which is largely due the credit for this achievement, bids fair to extend with civilization until it embraces the whole world.

While materialism at one pole of thought would reduce everything to a mechanics of atoms, idealism at the opposite pole would bring all phenomena under a dynamics of mind. Idealism takes two forms. The weakness of the first is in its denial of the reliability of perceptions. That perceptions are reliable indices of the external world is proven by the practical use made of them in the guidance of life. Action following on idealistic principles would soon bring destruction to the organism. Empirical idealism also fails to account for other egos or centres of mental forces.

The second form or absolute idealism regards the physical world as a function of consciousness, the distinction between mind and matter being due to a mental conflict of impulse. Naturally a theory which sees the only reality in the evolution of an eternal idea tends to produce a skepticism which brings upon it the stout and successful opposition of natural realism. From the point of view of history the efforts to reach a unity by explaining matter in terms of mind have proven as weak in the face of criticism as the effort to reduce mind to a by-product of matter. It may be said in passing, however, that even mon-

ism rigorously analyzed may admit of theistic interpretation as shown by the editor of *THE GLOBE* in his article on "Cosmotheism" and that attempts have been made by philosophers, notably Berkeley and his followers, to reconcile theism and idealism by making the opposition of the latter to materialism, a prop to the former. Berkeley did this by assigning to the external its reality in the mind of God only. Men's ideas were not gained through sensation, but were phantasms passing through the mind at the behest of God. By making man a passive actor in the drama of existence and by emphasizing the immanence of God, this philosophy comes closer to pantheism than orthodox theism. Matter cannot be proven to be merely a mental state, nor on the other hand can an idea be proven merely an association of sense—experience elements as the materialists would have it. Under these circumstances the common sense view of theism, recognizing mind and matter as independent entities or rather as closed parallel circuits working in harmony, will commend itself to most as combining the strongest claims of both schools in a theory which at the same time leaves scope for the action of a supreme spiritual director. The problem of whether his directing is done from within the world or without, or from both within and without, raises the question of God's relation to the world. Theism, as usual occupying the middle ground, maintains that God is immanent and yet transcendent. That God is the creator and nature the creature and yet "In Him we live and move and have our being." Deism emphasizes the transcendence of God at the expense of his immanence. It looks at the world as a grand mechanism run by natural forces according to natural law. The giant artificer stands apart from it, the relation between them being wholly an external one. This kind of a deity can never satisfy the faith and longing of man. What were a God who only gave the world a push from without or let it spin around his fingers like a top?

The pantheistic temperament goes off on another tack and emphasizes the immanence of God so much as to make him equivalent to all existence, good, bad or indifferent. God is not the Infinite, but is brought down to finite limits, or so many of his qualities are abstracted as to leave him a mere organizing and regulative principle working and moulding from within. So far as the ethical consequences to be derived from deism or

pantheism are concerned, these systems might well be identical with the forms of atheism to which they are akin. The practical identity of these two systems with atheism eliminates them from the discussion. The religious interests of mankind and all the consequences they imply are involved in the issue of the conflict between theism on the one hand and atheism on the other. The religion of the future will be Christianity or nothing, according to the prevalence of the teleological or mechanical view. It is a notable fact that people falling away from Christianity, instead of affiliating with another sect, usually lapse into atheism.

Now the doctrine, history and status of the two rival systems of thought are known quantities and consequently sufficient data is given to determine which philosophy shall or should be universally adopted and applied concretely to the solution of social and political problems.

Theism holds that the world manifests in its works the action of a higher spirit whose nature is love. It infers from this premise the freedom of man, whom it holds to be a dualism of temporal body and immortal soul interacting harmoniously as a unity of form and matter, the body corresponding with the temporal and the soul with the spiritual world. By assigning the body a distinct sphere subordinate to the soul, it leaves no room properly conceived for Christian science, and by holding the soul to be direct from its maker, to whom if worthy it shall return, it avoids reincarnation. It sees in evil possible good and is optimistic, believing in a power that makes for righteousness. Holding that man is the master of conditions, his knowledge the result of selective attention, and his choice free, it enjoins him to transform the spirit of the world and not be conformed to it.

The doctrine of moral responsibility from free will is the basis of legal jurisprudence, and to give up that doctrine would be to nullify the abstract principle of which the laws that safeguard life, liberty and property are deductions. Theism is essentially co-operative, not competitive, teaching that society should be a brotherhood of democracy with all free and equal, and it is safe to say that the millenium would arrive to-morrow if men lived out their lives as Christianity exhorts them to, and if the social equities which it upholds supplanted the private privileges which now exist.

The history of Christianity has been what such doctrines would lead us to expect. Christianity has been the backbone of civilization for nearly two thousand years, inspiring art, advancing learning, and protecting virtue. Masterpieces of poetry and painting have Christian heroism for their theme. It was a fount of inspiration for Angelo and Dante and Raphael and Milton. It transformed the barbarian conquerors of the Roman Empire, adding to the Teutonic elements of personal freedom and individuality the Roman genius for legal administration. It raised the position of women and laborers from slavery and serfdom to freedom and equality. It preserved learning during the (so called) dark ages and through its missionaries spread it over the known world, placing the treasures of knowledge at the disposal of the poor. It sobered man in prosperity and cheered him in adversity. Its constant aim has been to raise him from fallen degeneracy to pristine purity.

Christian principles are still applicable for the betterment of conditions and offer an adequate means of solving present problems. The church must be allowed to occupy its sphere and do its duty as well as the state.

While man has broken down the barriers of time and space, forced the secrets of nature and mastered the problems of material production, the moral question of the proper distribution of this wealth is still unsettled and clamoring for attention. Christian views on the values of life are particularly applicable here. Holding that character is the end and wealth but a means, it teaches that the possession of wealth is a sacred trust to be administered for the elevation of mankind. It would settle this question then and fulfill its modern mission in doing so, not by urging coercive laws imposed from without to check the clamor of the masses for their rights, but by teaching all men, rich as well as poor, that the relations between capital and labor are to be ultimately decided by men's conception of duty to God and towards each other. It aims at a change of character in men through moral education, that will compel the practice of individual appropriation of labor's fruits to die out as duelling died out before the adverse force of public opinion. And through the action of this public opinion which it fosters will also come the economic equality of the future, supplement-

ing and perfecting the religious and political equality which graces the present by the achievements of the past. And Christianity will live to solve new problems, teach new duties and reveal new rights. It will still allure to brighter worlds and lead the way.

Atheistic doctrine in one form looks at man, society and progress as the vague evolution and manifestation of an eternal idea moving towards a vanishing goal impelled by the purposiveness within it, the external world being a shadow or partial realization of the idea at different stages in its development. Man under this system might be compared to an atom in an organism whose development he has no conscious part in. The theory is fatalistic, combating the freedom of man and the realism of nature. It is also too abstract to have much effect on individual life or social organization.

Materialism is also pessimistic, holding that man is the slave of conditions, his thought the energy of atomic vibration, his action determined entirely from without by the forces of environment, his end the dissolution of the material body. There is no soul and the grave ends all, all the fears and the hopes and the longings.

Society in this system is an aggregation of warring elements or a pool table with the balls moving in the direction of the strongest force along the line of least resistance, whether it leads to good or evil. Competition is the great law of life and class struggles the cause of progress, though they may bring about reversion as well as evolution.

Atheism advocates a laissez-faire policy on the part of the Government that is dangerously close to anarchy; or, going to the other extreme, endorses a material socialism that would enlarge the powers of the state to such an extent as to blot out individual liberty and family integrity. It is constantly disturbing the proper balance between social order and individual freedom.

Atheism has never built up an organization nor founded an institution; on the contrary, the passage of a spirit of atheism through society is when it becomes concrete in action, usually attended with a train of consequences disastrous to the public peace and welfare. This was exemplified in the terrible hour of its triumph during the French Revolution, when law and

order were overthrown and the most sacred institutions swept away in a mad reign of terror and violence. Atheism to-day is constructing nothing, but destroying wherever it can the faith of ages in a higher life. Theism is proving itself, in the founding of hospitals and missions, to be a boon to, as well as a necessity, of civilization.

The cause of the success of one philosophy and the failure of the other is to be sought for in the intrinsic nature of their doctrines. One looks at man from the standpoint of soul as active principle, the other from the standpoint of body as mechanical being. One holds up to him eternal life as a reward of merit, the other assures him of a brief struggle and then oblivion. One brings man up to God—the other lowers him to the beast.

Atheism universally taught and practiced would destroy the ideals of truth, beauty and goodness which the race has been trying for centuries to realize. Leaving man the slave of conditions governed by his appetites and passions and irresponsible to law, either human or divine, would have the effect of bringing about a mad war of selfishness and greed which would destroy civilization in a triumph of might over right.

Theism standing on a platform of God, freedom and immortality would, if universally taught and practiced, build on the sub-stratum of material plenty a higher order of moral and spiritual life. It would eventually serve the purpose of the world and find a solution of its problems in the development of individual character and social justice. It would through the forces of knowledge and righteousness abolish the limits imposed by ignorance and sin, selfishness and want, thus permitting and impelling men to struggle upward and onward towards the goal of perfection in the equal, the ideal and the divine.

A. M. DOOLIN.

Chicago.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ASTRAY AGAIN.

Notable among recent events and certainly demanding some attention in this magazine is the resurrection and the bold and brazen reassertion of the cunning sophistries of his grace, the Archbishop of St. Paul. This man in his recent utterances on the relation of the United States Government to the Friars of the Philippines and the Friars themselves and the comment of

certain Catholics on the United States Government is an admirable and disgusting reincarnation of those ecclesiastics of all ages who have made the name Roman Catholic execrable and nauseating to thousands of the truth-loving and sincere minds of modern Christendom.

I would like to write his biography just now, and it certainly would not be exclusively and intensely loyal to the old saying—"speak only good of the dead." But Ireland is alive, and if he has any single element of true manhood, not to speak of Christianity left in his soul, I appeal to him to up and show it lest he die in his unpardonable sins.

Archbishop Ireland's attitude of falsehood is fourfold in the present case. First, as regards the Philippine Friars themselves. Second, as regards the attitude of the Archepiscopal hierarchy of America in regard to said Friars. Third, in regard to the attitude of the Pope regarding their expulsion. Fourth, in regard to the attitude of the American Catholic would-be federation as related to the total question; and his method of dealing with each phase of the question is wholly in sympathy with and characteristic of the despised duplicity of the worst prelates of all times. After fighting the infamous conduct of the American Government in its declaration of war with Spain, and exposing the still more infamous conduct of the American officers and soldiers in the prosecution of the war, especially in the Philippines, the *GLOBE REVIEW* led the way in exploiting the fact that the Friars had introduced and nurtured whatever of modern civilization there existed in the Islands at the present time. They introduced the printing press, and encouraged scientific and astronomical studies, observations and records there nearly two centuries before Ben Franklin. Thomas Jefferson and Tom Paine tried to print and placard the witch burners and tyrants of New England into such rebellion against the true and lawful government of these lands as finally led to our so-called independence, that is, our slavery to a set of the most unprincipled oligarchs that ever breathed the breath of death.

Nearly a year ago I wrote President Roosevelt personally at his request that he must not take his view of the Catholic sentiment of this country from such creatures as Archbishop Ireland; and moreover that if he and his government undertook to defend the infamous conduct of the American army in the

Philippines, above all if he undertook to persecute and rob the Friars of the Philippines of their just rights and honors and resolved to drive them forth and persecute them, he and his government would be broken on the wheel as sure as there is a God in heaven. And they will be thus broken before long.

Meanwhile he has listened to such mouthing land-grabbers and gold seekers and shallow pated creatures as Ireland, rather than to myself, and as God is God and truth is truth, I now swear to him that he shall be broken on the wheel whether the Friars are driven forth or not. Their treatment by the American Government has already out-Heroded Herod. Roosevelt is a greater tyrant than Herod ever was toward any body, and he and Ireland together are simply seeking the corrupt wealth and the shallow honors of worldly fame and gain—the poor imbeciles, as if they had not enough of those already and were better henceforth seeking to be upright and honorable men. What has Ireland and all the servile priests that do his bidding ever accomplished for the citizens of Minnesota compared with the splendid work of these same traduced Friars for the inhabitants of the Philippines anywhere from three hundred years ago to the present time?

His entire attitude toward said Friars and not only toward them but toward all orders of clerical brotherhoods in the Catholic Church is an unblushing and an unpardonable lie. Any of them are better men than he ever has dared to be and most of them could give him lessons alike in piety, scholarship and patriotism. He is a traducer of saints, a blasphemer against the Holy Ghost, and instead of being made a cardinal, he ought to be sent by the Pope as cook and scrub lackey to the Friars whom he, for political gain, or to pay for wholesale robbery done on his own account, is trying to persecute and destroy.

It is more than infamous to see an Archbishop of the Church of Christ doing his level best and for vilest motives to destroy the humblest servants of God. A curse upon the whole existence of such a recreant and unredeemed and brazen soul.

His position is also false as regards the attitude of the hierarchy of America on this question. Granted that up to this date the Archbishops, such of them as have assembled at their annual meetings, have not felt called upon to utter a pronouncement against the conduct of the American Government in its dealing with the Philippines and the persecuted Friars.

The Archbishops are a very conservative body of men, only a small number of them have been present at these recent meetings, and with exceptions, not to be named here, the latest meetings have been packed gatherings in the interests of Ireland's infamous plans; moreover they were divided in their political and party allegiance—a difficulty that *THE GLOBE* has long ago pointed out as militating against any united Catholic action in this country looking to measures in favor of asserting Catholic rights and claims; and because these same Archbishops have not officially made a pronouncement against the crimes of the American Government in the matter at issue, is that any reason for the specious argument or assertion of this archsophist and hypocrite that the church in the United States is not against those crimes!

We can pity the said Archbishops—tied as they were in various ways, for not, as a body denouncing said crimes, but we have nothing but unutterable contempt for this black sheep of their number when he leaps all the fences of decency and blaues out their conduct as an excuse for the crimes themselves, in fact as practically asserting that there have been no crimes at all. Why, the various descriptions of the treatment of said Friars by the American Government are enough to damn the government forever.

In the third place the same sort of logic or argument applies to the attitude of the Pope toward the American Government. The Pope is as cognizant of the crimes in question as is Roosevelt himself, but the Pope, as the head and ruler of the Church, is also a conservative diplomat who, knowing that he cannot undo an accomplished fact though accomplished by hell, gives his whole mind to the problem of how to prevent or modify still further crimes in the same line.

Besides the Pope and the total hierarchy of Rome have withstood the American Government on this one fact of the forcible exclusion of the men who alone are responsible for whatever civilization our recent Yankee adventurers found in the Philippines.

The cry the Friars must go, started by a few wild and infidel Americans in the hire of Freemasonry, has by the Pope's quiet persistence been changed into the opposite cry—the Friars must not go—not at once at all events. And who has hated

them in the Philippines but the same infidel native elements whom the Friars have often befriended and tried to teach the ways of life and of honor?

Finally on this phase of the subject Archbishop Ireland's method of argument or statement is exactly the double dealing of the arch fiend of hell. Not a point taken in his sermon—God save the world from such sermons!—has a grain of truth in it, but each point is so twisted as to make the author of the statement appear like a good churchman and an advocate of the latest papal action.

Again his attitude toward certain writers and toward the attempted federation of American Catholic societies in protesting to the American Government, as the assembled Archbishops ought long ago to have protested, is just as specious and infamous as his position toward the persecuted Friars.

It has been palpable all along to wide awake Protestants and Catholics that if the ecclesiastical power of the Roman church in this land had acted with any solid unanimity in opposition to the persecution of the Friars of the Philippines, said persecution would have ceased long ago and the Friars would have been allowed to resume and prosecute their work wherever they were acceptable to the Philippine inhabitants, but I have long ago pointed out the impossibility of securing any such unanimous ecclesiastical action in the United States. The ecclesiastics who should lead in such action are slaves to the United States Government for services rendered or still hoped for. If Ireland and Company had been first of all Catholics—and not mere self-seekers—Republican or Democratic—there never would have been any need of the United States Papal Conference to sit on the case. The Government would not have dared to propose the measure. I am not and never have been an enthusiast on the question of Catholic Federation, not that I have not seen the desirability of such a movement; I have in fact advocated it years before Bishop McFall became the mouthpiece of the movement—here, again, as I am assured, for personal reasons, but I am now delighted to see the vigor put forth by this would-be body against the wrong done by the American Government toward Catholic rights in the Philippine Islands. I do not feel at all sure that the movement is solid and bound to last and work for good, but when the leading

prelates left to us, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and a host of excellent Bishops endorse and commend the movement, it is simply disgraceful and contemptible for this barefaced and mouthing Archbishop of St. Paul to set himself up as the censor of the Catholic Church in the United States. Every man jack of us has as much right to criticise the United States Government as he has to breathe.

It is not necessary to endure or approve of all the actions of the Philippine Friars through a series of three hundred years. Doubtless there were black sheep among them as in all folds, but their total conduct as the chief civilizers, teachers and savers of the Islands through those centuries is beyond question and for a would-be great and leading Churchman in these United States which boast of their liberty and fair play, for such a churchman in such a country to turn against them and to aid the persecution in his arrogant and vaunted methods, is to out-Judas Judas, and to crucify the Lord afresh and put him to an open shame. Judas was a saint beside Ireland.

The movement of the American Government against the Philippine Friars is precisely the same and a part of that infamous movement which, in France, under the merest technique of law, has been driving nuns and priestly orders from their homes and their sacred labors during the past two years, and for the Archbishop of Saint Paul to place himself in league with the persecutors and more than all to pretend that the Pope is with him, is simply to pursue such methods of corruption, duplicity and barefaced lying as have characterized all the rebels and traitors that have stormed the heights of heaven and led men and angels down to hell from the days of Lucifer to Judas to Luther and Roosevelt of our day.

Be more temperate in your language, Mr. Thorne; certainly, gentlemen, when these persecutors of the Son of God are more temperate in their actions, but, God helping us, not till then.

I do not claim that the Philippine Friars were or are all saints or that Friars in general are all saints. I do claim, however, that in all Catholic Christendom said Friars or members of the various orders or brotherhoods of the Church are the only men who are even trying to live up to the teaching of Christ, and the example of the early Church, when the faithful had all things in common—the communion of saints—properly understood, and no man said that aught he had was his own.

I do not say that all the lands they legally hold to-day in the Philippines or elsewhere, were all acquired without a flaw of injustice or selfishness; good heavens! if such a test were applied to the northwestern lands recently acquired by the Archbishop of St. Paul—every upright angel in heaven would weep for very shame. I do not hold that the Philippine Friars have no enemy among the natives of the Philippines. Every ingenious teacher, civilizer and ruler on earth has always had bitter enemies among the people he has most benefitted. Some of them are good, some of them not so good. Some of them may be disliked or even hated under the blasting and infidel making regime of the American Government, but to say that they are all hated and hated as a class is an infamous lie, for the value of which we have mainly the testimony of interested liars—namely American soldiers and missionaries, contradicted time and time again by the testimony of the Friars themselves, by all the historic records of the Islands and by every instinct of human reason. And for the Archbishop of St. Paul to join his prayers, voice and countenance with and to the masses of American groundlings and liars who are crying crucify these excellent men, is to write himself down a recreant to Christ and His church while spiritually assuming to represent the same.

If the Archbishop of Saint Paul should happen to see this annihilation of his resurrected dust and ashes, I ask as a personal favor that he will not mouth about the country stating, as on a former occasion, that my work was not my work but done by some Jesuit at 17th street, New York City. Let him find such work. And if he is asking for more, I have stacks of facts at my disposal and may shoot them off at any time.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

OUR CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

The history of every nation and of all the civilizations that have existed in the world has been marked by one unvarying rule, which is, that their periods of greatest strength and prosperity have been when there was the greatest diffusion of wealth among the people and the greatest diffusion of population

throughout the land. As a civilization grows older, wealth concentrates, passing into few hands, population centres in the cities, extremes of wealth and poverty result with the decay of agriculture and, finally, revolution and destruction.

If it be true that history repeats itself, unless American institutions and civilization are destined to reverse the experience of the past, who will say there is no cause for alarm as to the future of this country? What evidence have we that the causes operating so fatally hitherto will not produce like results here?—That the very conditions already proved so destructive are rapidly augmenting in our time, is susceptible of the clearest demonstration.

Even now the population of any community in this State, for example,—and New Jersey is not different from other parts of the country—may be so classified that two men in each hundred will be shown to possess more wealth than the other ninety-eight. According to the United States Census for 1890, 64 per cent. of the total population centered in cities of eight thousand and over, farm lands having depreciated in value forty per cent. during the last thirty years and the proportion of the people engaged in agriculture fallen to less than one-half.

Where is the evidence that these rich men of our country are actuated by any higher motives, are less selfish and cruel, or in any way morally better than the rich of other ages? Is it not true that the same lust for power, the same abuses of wealth by idle display and gluttony and aping each other in folly, the same ambition to dominate, setting themselves apart as a distinctive class, are generally prevalent and imperious as ever?

Are the methods used to accumulate wealth more honest than in the past? The most we can say in their favor, as now practised, is that they are a little less brutal than formerly.

In the ages of military domination great fortunes were usually the results of conquest, slave labor or direct robbery. The possession of said fortunes was likewise maintained by force. These methods have been superseded in our day by the more refined methods of commercialism, which seem to consist in lying, cheating, cunning, hypocrisy, betrayals of trust, and unjust laws imposed upon the people by the perversion of government from its real ends, and maintained by false teachings of political and economic science.

Such are the characteristics of modern commercialism under the form of a democracy or government by the people, so-called, which in reality is a domination of greed and ignorance. In practice both our political and industrial forces are controlled just as effectually by a limited number of artful, self-appointed leaders as were the centuries ago by their military rulers. View it from any standpoint you choose, it will be found that every element of abuse that contributed to the decay and downfall of past civilizations has its counterpart in our own day and we should see to it that each is throttled before working its inevitable result. I believe, with Thomas Jefferson, that great cities are great sores in the body politic and that the causes that operate to increase their growth and power are largely fictitious. I never go to a great city and see the vast crowds of people, seemingly busy, or contemplate the vast aggregation of wealth and luxury within its precincts, without asking myself how all these people find the means of living? And what is the mysterious power that attracts population and wealth to this centre, at a ratio so far outdoing the rural districts? For twenty years I have been interested in these questions; and, during the whole of my connection with the bureau of Statistics of Labor, I hoped to be able to make investigation of them by statistical methods, but the stupid action of the legislature in reducing appropriations for the Labor department rendered this impossible.

I have frequently spoken to others of this matter and the answer usually is that people go to cities because of the greater opportunities and social attractions to be enjoyed there; but this does not answer the question as to their means of living.

All economists agree that the source of subsistence comes, originally, from the land. This, however, does not apply to land in cities, for, if a city were to become isolated or deprived of supplies from the country, one half of its people would starve in a month's time. It is not so in the country. As things now are, in fact, the rural regions in such case would have greater abundance than usual.

It is not true that people in general are influenced by mere sentiment in choosing a place of residence. There is always some economic cause to control social movements. And the solution of our problem as to the centralization of wealth and numbers in the cities will be found by studying the effects of the economic conditions under which they exist.

I am not in possession of statistical data whereby to actually determine the facts in question, but am quite positive they would show that the great amount of wealth in cities is due to accumulation by exchange. From close investigation of the various elements by which human activities are determined in the production, distribution and consumption of wealth, we shall find that, as now organized, exchange is given an importance altogether disproportioned to its legitimate function; that more than one half of those who obtain a subsistence from the profits incident to our present methods of exchange might be dispensed with; and that three-fourths of the expense now imposed in rents, profits and the like is mere spoilation, due to the rivalry of merchants and their attempts to best each other.

Exchange, instead of being effected for the mutual benefit of producers, has become an organized power of extortion. Instead of being a means for equitable distribution of the products of labor, it has become a system of barter and sale; the dictum is, buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. The whole of our commercial mechanism may be summed up in a phrase, "Anarchical Competition," based on selfishness. The ancient philosophers looked upon commerce as contemptible, because of the falsehood, extortion, speculation, usury, fraud, monopoly and adulteration, which have always been its chief characteristics. But since it has grown to such colossal dimensions, through the opportune discovery of the mariner's compass and the power of railway lines—the increased aggregate wealth of the world multiplying chances for speculation and monopoly—our modern scientists and statesmen have become its apologists. These now lend their aid to perpetuate and extend the whole array of mercantile duplicities.

The operations of those petty traffickers whom Christ drove from the Temple at Jerusalem, whom He Himself characterized as thieves, were but insignificant compared with the operations of the same class in our day. Industrial production has increased at least eleven fold and mercantile profits thirty fold since the time of Christ; moreover, in addition to the regular profits of exchange, the merchant now takes the profits of usury, increased transportation, stock-jobbing and monopoly.

The commercialist of to-day is not the small rogue he once was, when merely depised, but a great capitalist with immense power

for evil. The whelp has become the lion. The magnitude of the world's industries in these days bewilders the wisest among us and we cringe, bowing before the god of speculation.

In olden days the struggle for industrial and political freedom aimed at curtailing the military power and in the Middle Ages at lessening the influence of the clergy. These we have partially overcome, but only to become victims of another tyranny, that of the moneyed interests, the worst and most galling of all tyrannies. This new force has seized governments, enslaving kings and rulers of men. It corrupts the very avenues of intelligence and perverts the truths of science. All men are obliged to fall prostrate before the mercantile colossus. A great parasite, without producing, it appropriates the wealth created by labor; a vampire, without our consent it arrogates to itself the lion's share of the good things that come from labor. It is an unscrupulous power, without sentiment, creed, country or any feeling for humanity. I do not hesitate to say that commercialism is responsible for more of the injustice, misery, wretchedness and crime in the world to-day than all other causes combined.

Commerce is a vulture that swallows the results of production, and, as now constituted, a hindrance to legitimate industry by monopolizing the raw material and in other ways enhancing its cost. While pretending to serve, it audaciously spoliates. Just in the proportion that production exceeds the needs of consumption—which proportion is the measure of wealth—commercial interests absorb the increase. Thus, instead of a greater abundance, contributing to increase the happiness and well-being of all men, it brings about strife and discord; instead of promoting harmony and peace it is made a pretext for wars, confusion and injustice; instead of being a guarantee against want, it is made an engine for producing poverty and wretchedness. No application of labor-saving machinery that lightens toil and increases wealth can be effected without this unnatural monster's using it to inflict injury on great numbers of workmen. Thus the discoveries of the scientists, the developments of the arts,—all our boasted achievements, in fact,—only excite the greed of commerce, only serve to make man's inhumanity to man more manifest. Nor has the increase in the aggregate wealth of the country been permitted to bring anything like a corresponding benefit to the producing masses. On the contrary, it has widened the breach

between the rich and the poor. For if the poor are no worse off than before, it is quite certain that the rich are far richer.

The spirit of commerce is greed; its animating force, selfishness; its results confusion, injustice and immorality. It has no religion, save the worship of Mammon. Its votaries pervert the Lord's Prayer, so that instead of praying "Thy Kingdom come; on earth as in Heaven," they prey upon all the rest of mankind. Their dictum is, "Every fellow for himself!"

The principal agencies of commerce as exchange are railroads, canals, and money as currency. The control of these agencies by corporations and individuals enables them to practically monopolize the means of exchange and dictates the conditions under which distribution of products is made. In fact, exchange has become the arbiter of production, the index of public opinion. Our produce and stock exchange fixes the value of commodities, prices being enhanced or depressed to suit its convenience.

Commerce makes war or enjoins peace upon the nations. This is exemplified by the war in the Philippines and that in China. What would the money power have cared about the murdered missionaries, had there been no prospect of ultimate profits beyond?

In ancient times and in the Middle Ages wars of conquest were prosecuted under military domination for direct plunder and for gold. Under the modern regime of commercialism, wars are instigated for the purpose of spoliation by traffic. Under military domination great masses of people were diverted from the peaceful pursuits of constructive industry into the channels of destructive wars. Thus the producing class became impoverished. Under commercial rule the result is the same, the only difference being in the manner of its action.

The proportion of the population who subsist on profits extorted from labor by useless extravagance in exchange, far outnumbered its proper quantity and throws greater burdens on the producing classes than were ever imposed by any military despotism in the world.

This has been made possible by the vastly increased productiveness of labor in our day, by improved machinery and more scientific processes, the gain amounting to eleven-fold within the last century and in many industries to a hundred fold within the same period. The working of exchange has been in the opposite

direction; that is, to largely increase the number of persons engaged in methods of exchange, this increase being in the ratio of four to one as compared with that of a hundred years ago.

The problem of producing an abundance for all has been solved. The question we now have to deal with is that of an equitable distribution of this wealth produced by labor. How to secure this remains an enigma, which many are striving to solve. It seems to me essential to determine whether our premises are founded in truth or in error, before we attempt to formulate remedies. For if our basis prove erroneous, our conclusions will only sink us deeper in like error.

Now I affirm as basic axioms.—First, that labor creates all wealth. Second, that all wealth belongs to those who create it. Third, that the productive capacity of society is superior to its needs of consumption. Fourth, that society can only rightly exist by an exchange of services, all tending to one general purpose, the production, distribution and consumption of utilities, so as to serve the best interests of the whole, physically, intellectually and morally. And that all pursuits by which men now gain a living, but which do not contribute to one or another of these ends are useless and those engaged in them are parasites. Fifth, that the rewards of labor should be apportioned according to the utility of the services rendered and not dictated by arbitrary authority, founded on false pretence. Sixth, that the division of labor must be mutual and voluntary on the part of the workers themselves. When this is not so, it is not division of labor, but spoilation. Seventh, that physical labor is primarily deserving. Therefore, the highest rewards, and that in all social arrangements it should receive first consideration. Finally, that a true civilization must be judged by the status of its workers, and not by its loafers or by what a few may have accumulated by cunning and falsehood.

It is more important that those who produce food, clothing and shelter should be made comfortable than it is to have those who write books and decipher hieroglyphics live in luxury. For instance, if the rewards of labor were apportioned in accordance with its utility, farmers and cooks would stand above princes and poets. As it now is princes and poets are objects of veneration while the cook is a servant and the farmer a mere hay-seed. The doctor is called a professional man and paid at the rate of a dollar

or more for a few minutes' service, though he may not do you any good, while the scavenger is a drudge and works ten hours for a dollar. But we are told that the doctor has spent years of his life in acquiring the knowledge needful for a physician. True, but do you consider that during all those years some one else was feeding, clothing and affording him shelter? He certainly was not doing it for himself. The scavenger was, meanwhile pursuing his drudgery, keeping the community free from contagious disease. Is not the work of the latter as essential to the health of the town or city as that of the doctor? Then why the distinction between the two? The rewards of labor are not apportioned according to the utility of the labor performed.

The political economists have maintained that wages are determined by the risks and the disagreeableness of the occupation, but it needs little observation to convince anyone that this is untrue. The fact is that most of the literature that passes current as authoritative on the topic of political economy is written to justify and uphold existing conditions and not at all to explain social phenomena.

We hear a great deal said, politely, about 'men of affairs,' 'leading citizens,' 'captains of industry,' and so on, especially in connection with the recent visit of the German prince. But you will notice that the only people thus designated by the newspapers are millionaires; and the more millions a man represents the higher they rate his usefulness as a man, while the means by which he made his millions is discreetly left unmentioned. As a matter of fact, the less he has done, the more rapid his accumulation, the more admiration he excites. If he have succeeded in controlling the supply of some necessary of life and enhancing its cost to the working classes he is a great merchant; if he do the same with stocks, as Mr. Harriman did, he is a great financier.

Mr. Harriman, acting as President of the Oregon Short Line Railway Company, a corporation with a capital of twenty-seven millions, issued certificates of indebtedness to the amount of seventy-five millions. Then, as President of the Union Pacific R. R. Co., he bought these certificates. Next, as President of the Oregon line, he bought with the money thus obtained seventy-eight million dollars' worth of Northern Pacific shares. He then issued one hundred millions of Union Pacific bonds to reimburse

its treasury. By this transaction with a capitalization of only twenty-seven million dollars he incurred an indebtedness of one hundred and seventy-five millions (less actual value of road's original 27 millions) and fastened it upon the public to pay interest on, without adding one dollar's worth of actual value to either road. But by this transaction he gained the reputation of being one of the foremost financiers in this country.

Now, from my standpoint, the only credit he is entitled to is this. First, he had the sense to discover that the American people are a pack of fools; and, second, had the gall to take advantage of them and pocket the money himself.

Now, this whole transaction was clearly dishonest, but its magnitude seems to have terrorized our public officials and paralyzed our courts of justice.

But, considering it from a purely economic standpoint what is the result? As I have said, the whole affair did not add one dollars of actual wealth to the country, but it does impose an additional debt of one hundred and seventy-five millions, the interest of which must be paid by labor. At six per cent. this amounts to the sum of ten millions per annum that we have to pay for the use of these railroads to effect exchange. It absorbs the labor of twenty-one thousand workingmen, at five hundred dollars a year each, to meet the yearly interest alone; and it will require the labor of three hundred and fifty thousand workers, earning five hundred dollars a year each, to pay the principal.

This is what is called *financiering*. The case cited is by no means an isolated one; such are going on continually, on a similar scale of magnitude.

The means by which the present coal monopoly was effected,—one which compels every consumer of coal to pay six dollars a ton when the actual cost is not over two,—if exposed, would make the transaction of Harriman insignificant by comparison.

Now I have some knowledge of the means used to bring about the condition of affairs, and I say that had the workingmen of this country, who work for two dollars a day and less, been advised by John Sydney and men of his class, instead of the Gowens—one of the active promoters in securing the monopoly—they would to-day be able to obtain a ton of coal for one day's labor instead of being compelled to work three days to earn the cost of a ton. But they let Sydney die from poverty, because

he had not the means of procuring proper medical treatment for the malady that seized him; and they now seem content to go on working three days to obtain what they should be able to purchase for one day's wage, allowing the Gowens and their many successors to pocket the difference.

I say, content. It is true they organize Trade Unions and talk about Trade Unionism; but as long as they have work and a wage sufficient to fill their stomachs, they are bidden to be content and let well enough alone.

But I am one of those who refuse to be content with less than the full result of my labor. Benjamin Franklin said, more than a century ago, that "if all men did their proper shares of work, there would be no need for any one to work more than four or five hours a day and all would have greater abundance than now." And, if this were true in the time of Franklin, when it required the labor of eleven men, on an average—to produce what one man with modern appliances now produces, to-day even fewer hours should enable all to live in luxury. I know this is a possibility; therefore, I shall not be content until it is realized.

As I have said, industrialists assert that labor creates all wealth, and that all wealth belongs to those who create it. At present we only receive a small, fractional part. According to the last United States Census of New Jersey the total value of her manufactured products was \$611,728,932. The total wage paid was \$110,088.605, about eighteen per cent. of the value of the product. Moreover, if we take into account the enhanced price we are compelled to pay to merchants and other middlemen when we go to purchase the products of our labor, it would doubtless reduce this to less than ten per cent. That is to say we now work ten hours and have returned to us for use the product of one hour's labor.

Labor constructs railroads, yet we know that when we use them we are compelled to give the result of twelve hours' labor to ride the same distance that we should ride for the result of one hour's labor.

As an evidence of how prices are raised by middlemen in exchange, it was proven some years ago that tea which cost twenty-five cents per pound in New York was traced and it was found that the same tea was retailed in near-by towns for a dollar and a quarter per pound.

Many products of our textile mills, for which manufacturers receive but three and four cents per yard, are retailed at twelve, fifteen and twenty cents per yard. So it is with nearly every other article of necessity, all this being due to the present methods by which production and exchange are effected.

Labor is first robbed of three-fourths of its results by our capitalistic wage system of production; then, despoiled of three-fourths of its wage by bartering exchange.

Now you ask, "What is the remedy?" My reply is, "Eliminate the loafers." Say with St. Paul "If there be any among you who will not work, neither shall they eat." The first lesson we have to learn, however, is to distinguish between useful and useless labor, between real labor and drudgery.

Industrialists say that labor is noble and holy and that "to work is to worship;" but that drudgery is degrading and a sin, destructive of all that is good in the world. To attain the right means for the achievement of our purpose, we must exercise intelligence. Masters scheme with their heads, slaves drudge with their hands and feet. I am satisfied that if all who now work for wages could be induced to devote one hour a day to an honest study of economic problems, we should effect a complete reformation in thirteen years.

There is no mystery to be solved. The causes that have produced existing conditions are easily traced. Bob Ingersoll said there were no mysteries except ignorance;" and when we say that the laws controlling social movements are beyond our comprehension, we confess ourselves incapable of self-government. We confess that our Declaration of Independence, all our claims of liberty, political equality, and our right to the pursuit of happiness are but glittering generalities. For political liberty can not be realized where there exists an industrial plutocracy. Political liberty and industrial slavery are likewise incompatible. Wealth is power and those who control wealth will control the political and industrial destinies of the nation. It is conceded there are now twelve men in this land, who, by combining their wealth and their power, could seriously affect the credit of the Government and paralyze every industry in the country.

We talk about our rights; but rights are valuable to the individual only when they can be enjoyed. We say each man has a right to gain wealth or to become President, if qualified and

legally elected; yet very few attain wealth and there can be but one President of the eighty millions of people in this country, at any one time. The total wealth of the country amounts to about one thousand dollars for each one of the population: therefore, if one man acquires a hundred thousand dollars, there must necessarily be ninety-nine others left without any. If another acquires a million there must be nine hundred and ninety-nine others penniless. Of what value then are these rights to the great masses of the people to whom their realization is impossible.

Now I believe with M. Godin that "it is impossible to build a palace for every man, but it is possible to have every man live in a palace," and this idea he realized in the People's Palace he had erected for his workmen at Guise in France.

I am not a pessimist; on the contrary I am somewhat disposed to look toward the future with an optimistic eye. For all the while these evils I have enumerated have been accumulating, there have been men who have not been blind to their inevitable result; men who have not prostituted their talents to greed or popularity; men who have given us a literature, which is within the reach of all and made such advances in science that we can now determine economic problems with almost mathematical certainty. Sociology and the science of statistics are destined to enable us to discern the natural laws that govern social movements, that we may re-organize industry upon a scientific basis in accordance with the natural laws of the world.

I am satisfied that the great Author of all things, who governs the universe, giving fixed laws to the planets and to the whole material world, has not left man, the crowning work of His hands, to grope on in darkness without any social code.

The dumb animals are endowed with instinct by which they are enabled to provide for their necessities and propagate their species, but man is gifted with reason and intelligence. As yet, to be sure, he has made little use of either in the direction of discovering his social possibilities. Three-fourths of all the people born into the world have lived under the delusion that kings were divinely appointed to rule. All past civilizations and governments have been based on some religious dogma and a few moral maxims. Their subjects have been ruled by appealing to their superstitions. Adam Smith is called 'the father of political economy.' His first work was printed in 1779, only a century and a quarter ago, and

political economy, even now, is little more than mere expressions of opinion, on the part of its authors. As yet it is entitled to the credit of discovery and applying but two principles in economics. One is the use of public credit; the other, that of limited liability in corporations. It has not yet taught us, however, how to prevent the abuse of either or how to make wise use of them.

Sociology was not thought of, sixty years ago; but, to-day, by its light we are able to determine many economic problems with a degree of certainty. Take the Tariff question, for instance—I take this because all are more or less familiar with it—it has excited more general interest than any other issue of its kind, but what do we really know about it? In the earlier period of our government it was discovered that wages, measured by dollars and cents, were from fifty to one hundred per cent. higher here than in Europe. Hence it was concluded that we could not compete with European countries in the matter of manufacturing. No inquiry was made into the causes producing these higher rates; therefore, for nearly a hundred years the people of this land have been divided into political parties and wasted time and energy upon this issue, which demagogues have used as a means of fooling us, talking about protection to American labor. In 1890 the United States Senate, however, was at last induced to enact what is called the Aldrich resolution, directing the United States Commissioner of Labor to make statistical inquiry into the relative labor cost in manufacturing as between this country and Europe. This he did with five industries—glass, cotton, shoes, coal-mining and the manufacture of steel rails. And it was shown that, notwithstanding the higher wages earned here, the actual cost of labor was much less here than there, in three of these lines; while in the other two, though greater here, the margin of difference was insignificant. Now this was simply an application of science and in the same way we may determine with accuracy every element that enters the domain of industry.

And here let me say that the organized workmen of this country were the first to make demand for the application of collected data to the solution of social problems, and that William H. Sylvus is entitled to the credit of having suggested it.

At the convention held in Chicago in 1868, representing five hundred thousand organized workmen, where for the first time

a declaration of principles was formulated, during the deliberations of the committee of resolutions. Sylvus made this observation: "Yes, we can formulate resolutions and make demands, as the politicians, and other bodies of men have done, but what does it all amount to except as an expression of our opinions? What we need is facts, that we may base our demands on known truths. He then offered a resolution demanding the establishment of statistical bureaus. Since then these bureaus have been organized in thirty-five States and also one by the United States Government. This action, moreover, has been imitated by nearly every industrial country in the world.

You will ask how I propose to make it possible for workingmen to do the things I have suggested. My answer is "Use your heads! Use your intelligence!" The Labor movement is now so well advanced that it speaks with authority, but we must learn to distinguish between the real and the sham, the true and the false. We must learn to choose wisely the men we place in authority, separating the real leaders from the men with swelled heads. You ask, "How are we to do this until we have tried them?" I say, "By an exact and definite rule. Any man of ordinary intelligence can learn how to do it in ten minutes' time." If any of you care to learn how to select your representatives or the right kind of men to place at the front, come to me any time at the factory or of an evening when I have leisure and I will teach you how to do so, with the same certainty which you now show in distinguishing a mule from a jackass or either from a horse. You do this by observation. They are animals of the same species, but marked by different characteristics. The differences in men are just as easily recognized, when you understand the rule for their sure identification.

In conclusion let me say that the Labor movement has well-defined ideas of what is to be done and equally well-conceived methods of accomplishing its ends. No phase of it has been ignored. The Why is well understood, the How has been determined with certainty, the only thing that now remains is the question. When? This must of necessity depend upon the workingmen themselves. No one else can do it for them. The way has been cleared, the school-house erected, the books are at hand and all things ready. Now comes the task of finding the men who will take up the cause, who will devote themselves to the

rescue of our institutions from the throng of drones and loafers and inspire our workingmen to free themselves. From my standpoint, this is the only thing in the wide world worthy an honest man's thought.

Wildwood N. J.

CHARLES H. SIMMERMAN.*

*I have published this article because of its clear and strong arraignment of the vampires who, under the guise of Christian respectability are sucking the heart-blood of modern civilization. All that is in accord with THE GLOBE's work these many years. I have not, however, a particle of faith in Mr. Simmerman's proposed statistic and so-called scientific cure. Nothing, but the grace of God, as given to those who have faith in Christ and His Church, producing in them the willingness, purpose and power of obeying His law ever has saved souls and society from the jaws of selfishness and hell. It is a slow work, has had and will have many setbacks, but the science of life as taught by Jesus Christ is the world's only salvation. No other science, and no physical aid can take its place. It is this or damnation.

THE EDITOR.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Carmina Mariana, second series, an English anthology in verse in honor of and in relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary, collected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M. A., second edition, London and New York, sold for the editor by Burns & Oats, Limited, 1902.

I was expecting this beautiful volume some two years ago, but either the first edition was exhausted before my turn came, or a copy was sent but failed to reach me. When this copy arrived, though it had been paid for in England, and though the postage on the book was all and amply prepaid, the rascally and thieving Custom House of the United States exacted another payment of sixty cents ; sixty cents duty on an ordinary 12mo. book, just for pure rascality and robbery, no wonder we are rich and have a splendid surplus ; all smart thieves thrive for a while, but we claim to be a free and Christian country, practicing reciprocity, and ready to receive light from all parts of the world. Consistency, thou art a jewel, and, verily the brass of American bluff is about the most

polished piece of hardy toughness in all the boundless universe ; and the crazy man stead says that England is becoming Americanized. It may be true. We have noted many signs of the times, squinting that way, but ere it comes may the end of the world come and some of us be at rest. However the book before us is none the less beautiful because the common carrier was a thief.

When the book came I first examined its mechanical make-up and cut the leaves, simply glancing at a beautiful line or two here and there. I had long had a passion for well-made books : books that feel soft and pliable yet firm to the touch, that do not rasp on your nerves when you touch them, or offend you with the repulsive odors of the printer's shop ; books that are not stiff-backed like a Philadelphia shopman, but that have more in them than their cuffs and collars ; books that are not all gaudy with ill arrayed so-called art of the midway plaisance species ; books that are not cheap and nasty like the Sunday newspapers and the art exhibitions of modern times ; books that are books in a word, well made, pliable, yet firm and enduring, but you seldom find them in these days of shoddy Americanism in all lines ; books that are a thing of beauty and a joy forever ; beautiful in exterior yet simple in their elegance, like the unstage-like quiet manners of the ladies and gentlemen of ye olden times—such a book in external touch and appearance is Mr. Shipley's *Mariana*. So I thought I would make a little notice of the volume and call it "a Beautiful Book."

After a more careful examination of its contents I wanted to change the title and call it a very Beautiful Book," still later I desired to call it "a supremely Beautiful Book," but concluded to let the first title stand and make these remarks as a sort of sub title.

If this book should fall into the hands of any person or persons who may seem to miss some favorite hymn to the Blessed Virgin, they should remember that this is a second series of *Mariana*, collected by the same compiler as fully explained in his preface. The full title of the book as given, fully explains its general character, and the contents are so varied and numerous that it is impossible to do it any kind of justice in any resume or comment.

From the first hour and the first words of the angel to Mary, "Hail, Blessed art thou among women," to the last prayer of devotion offered by the humblest lover of the mother of God, every truly Catholic soul has felt this tender uplifting of the soul in

loving reverence for this one, chosen, Immaculate Daughter of the human race ; Child of the angels and spouse of the eternal.

Those who have special leanings toward the quaint simplicities of the earlier ages will find much to their liking in this book and those who prefer to have the language of their own souls expressed by the poetic genius of our own latest days will find ample gratification of their taste and desires. Indeed this point may need a further word and the book before us amply illustrates my meaning. Much of the cant of modern formalism and hypercatholic straining orthodoxy is after all a matter of *form of expression*. As I have often said there is a literary way of stating dogma and there is a theological way. We may add that the literary way is cut in two and may be called the prose way and the poetic way. This last is the highest conceivable way of stating anything from the murmur and roll and rush and turmoil and sweep and plunge, and the restful ripple and sough of the ocean to the noise and motion of a steam engine, to the brilliancy and beauty of lightning, to the roseate touches of dawn and the thoughts of love and wooings and inspirations of the spirit of God, the still small voice, scarcely a whisper, but the sweetest and mightiest of all the forces of eternity.

It was thus that the prophets spoke in advance saying a virgin shall be with child—and again, for unto us a child is born and his name shall be called wonderful, Councilor, a mighty God—the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. It was thus the angels breathed their Hail—Blessed art thou. It is thus we call her Queen of May, concentrating all our human loves and loveableness into the “chief flower of the ages.” The truly devout poetic Catholic soul has no need of dogmatic definitions of the virgin. She was as nobly loved and honored by such souls and the ages before the vatican council as she has been since or ever will be. I am not complaining of the council or its creeds in this or that. I am simply telling you a truth some times forgotten by theological creed makers, that there is a poetic way of defining as well as a theological way and that the poetic definition in Isaiah, or in any one of a hundred of the contributors to this beautiful book is by millions of diameters superior to the theologic way.

For instance if this beautiful book contained only the wonderfully masterful and unutterably beautiful “Ode to the Immaculate Conception,” by Maurice Egan, on pages 137-138-139-140, and the quaintly lovely poem by Sebastian Evans, pages 151 to 155, and the touchingly exquisitely beautiful poems by Louise Imogen

Guinay, pages 165-166-167, the book itself would be worth to all poets its weight in the most precious gold, and if these songs of Catholic Souls were all that was left of Christian literature, creeds, and churches in all the world, the new men and the new women of the future would pore over these outbreathings of immortal and godlike genius and would weave from these verses the old, old story till all earth and all heaven shone with the true light of God in Christ Jesus.

What need I say more, I could go on selecting groups of writers and groups of songs of the sunrise till the reader were weary, but he will never weary of Mr. Orby Shipley's beautiful book. To the compiler the thanks of the world are due, and every Catholic soul in this land ought to own these two volumes—first and second series of Mariana, spite of the fact that they will have to be robbed by the United States government in order to become owners of the same, that is, unless some American Catholic Publishing House has enterprise enough to bluff the American Custom House, and so bring the book, the English-made book, and not some cheap and nasty American reprint of it prominently before the American public.

It would appear infinitely more favorably for the sense of this so-called Christian land if Mariana—first and second series—sold far beyond the most popular novel of the season, but as a recent reviewer of the *June GLOBE* remarked, "The Sermon on the Mount is still something beyond us;" and even the *New York Sun* quite recently admitted that our best and most polished Christian civilization of the Whitelaw Reid and President Roosevelt and John Hay species is but a very shallow and slight veneer.

By the way there is a poem by Mr. John Hay in this book, page 168, which is by all odds the best thing I have ever seen from his pen, but that was long before he ever became the tool of Mark Hanna and the late William McKinley. Here are the first lines of the poem :

"Mother of God, the evening fades
On wave and hill and lea,
And in the twilight's deepening shades
We lift our souls to thee."

We will shake hands on that, Mr. Hay. I apologize for all the sharp things I have ever said of your stupid eulogies and your hack books of prose and place a little laurel crown upon your faded brow.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

A PROTESTANT LAYMAN ON THE CHURCH.

An Address Delivered at Yonkers, N. Y., Before the New York Conference Itinerants' Club, October 3, 1900, by John C. Havemeyer.

The following address is so plainly in earnest, in such good spirit and so full of interesting and pertinent suggestions that I have thought it worth while to reproduce it in *THE GLOBE*.

At the same time it proclaims so clearly the Protestant blunders that Jesus did not found a church but only sent forth witnesses to his gospel and life; that these witnesses did not found and organize a church, but only bore witness to Christ, and wrote certain books called the Scriptures which according to Havemeyer & Co. are the infallible pride of all Christians alike. Nevertheless Mr. Havemeyer and the whole of Christendom constantly speak of the Church, meaning thereby the various religious and sectarian clubs to which they belong.

To Catholics the error of this assumption is palpable as day—but if Catholic teachers would only understand that these Protestant blunders are sincere and that Protestants need enlightenment, not the mere assertion of authority, much good might be accomplished and thousands of converts made.

"I avail myself of the first opportunity that has come to me, during a membership of over fifty years in the Methodist Episcopal Church, to address an assemblage of Methodist ministers. Should my language seem unduly vigorous or incisive, I trust you will attribute the fact, somewhat at least, to prolonged suppression. I will also confess that there is a tradition among the laity that a force less than dynamitic will scarcely convince or influence the average minister.

"There is a general spirit of inquiry abroad as to the reason the church is not more effective. The inquiry follows an almost universal admission that its activity and accomplishment come short of even reasonable possibility and expectation. This condition is assumed and admitted in articles in the secular and religious press, from the pulpit, and in conversation; and statistics and observation seem sadly to confirm the belief.

"How shall we answer the inquiry and meet the serious

charge it covers? Denial is impossible and evasion or delay is cowardly and dangerous. Shall we claim that the Bible has ceased to be the power of God? Shall we claim that we should not expect the same influence which it exerted in the time of Christ and the apostles, when, through the instrumentality of simple and irregular preaching or testimony, so many people, over such a wide area of territory, were gathered into the fold? Shall we claim that human nature or human ideas and surroundings have so changed that the Bible is now inefficient? Or shall we insist that there is a worldliness and self-absorption which makes men impervious to truth? If not, what shall be our defense? Are we not forced to admit that there may be something wrong in the church, and to it a fact that its spirit and method have changed, and that it has ceased faithfully to present the truth as it is in Christ Jesus? Let us make inquiry in this direction.

"According to the modern idea, the church is made up of ministers and laity. Under its present organization and for many centuries, ministers have formulated its doctrines and have, I think it may be truly said, been the leaders in schisms, heresies and changes. Luther raised the standard of revolt against Roman Catholic faith and practice; Wesley initiated a schism in the Church of England; and Arminius and Calvin advocated different phases of doctrine, and founded, or at least promoted, distinct religious organizations.

"Our first inquiry naturally is, What is the true position according to the Scriptures and what the present attitude and work of the ministry? We are told that Christ selected, here and there during His early ministry, humble men without learning or influence, whose constant companionship and observation of His acts and words He required. He called them apostles, or men sent forth. At first sight it seems surprising and unaccountable that He should have selected such humble men to learn His doctrine and to establish His kingdom. How could they contend with the Jewish officers, who were highly educated and learned in the law, and how could they successfully oppose the philosophy and subtleties of the cultivated leaders of thought of the heathen or Greek or Roman world? But all doubt is removed when we consider what Christ's purpose was in their selection, as He subsequently made it

known. He declared it to His apostles in the inquiry, "Whom say ye that I am?" and in His earnest approval and condemnation of Peter's words when he answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The apostles understood this to be the great truth they were to teach, and we find that in all their writing and addresses this question of Christ was constantly before them, and there was the uniform effort to make their teachings an answer to it. Even Paul continually shows appreciation of this lesson of Christ, and made his philosophy subordinate to the great truth or fact of the present, personal, conscious and all-sufficient Christ and Saviour. Christ's instruction before He left the world, as we are told in Acts 1:8, was, 'but ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be *witnesses* unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' And Peter says, in Acts 10:39, 'We are *witnesses* of all things which he did,' and declares later that 'God raised up Christ and showed him unto *witnesses*, even unto us.'

"In describing his own call to the apostleship or ministry, Saul tells us that the words of Ananias, which he recognized as from God, were: 'The God of our fathers hath chosen thee that thou shouldest know his will and see that just one and shouldest hear the voice of his mouth, for thou shalt be *his witness* unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard.' It was the special mission, then, of the apostles to be *witnesses* of Christ's acts and sayings. The truth concerning Christ, and not human argument, was to be the power which should conquer the world; and humble men were chosen, that they might rely upon and only declare this truth, and not attempt to substitute human learning or human influence. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.'

But the lives of the apostles had a limit and, therefore, under divine guidance and with divine help, they left written testimony or narratives in order that others might continue the testimony concerning Christ which they had found to meet human needs and to change human hearts. Is it not marvelous, especially in the light of the multiplication of words which ministers now think it necessary to employ, that their entire testimony is contained in 272 pages of this copy of the New

Testament, and that four distinct histories of Christ's life and words are given within the compass of 126 pages? I understand that the true mission of the minister to-day is the mission of the apostles and that they are simply, or certainly mainly, to instruct and remind as to the truth or fact that is in Christ Jesus.

"But what is the present conception of a minister's work and relation to the Church and world? It seems to be considered, unfortunately, both by ministers and laymen, that it is a profession. If we look at Webster's dictionary for a definition of the word, we will find it to be 'the business which one professes to understand and to follow for subsistence, as the profession of arms, the profession of the clergyman, lawyer or physician, the profession of lecturer on chemistry.' 'The three professions or learned professions are especially theology, law and medicine.' In the Century dictionary we are told that formerly theology, law and medicine were specifically known as the professions, but that now other vocations also receive the name.

"It is difficult to reconcile this idea of the ministerial position and relation with that entertained by the apostles, and am I not right in considering that a fundamental weakness of the church to-day is a misconception of ministerial function? This view is confirmed by recalling that if the ministry is a profession it shares the nature and dangers of other professions. If I have a suit at law, I am obliged to employ a lawyer. I am not familiar with legal usage or practice, and would be unable to conduct my own case. The lawyer is an officer of the Testament, and that four case. The lawyer is an officer of the court, and has a standing and familiarity with its forms I do not possess. In cases of sickness the doctor only has legal authority to attend and prescribe. Men connected with these professions have exclusive rights and privileges. This fact opens a wide door to abuse. The client or patient, on the one hand, is likely to have, by reason of this dependence, an exaggerated estimate of, and place undue reliance upon, the ability and influence of the lawyer or doctor; and these professional men, on the other, are in danger of unduly estimating their own importance and of making unreasonable demands in return for their services. Other professional dangers are

rivalry or jealousy, a struggle for popularity, assumption of authority and ambition of leadership or supremacy. I do not hesitate to assert that the professional idea which now exists in the ministry creates a strong tendency toward these abuses, and that, as a matter of fact, they are apparent in all denominations.

"In the church, there is the danger that the truth which is in Christ Jesus, and in Him alone, will not be the one influence upon which the minister will rely, but that he will seek to win men from the world and develop in righteousness by various methods and devices, including a display of human learning. A striking proof that this danger is not imaginary but is a reality, is found in the acceptance of and struggle for titles and distinction. How many ministers are there who have refused to accept and do not desire the title of Doctor of Divinity? And yet, upon analysis, how absurd is this or other titles bestowed in connection with, or in recognition of, religious work! Who can think without a smile of Doctor Matthew or Doctor Mark, or Peter, LL.D., or Paul, D.D., and how incongruous is this ambition with the idea of being humble witnesses for Christ and devoting the life to saving souls and instructing in righteousness! A witness should have no desire or ambition except to be truthful and helpful. Paul declared his title to be 'a *servant* of God and of Jesus Christ,' and the title the Master will give in the Last Day, to those who have been faithful, is contained in the welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful *servant*.' Was not the colored bishop about right, who, when introduced to a Northern conference as a DD. by Bishop Newman, acknowledged the title, but insisted that the true interpretation is 'Donated Dignity. A *servant* is the only workman God accepts. But if we come in the spirit of service He makes us co-workers. Am I not correct in the belief that no Christian should, in connection with Christian work, have a title or distinction on earth which will not be recognized in Heaven? Until this erroneous impression regarding the ministry is removed, I do not believe there can be a spiritual and world-conquering church.

"I am persuaded that the word of God made effective by the spirit of God is fully equal to the conquest of the world. Alas, that error should creep into human organization and hinder the triumph of Him whose right it is to reign.

"As a foundation and justification for what I have said, I ask your careful attention to the reading of a few verses from the Scriptures, namely, 1st Cor., 1:17 to 2:5 (R. V.):

"For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel: not in wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made void.

"For the word of the cross is to them that are perishing foolishness; but unto us which are being saved it is the power of God. For it is written,

I will destroy the wisdom of the wise,

And the prudence of the prudent will I reject.

Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of the world? For seeing that in the wisdom of God the world through its wisdom knew not God, it was God's good pleasure through the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe. Seeing that Jews ask for signs, and Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto Jews a stumbling-block, and unto Gentiles foolishness; but unto them that are called both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men.

"For behold your calling, brethren, how that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, *are called*: but God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, *yea* and the things that are not, that he might bring to naught the things that are: that no flesh should glory before God. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who was made unto us wisdom from God, and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption: that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

"And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, proclaiming to you the mystery of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching were not in persuasive

words of wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

"This misapprehension of the mission and relation of the minister has led to another, which is perhaps equally unfortunate. It is that the layman has an inferior position in the church and inferior capacity for usefulness.

"It is assumed the ministry constitute a distinct class and are on a plane above the laymen. This conception prevents, of course, hearty co-operation. The layman is not a fellow-worker but a sub-worker. He is therefore only partly utilized, and in the general work of the church has a very inferior share of responsibility. I believe this to be thoroughly unreasonable and unscriptural. There can be no true and permanent success in church work unless every man and woman is taught that there is a personal responsibility and that they are bound to utilize all the knowledge of the Word of God and all the spiritual enlightenment they acquire, and the opportunity should be afforded. I suppose that, as a matter of fact, not a blade of grass or a plant grows anywhere which has not its purpose and function, and I certainly believe that the church needs and is dependent for its fullest success and power upon the use, by every man and woman, of all the light and power given them. When this is taught from the pulpit and accepted by the laity there will be no lack of money for the purposes of the Church and no lack of workers in any field we are called upon to occupy.

"It appears to me a most remarkable fact that a minister places so little stress upon the *development* of his hearers. As I read the Bible, the great aim of Christ and the apostles was first to win and then to develop for testimony and work. If I were a minister, instead of being satisfied with a faithful attendance at church service, I should feel humiliated if men and women, who have been listening to the Gospel for five, ten, or fifteen years, were not so far developed or trained as to be competent and have the desire to share the work I myself was doing. If they failed to receive the spirit of the Gospel and to labor among the masses and the individuals on Sunday and other days, and keep sending them to the church to be in turn developed and fitted for usefulness, I

should consider my ministry a failure. After preaching for less than a year to the prejudiced and ignorant hearers who followed Him, Christ so far developed them that He sent out a band of seventy to prepare the way for His coming, and gave them authority over devils and the power to heal diseases which He himself possessed. Even with their irregular and imperfect opportunities of learning, such is the power of the truth which Christ taught and illustrated, they were fitted, within this brief space of time, to be His heralds.

"As a matter of fact, the minister looks upon the co-operation of the laity as a convenience and not a necessity. Instead of considering himself simply the leading worker and counting a spirit of co-operation and readiness to labor on the part of the laity as an indispensable proof of discipleship, they are content to have them inactive, and value them largely according to regularity of attendance at church services. The result is that the laymen leave to the minister the responsibility which he seems to desire. They recognize the chasm there is between the pulpit and the pew, and, rather than quarrel, become drones in the hive. Is it a true conception of the church that a layman should be simply the servant of the minister, sacrificing his independence and ignoring his own judgment and experience, being controlled in his work by a single mind, it may be of a mere youth, or inexperienced or impracticable man? His true position is that of co-worker, and terribly does the church suffer that the minister is not in constant communion and conference on equal ground with the earnest laymen of his congregation. I do not see how it is possible that an intelligent minister should not aim to train the laymen to the highest usefulness. I do not understand how they can avoid inviting them into the pulpit to announce a hymn, read the Scriptures, make a prayer, follow the sermon with an exhortation, and in due time, at proper intervals, to aid in preaching the Gospel. If the result of preaching is not to give the hearer the spirit and capacity for such work, then I should say that either the Bible does not prove itself to be true, or that the preacher has mistaken his calling, and is not an intelligent and faithful witness.

"There seems now the general assumption that there is a divine illumination and power inherent in the ministry that renders it independent of other human suggestion or aid.

"It is my testimony this morning that, during a membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church of over fifty years, I can recall but few instances in which the minister has called upon me for a conference or advice. I have been invited, perhaps to concur in and carry out some suggested plan, but there has been rarely a conference as to the plan itself.

"I have, on different occasions, felt called upon to make suggestions or tender advice, but they have been seldom followed. Upon one occasion I suggested to the pastor that there was a better theory for church work than that upon which he was acting. He asked for an explanation, and I told him that my general thought was that he 'should find out where the people then stood, and lead them where they ought to be.' I noticed that shortly afterwards a request was given from the pulpit for the official men to meet the pastor in conference. At this conference he suggested that there was not in the church the spiritual life there ought to be, and he had called them together that they might confer as to their own personal relation to God and their own Christian life. A few days afterwards he called upon me and informed me that, to his surprise, the result of this conference was a decided spiritual awakening, and that nightly prayer-meetings were being held with a large attendance. The comparative failure of the church grieves me the more, as I believe it is not a necessity. All truth is simple, and cause and effect are the law of God in spiritual as well as temporal affairs. Let there be an adequate cause and the effect will follow. I believe it possible, within a comparatively short space of time, to have every church in Yonkers crowded, and the liquor saloons closed. When the ministers lay aside their professionalism, and consider themselves servants in Christ's work, and not superior to the laymen, and when they freely and constantly consult them and seek their co-operation, that good time will begin to dawn.

"I will simply call attention to one other respect in which I believe there is error that hinders the usefulness of the Church. It is in the methods of public worship and at weekly meetings for prayer and communion. In the former, among the defects, are formal and unmeaning prayer, superficial praise, and vain repetition, especially of a creed which is antiquated, incomprehensible and puerile. In the prayer-meeting there is lack

of definiteness and purpose, and the element of conference, especially along practical lines, is almost ignored.

"Brethren, I thank you for your attention. I trust my candor has not been discourtesy. But I feel that a membership of fifty years in the church, during which I have been a close observer and earnest student, entitles me to speak plainly and with assurance. I shall be glad to answer questions or listen to criticism."

In conclusion I have to say, on this pamphlet that—admitting its errors, if its pertinent suggestions regarding lay co-operation in church work—especially the co-operation of clerical converts to Catholic faith were accepted—the Catholic Church of our day or this century might have fewer sins of omission and commission to answer for in the day of judgment, and in every way be more potently and beneficently and truly the true authoritative and inspired and infallible church of the living God.

The assumption that regularly ordained Catholic priests are the only responsible preachers of the Gospel of Christ is an error and a snare, leaving many noble and gifted servants of Christ without proper scope for utterance and making all too august those who have the ordination vows upon them, though they often act as if they had made no such vows.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE "LAW OF PROGRESS."

Some time ago I prepared for a certain newspaper a series of sketches illustrating parallels in the rise and fall of ancient Republics. The purpose of that paper's editors was, I suppose, to call the attention of its readers to the pitfalls into which those Republics stumbled and to thereupon build editorials warning its constituents that "like conditions beget like results," that "history repeats itself" and that we were surely plunging into the same maelstrom that engulfed nations that were once great. Howbeit, the points brought forth in these notes provoked some discussion in which I read an oft repeated reference to the "law of progress," a term that grates abominably upon my nerves, a rasping misnomer.

Now I would like to leave the question of whether we are on the road to a downfall like that of the Roman Republic or not to some other time and spend a little time glancing over what we know of that alleged "law of progress" that we have heard about and lived with upon more or less intimate terms since our school days.

The gathering of the authorities was a most fascinating pastime, placing their opinions before you is merely to translate and edit that great mass of data into "readable length," therefore is the task an easy one, a light vacation labor, and if I make it readable I am then well repaid for the work.

The best sign of progress is that there is much talk of progress. True, it is an often misapplied term and one used thoughtlessly; few could really define in what progress really consists. Still it is well that the word should be upon every one's lips, it expresses a tendency toward something on the part of every mind. Garrau aptly puts it that "you may be quite certain of the mediocrity of an artist who is satisfied with his picture, who thinks it finished and does not desire to add to it; the insufficiency of a virtue that does not wish itself more perfect; likewise you may attest that an age when people do not aspire for higher and better things than they have, that age is a retrogressive one and had better be wiped off the records." This striving, this hope, this effort toward progress is at once the blessing and the danger of our time. Some there are who, in the name of progress, would have us break our necks to reach a certain point; others in the name of that same progress would convince us that the surest way of advancing is to go backward. Over-zealous as some may be the movement they impart to a period is a benefit. It persists, forms itself from these implications and divergent tendencies and becomes salutary and corrective.

To claim, however, that there is a "law" of progress is forcing a point. There may be such a law, and some of the higher authorities implicitly believe there is, but if there is it certainly has not been made manifest. What are the conditions of progress? Even if these were determined there would still remain the necessity of establishing their relative importance and the precise role each plays in our affairs. What is the object of human development? Is it striving for the happiness of the

individual? Or do we each fit in a little cog and by our presence there are turning the great wheel in some one direction, toward some development of purpose that we, alas, are still ignorant of?

From the earliest time man has had a vague consciousness of a faculty of progress which would lead us to believe that it is one of the essential and distinctive characteristics of our species. This has been more or less developed and understood. In China and in India you will find that idea in its lowest developed state, while in Greece and Rome of old it was carried to excess. You will find in the most ancient classics a mass of peculiar notions wherein life, progress, is compared to certain astral revolutions, the periodical evolution of the seasons, the working of a wheel always coming back to the point from which it started. We think our scientists and philosophers have done some wonderfully original thinking, take for instance our theory of evolution; go back to Maximander and you will find that that philosopher claimed that the action of the sun upon the earth when the latter was covered with waters, induced evaporation in the form of pelicles, matrixes containing minute forms of imperfect organisms that, later, developing by degrees, gave birth to all forms of living things; according to him our ancestors were aquatic animals that, living in muddy waters grew accustomed little by little to living upon the land as the latter was formed, and were gradually dried out in the sun. If that is not full-fledged evolution, what is? With the Roman poets the idea was well developed. Take Virgil or Horace, how frequently they touch upon the glorious ascension of humanity from savagry to civilization; but they likewise invariably comment upon the decadence of that higher civilization into a posterity more vicious than any of its ancestors.

With the writers of prose, Cicero, Aristotle, Seneca, the idea of progress was something more definite. Seneca, for instance, claimed that nature would always have some new and better secrets to reveal to us but that it would do so gradually and only in the long run of human generations. He deplored that the philosophers of his time thought themselves initiated into the full truths while he could see that they had barely reached the gate of the temple.

The idea of progress was but slowly developed in Pagan times.

With the advent of Christianity the idea germinated into stronger life. All the preceding ages were but a preparation, a gradual upbuilding of thought, for the coming of Christ. After him the world was to go on to the day of final judgment, when the perfect life should at last be reached. The middle ages were not particularly propitious to the high understanding of the term "progress." The authors of that time are interesting, however, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Joaquin de Flore, John of Parma, Gerhard Amaury of Chartres voiced the sentiments of the times. The general notion was that time was divided into three epochs; the age of the Old Testament or of the Father, when all was in preparation, when God manifested his omnipotence and governed by law and fear; the age of the New Testament or the kingdom of the Son when he revealed himself through mysteries and the Sacrament and the third age, or the government of the Holy Ghost, in a time to come when we will see truth face to face without symbol or veil. You will find the same ideas in Campanella, Paracelce and Dante. It was from that form that the notion of progress passed from the Middle Ages to the period of the Renaissance, the 16th century. It was then that great men, Bodin, Bacon, Descartes and Pascal divested it of its mystic character, secularized it, attempted to determine its elements and follow it in its most diverse applications. That idea has kept on growing in importance until it contaminates all the ideas and speculations of the modern mind. In the 18th century it became known as the "Law of History;" in the 19th century it implied the study of nature and under the name of evolution "it pretends to contain the formula of universal existence."

What will we do with it in the 20th century?

I have before me Marcelli's, Flint's, Rougemont's and Cousin's writings upon "progress"—Garrau calls them the "vestibules to the science of progress." They all endeavor to prove that there is an edifice, yet one may well doubt its existence or feel that it is but an imaginary cathedral that hope has pictured in our minds. How many formulas have been given us and how many systems, and not one that has not been proven erroneous and swept aside by some successor possessing still greater assurance?

Cousin's theory was a most attractive one. His idea was that progress was but the successive appearance upon the stage of history of three ideas that are the very foundation of reasoning; the idea of the infinite, that of the finite and that of the relation between the infinite and the finite. The Orient of long ago was the expression of the first; Graeco-Roman society was the development of the idea of the finite and modern civilization the expression of the relation of both. A theory that would be well enough if man was but reason without heat radiation or activity but there is nothing in it to explain the numberless forces living and complex, instincts, desires, passions and sentiments.

Schelling, Krause, Savigny and Spencer compose another school, and in fact St. Simon, Fourier and Azais may be said to be of the same school though they indulge in more metaphor than do the others who claim for their deductions scientific precision. One group asserts that the different forms of the ascension state are determined by gravitation, by contraction or by expansion—no two of them agree upon which force it really is. Whereas the Spencerian claim that the governing class, the commercial class, the libraries are to the state as the nervo-muscular, circulatory and nutritive systems are to the body of a vertebrate. Garrau rightfully claims that to get down to absolute precision is to ignore the apparent conditions that distinguish physiological phenomena from moral and social phenomena. To pit the latter's theory against Spencer's theory we must observe that the animal and plant life, properly placed, would increase and multiply to an alarming, if not fatal degree; their development follows but one route, irrevocably outlined and whose final term is simply the realization, in the individual, of the type of the species. Without conscience and without choice does the tree project its branches towards the light; the growth of the human species towards improvement is invariably the result of a voluntary effort and the recompense for something well done. The growth of humanity is not as with animal and vegetable life along set lines, toward a result that cannot but be attained; many directions are possible; there is a capacity for decadence as well as for progress. In animal life different organs are harmoniously developed and upon that harmony depends the life of the individual. Imagine

a vertebrate living with a rudimentary heart and a full-grown brain. If we admit, analogically, that nations are but organs of one vast body, humanity, then the case is presented to us of certain organs in their first stage of development, certain others reaching the final heights of evolution and still others retrograding; infancy, adolescence, full virility, middle age, senility, all in the same body—is the animal Garrau presents to us built upon Spencerian lines; a strange animal indeed.

Prejudice is certainly a funny thing. One of the brightest writers of thirty years ago, Conrad Hermann, of Leipzig, followed along the same lines of thought as the others we have just noted, but embellished his theory with more detailed particulars. He is specific. Youth to him is the exuberant energy whose expression is in art; riper age, distinguished by more sober judgment, practical, is the age of industry; and then follows the profound meditations of old age finding expression in the sciences. That infancy, contends our intensely German friend was represented by Greece. England of to-day represents the ripe age of industry, and of course Germany typifies the sciences—the highest form of life. He contends that Germany has reached the most exalted point attainable and that it is rank foolishness for any other nation to aspire to reach or supersede her. Haeckel following the same line of thought tells us in all seriousness that the Indo-Germanic race is the one that has gotten the furthest removed from the original form of man-monkey. Fortunately for us who have a little English blood in our veins these high authorities admit the English to a little participation in these Germanic advantages, but the Latin races are absolutely beyond salvation!

Is it not sufficient proof that these deductions are necessarily chimerical and that the attempt to compare the phases of our individual existence to the phases of the world's existence are futile when we realize that we have absolutely no knowledge of how old the world may be? We have a faint idea of the term of its existence in the past, but how much longer is that existence to continue? Is the earth young or is she old, are we reaching senility, or are we in the first stage of adolescence?

Lasaulx is without doubt the one philosopher who has given most precision to the theory that pretends to find in the life of nations the phases of human life. Naudin agrees with him.

Independently of all human intervention many species of animal and plant life have died a natural death. Some have been destroyed through the agency of some external circumstance, but even in the human species certain races are in a process of extinction, not by any violent destruction but by the gradual weakening of the generative faculties and weaker and weaker resistance to the general causes of dissolution. They perish, "as a dying leaf upon the tree drawing no further sustenance from the trunk that has nourished it." Their conclusions are risky, however, when they apply this process to nations. True, each nation has in itself a certain amount of vital force that it expends more or less in the course of its evolution. This outlay of strength and force follows in certain channels, in one it gives life to a language, in another it is religion, the arts, philosophy, a system of government; and all these are organs of life. These organs are subject to the same laws of increase and loss of force as they are to the varied expressions of that force. Nations that have escaped destruction by external causes seem to be condemned to die of old age. Many have disappeared; Greece and Rome "succumbed less to the blows of their enemies than to the crushing weight of their old age." Nor genius nor virtue can reanimate these bodies whose vital force has been sapped away.

A fascinating theory I grant you, but is it a tenable one? The individual by the act of his conception receives the force of a limited life; that life is spent, used up in the cycle of succeeding years, but what are the limits of the vital force of a nation? As a matter of fact we may say that a new nation is born every day. The energy that animates it is being renewed man by man, generation by generation. The generation that passes away leaves behind it good works, a heritage of art, of science and of progress that nourishes the next, which in turn will add to that heritage, an entailed fortune to succeeding generations. Has there ever been a nation that actually perished of old age?

If the existence of an inherent force, a vital energy, in nations is not sufficient to account for progress, how much less reason is there to seek that cause in extraneous impellants! How about the influence made upon our affairs by our rotation about the Sun, magnetic currents, gravitation and the other

theories of Hegel, Michellet and of Lasaulx who would have progress, liberty, civilization marching on from the Orient to the Occident? In the name of Heaven what connection is there between the planetary movement controlled by mechanical forces, and the progress of liberty? Then too, where is the beginning of East and West? For our convenience we have placed it somewhere, but as a matter of fact in such a theory as this what account is taken of the American continent; is it East or West; is it progressive or retrogressive?

My favorite author—Garrau, thinks with many of the later English and Italian writers, that the action of the climate, the productions of the soil and the relative altitudes of habitation have a much more direct influence upon humanity than any of the above cited alleged influences. They are certainly less contestable arguments. Montesquieu and Buckle have opened the way to an almost limitless calculation, one might call it, along mathematical lines and with some degree of accuracy between these causes and effects. No one can gainsay that these conditions modify life in their vicinity; they exercise a very great influence upon the economic state, politics, society, of a nation. Given the nature, the number, the intensity of these causes and your specialists, metallurgists, chemists, physiologists, ethnologists and political economists can figure out pretty accurately the nature, the tendencies, the life of a people. Who has not observed that in a country where external nature is gigantic, somber, terrible, the inhabitants are paralyzed, superstitious, sensual weaklings, and yet, as Flint says, in India for instance, it is not nature that is too big as much as it is that man is too small. Place men there of another calibre and that very nature that dwarfs the one class will be subjected and made use of by the other.

Heredity?

Bagehot sees in it the essential conditions for the development of nations. One of the strongest inherited traits in man is the belief that might is right and the resorting to that argument upon the slightest provocation. War is another name for that inherited trait. Some claim that war is progress. Each battle, they say, is a step in civilization. Not so; at first war was but a struggle of barbarians to remain barbarians; later it was used for as unholy ends and with as little benefit to its users.

Were not the wars of Napoleon distinctly disadvantageous to Europe and well nigh destructive to France? What about the others? Some good may have come from some war, as an incidental auxiliary it may have helped progress in upsetting the barriers that separated people, in mixing races, in eventually propagating new ideas, but war has never been the immediate real cause of one iota of progress.

How can heredity be a part of a "law of progress?" It cannot but make like from like and it is so dependent upon environment, education and other externals that it might as well be eliminated from our consideration. A man may receive from his parents a lively, restless imagination. With it he has an equal chance of becoming a great artist or a superstitious fanatic. What we inherit is as a piece of rough stone, "it may be carved into the semblance of a god or of a beast." Bagehot sees in heredity the principal agent of progress; Edgar Quinet sees in it a reactionary force.

Any influence heredity may have upon the human race would hardly justify its elevation into a prime cause, creative, as it were, of the *law* of progress. Perhaps humanity is still too near infancy, sciences that seem indispensable auxiliaries to history are too young yet that a definite theory of progress may be possible. That theory may be a dream and hope far off, a conquest reserved for the later days of our species.

Herbert, Schopenhauer, Renouvier, Bonillier, Flaxman, Derward, Ford-Smith have said their little pieces, but remain unconvinced, skeptical, still groping in the darkness for the Law of Progress.

Perhaps we strain at the word "law." The word, I submit, means the constant communication, necessary between two phenomena, of which one is the antecedent or the essential condition of the other. With this acceptance of the word can there be a *law* of progress? No, such a law would impose itself, of absolute necessity, upon all phenomena is governed. Now, necessity excludes liberty; and the facts of history are the product of a free agency. Either must we set aside the question of the law of progress or cease to speak of liberty.

This question has a religious phase. Quatrefages, Berger, Bunsen and Fancello enlarge upon that aspect of the matter. The notion of God, of religion, is essential and distinctive of

the human species, therefore, it alone of all the animals is progressive. This idea man has of God, the primordial and constant force that moves nations, the living breath that inspires humanity towards truth and justice, gives birth perforce to a language, social or political constitutions, civilization. Progress is a fact. That, like all other facts has a law, but that law has nothing in common with the laws that govern astronomical, physical, chemical and vital phenomena. "It is a law that does not compel, it escapes the inflexible rigidity of mathematical formulæ." It is for humanity the obligation instinctively felt at first as a necessity, subdued later on as a dignity and duty to feel about in every direction towards an ideal of beauty, of truth, of happiness and of perfection. However that ideal may be disfigured by ignorance or superstition no individual of the human race is absolutely devoid of it. It is the beacon that lights men on coming into this world; to us belongs the duty to gather, to concentrate and to fortify its rays; ours the task to establish the direction in which these rays shall shine that we may feel developing in us, through their beneficent heat, a stern sense of duty that enables us to accomplish the noble and sacred work of Progress. Neither fatality nor nature can relieve us of that task, for Progress is precisely the triumph of moral reason and liberty over Nature and Fatality.

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

Washington, D. C.

HOW TO WRITE HISTORY.

Universal History—An Explanatory Narrative. By Reuben Parsons, D. D.; Vol. I. From the Creation of Man Until the Fall of the Roman Empire. Published by the Author, Yonkers, N. Y., 1902.

This is a bulky, well-made octavo volume of 624 pages, including six pages of general index.

The author is frankly and openly Roman Catholic and the entire work is written with such bias in that direction as is to be expected.

Perhaps in no other way can the full and final truth of man's endeavors and accomplishments on this earth be gotten at.

The so-called "unsectarian" histories of general events, histories of our best literature, cyclopædias of religions, politics and nations, written in modern times—and it is only in modern times that we have such writings—are all too plainly antagonistic to Roman Catholic faith and facts, and biased in favor of such religion, agnosticism faith or no faith as the authors and editors of such works were blessed or afflicted with at the time they were so occupied. The fact that certain shrewd American publishers, in getting up works of this general character have, now and again, employed certain so-called Catholic authors to write the historic, biographical and philosophical articles, particularly bearing on Catholic subjects, does not in any measure lessen the prejudiced unfairness of said books as a rule. In truth, the Catholic authors employed by secular publishing houses to produce or cover Catholic subjects in such books are usually of a flimsy, unstalwart, imperfectly-equipped breed, quite unequal to the undertaking, that is, from a Catholic point of view. Hence it seems to me that the candor of Dr. Parsons in stating that he has not intended to produce, and as a matter of fact has not produced "a work which might be welcomed as unsectarian," is worthy of special note and of corresponding admiration.

Give the devil his due, be he Protestant, Agnostic or Jew, but let us have done with trying to conciliate him by pandering to his erroneous notions, and as long as he is not ready to receive the unbiased truth and will not accept the Catholic Church and Her history for what they actually stand for in universal history, let the Catholic author put things as strongly as he dare in favor of his own cherished faith.

I waver a little in writing thus because it does not seem to be in accordance with that perfect fairness of treatment of every question which the *GLOBE* has always stood for.

My meaning is simply this, that if the Protestant or Infidel insists upon being sectarian in his books and writing history in favor of his own belief or unbelief, Dr. Parsons may be excused for treating the great epochs of history with such leaning in favor of the pure truth of God and His Church as the facts at his disposal will admit of. Indeed, in a deeper sense, he is bound to do this. Yet he is, perhaps, wise in not calling his book a Catholic History of Universal Data, though that is really what it is.

Many intelligent persons object to universal histories altogether, declaring it impossible to give a bird's-eye or panoramic view of universal history in one or two volumes, and deeming it preferable

to have specialists treat of special eras and sections of history and leave the readers of these special histories to make up their own notions of the general history of the world.

I think that such persons are in error. It is doubtless wise to have as many special histories, treatises, novels, poetries, etc., etc., even scientific, historic teachings, etc., and medical and financial, etc., etc., as the ubiquitous modern intellect may be able to cope with, but when an author, as in Dr. Parsons' case, has sufficiently mastered the universal detail of human history to be able to treat the field of the world with a certain clearness, with an intelligent, comprehensive, and withal, a fluent, literary expression, I hold that such an author is doing vast service to and for his fellowmen by preparing just such works as the one before us.

At the same time in saying this I could wish that the author had been fairer and broader, and a little less cock sure, and set up in certain points usually understood to be Catholic, it is true, but at the same time, not a part of that tried and inviolable and infallible faith which every Catholic feels bound to believe, and, in fact, has no difficulty in believing.

The true faith—*credo*—is what the Catholic soul takes with a bound; there are a thousand little notions that small men make great fulminations of their own, and some of them the author might have been less sure of than he seems to be. There are many questions of ancient, pagan beliefs and practices which may be stated so as to do full justice to the merits of them and the merits of the people who held them without, in my judgment, in the least vitiating or weakening the Catholic faith of our times. In this particular also I think Dr. Parsons might have done better, but having set out not to be unsectarian or impartial, we have no right to expect impartiality from him; nevertheless, I shall point out instances wherein the author might have done better work, more true and more impartial if he had been free to use the information at hand, and had not been what seems to me, afraid.

There is a general theory of creation or evolution which the church, in common with the Christian world, holds, and which is the Christian theory, in contradistinction to all other theories or cosmogonies, ancient or modern, but to treat any phase of this Christian theory or belief as to the creation with an approach to the certainty of a dogma of faith is, in my mind, an error.

No man and no church knows just how the eternal and divine spirit we call God acted upon the potentiality of material substances

within the boundless infinitude of its own Being in forming the present material universe of worlds and forces and things and beings.

It is a wonderful subject for the speculative and the scientific reason of man to investigate and dwell upon. It is too large a subject for any class of men to be over-dogmatic about for long, and it is well enough to leave it open to such speculation. The enthusiastic astronomer or geologist antagonistic to all preceeding theories and especially averse to being tied to what is known as the Christian theory, will want to spread his clumsy air-ship wings of imagination and make the world and the universe appear so old that Adam's dimmest ancestors could have had no notion of its true beginning. Said scientist is merely a conceited blockhead at best, and it is well to let him beat his conceit into sober fact before paying any attention to him. On the contrary, it is also well to leave the beginning and the process of creation or evolution so open and elastic that a Catholic need not cease to say his prayers if some actual scientist one of these days should announce to him the very contrary of what his ancestors, priests included, have taught.

Moreover, on such matters, the opinions of Origen, Gregory, Justin Martyr Jerome, St. Augustine and the rest of the Fathers, are absolutely of no authority, were certainly biased by the average physical knowledge of their day, and need not be quoted as having any weight whatever. The men of our own time are just as capable of thinking as any of the fathers were, and, as a rule, have a universe of facts to guide them compared with the small circle of facts recognized as known in their day.

Instead of trying to make out the Christian theory as to creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the longevity of the patriarchs and the corruption of the human race as a theory, it would have been far better to have treated the earliest words and traditions of all peoples of mankind on their simple merits, saying what is fact and what is theory, and what is fiction, and treating the deductions from said facts, or traditions with even-handed and just consideration, letting the facts and traditions speak for themselves.

Dr. Parsons on the contrary treats the Christian theory—while admitting that it is only a theory—as if it were of a peculiar reasonableness, and treats the various Asiatic, Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman and other cosmogonies not with sufficient respect and as departures from the Christian theory, which, as a matter of fact, is just as capable of being ridiculed and made to appear ridiculous as the worst of the others, and said others in the hands of a

more cosmopolitan mind, may be made to appear alike poetic and in their own sense reasonable. But I have found that it is as difficult for a Catholic as for any other man to get into full sympathy with any view of life that he has not been taught from childhood and with which he naturally has no sympathy.

Not only might the cosmogonies of the nations have been treated with more sympathetic insight, but the theologies of the different creeds and nations should have been treated with more thoroughness and clearness.

I am of the belief that Christianity would live even if its theology were perforated and annihilated. I am also of the belief that our Catholic theory is so perfect, so rational, so inspired, so infallible, and hence so sure to stand that I think we are able to do full credit to the various pagan theologies of Asia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, the German and Norseman without losing our own faith, and I hold that the work of history is to give a full and fair view of these theologies and not to preach one's own little ism as if it really filled the universe, while treating other isms as a sort of wild dream of fools.

It is true Dr. Parsons admits that he sets out to be *not* unsectarian, and it is true that we have excused if not applauded his stand, but sooner or later some greater mind of the race, with instinctive sympathies, acute in their touch with the souls and soul forces and forms of all peoples of history will write a history that shall be in every sense more *universal* than Dr. Parson's, and not less worthy in other respects.

To have written more freely and justly of Egyptian theologies would have been to show a very striking analogy between their primary conceptions of deity and the conceptions we find at the root and soul of the first words in the book of Genesis, and so to raise the question of the winged angel that first brought the light to human eyes.

Dr. Parsons preferred to magnify the scriptural account as it stands and to give the scriptural account all the credit of orthodoxy, at the same time to wink at the angel that first brought the light to human eyes, as if saying, we understand each other; fly on and away.

Dr. Parsons' treatment of the various divisions of the human race after the story of the flood and the Babel story, is to our mind the only harmonious and illuminating treatment that it can have. Even he, I think, makes too much of the Aryan race, as there seems to me to be no sufficiently-well marked division of the human race to

justify the prominence given this so-called Indo-European family.

As a matter of fact you cannot find this much-exploited Indo-European Aryan gentleman anywhere on God's earth to-day, and yet to judge from the foolish-wise words of the shallow scientist he knows all about the Aryan freebooter, but unfortunately he never tells us anything certain about the fellow.

Dr. Parsons is not clear on this division and expansion of the race after what we call the flood or the flood and Babel epochs, during which men began to talk in various tongues as the spirit and the atmospheres gave them utterance, but he is clearer and more satisfactory, more in accord with the actual facts as far as known, and pretty generally in accord with exacting human reason, more and better on these points than any other historian that has come under my notice.

Dr. Parsons does not swear by what is known as the Hebrew-Christian chronology, but he gives more credit to it than is necessary for any purpose whatsoever, and of the Hindoo and general Asiatic systems he says: "As for the assertions of Indian writers concerning the ancient history of their people, they are as grotesque as the systems of geography and chronology which they followed." But it was hardly necessary or just for him to add: "All the Indian notions of their ancient history are founded simply on Indian vanity and credulity."

I had written this far in the present review intending it for the June *GLOBE* before I had heard a word of Father Wynne's article in a recent issue of *The Messenger*, New York, entitled "Poisoning of the Wells."

Here I am moved to remark (*a*) I am very glad that one more Catholic writer, and he a very conservative Jesuit, has at last discovered that to be pertinent it is often necessary to be personal, though the same writer has mildly scolded the editor of the *GLOBE* now and then for using other people's names. What are names for but to distinguish persons? (*b*) I think that Father Wynne entirely overdid the matter in his complaint, and was himself as indiscriminating and unfair towards his fellow Catholics in his mention and non-mention of them as any of the writers in Appleton's *Cyclopedia* were said to be unfair toward Catholics in general. (*c*) I think that the very title of that article—though a step in the right direction, most of the titles as well as most of the articles in the *Messenger* and other Catholic magazines being insufferably dull, was, all the same, too sensational and inaccurate for a sober Catholic publication.

It is a fine art to make a title that shall at once be sensational and attractive, and at the same time not overstep the truth.

The errors complained of as existing in Appleton's publication were in no sense so serious a matter as "Poisoning of the Wells," and a title nearer the exact truth should have been and could have been found. "Poisoning the Wells" was always considered a criminal offense. I refer to the times when the poor—many families in the same town or village—all drew water from the same well, and poisoning of said well or wells was liable, in fact, almost certain to be fatal to many people. Of course I know how plausible Father Wynne could weave an argument assuming that to poison the spiritual wells of truth is more offensive and injurious than it ever was to poison the natural wells, but such an argument begs the question and assumes that the spiritual wells have been poisoned—which primal fact I deny. (*d*) I think that the so-called errors in the Appleton publication were and are no more serious than just such statements as I have here quoted from Dr. Parsons' history, and such as can be found in almost any and every Catholic publication that attempts to treat of Pagan or of Protestant subjects or beliefs, and this is why I have brought Father Wynne and his article into this notice of a Catholic book. (*e*) Certain intelligent Protestant friends of mine have spoken freely to me on this question, and they say—as we see here illustrated—that it seems almost impossible to find Catholic or Protestant writers at once capable and willing to be fair to all parties concerned, however, they add, and I think justly, that if Catholic writers are not satisfied with such Protestant or secular encyclopedias as are prepared for the world at large, in the name of common sense why do not Catholic scholars and writers, who, judging from the number and vanity of their various publications, must be legion, why do they not get up and publish encyclopaedias of their own? But this is all an aside to emphasize the fact that in dealing with Indian and Asiatic chronology as he does, Dr. Parsons is very characteristic of the spirit of Catholic writers generally, and shows no proper respect for things held as facts and sacred by other people, but impugns, debases and misjudges their motives, and hence renders respect for his own work well nigh impossible.

I am not here discussing the comparative merits of the Hebrew and Indian chronologies, but emphatically saying that Dr. Parsons and thousands of others like him have no right to expect fair treatment at the hands of those they themselves so summarily treat with lack of respect and lack of confidence.

Catholic claims will never be treated fairly until Catholics show a disposition to treat other faiths, philosophies, theologies and chronologies with the respect at least that is due them.

Dr. Parsons admits that "It is very probable that there was an independent India as early as 2000 B. C., and that there were current at that time the primitive traditions of the unity of God, the fall of man and a future Redeemer." But this is all very speculative and not history at all.

Indian and Chinese theology is treated with no more respect than their chronology; indeed, the efforts of ancient saints and scholars in both sections of the human race are treated with a levity that we do not any of us like to have applied to what seem to many of us to be the limitations and contradictions of Hebrew and Christian philosophy and theology.

In fact, the more critically Dr. Parsons' history is studied the more clear it seems to me that it certainly was never intended to be "undenominational," and that it was written more to pander to people's preconceived notions than to explain or show forth the truth of things and more with a view to fluency of language than the light that might be shed.

One might say that Dr. Parsons shows a little more respect for the ancient Egyptian philosophy and theology, perhaps because they are later in history, and because he sees, or seems to see, a nearer approach to Hebrew ideas. Page 67, paragraph (13) on "The Hierocratic Religion of the Egyptians," which well-sounding definition, however, in no sense explains their religion our author says, "The testimony of Herodotus, Porphgrius, Jamblicus, Plutarch and Proclus shows that the idea of the unity of God was the foundation of the primitive religious system of the Egyptians." The testimony quoted or rather referred to does not show this declaration any too plainly, and many thousands of scholars have doubted the view here taken—but, "to the Egyptian goddess, Isis, the Greeks and Latins attributed all the qualities of the other deities, and over the temple at Sais is read the inscription: 'I am, what is, was, and will be, and no mortal shall lift the veil which covers me.' Another edifice presents this still more convincing inscription: 'To the Divine Isis, who Art One and All.'"

In all this nothing is said of the ancient Egyptian deity, El, the essence of essential creative power, which many scholars have placed as primal in the theology of Egypt. In fact, our author makes no reference to El, the Mighty One, in all his descriptions of

Egyptian religious beliefs and worship. The simple fact is that we are to this hour extremely ignorant as to the fundamental ideas, concepts, principles and habits of mind and soul of all the ancient peoples of the world. Dr. Parsons not being an unsectarian writer, and being all the time anxious to build up the so-called Christian view of the Scriptures and the church tries to bolster up his assertion that the unity of God was at the foundation of the Egyptian and other primitive religious beliefs, and for the same reason by a singular process of reasoning he ignores the *El* of the Egyptian because it is the first syllable of the Elohim in the Hebrew Genesis, and so by eventual process the first person of the Christian Trinity. The intent of the writer is plain—he is anxious to find the unity of God at the root of all ancient faiths, to suggest if not to prove the Hebrew story of creation and the fall of man—the revelation of which unity of God was lost by the fall—but he is just as anxious to show or try to show the absurdities of ancient beliefs as a whole, hence the *El* and Elohim and the logical upbuilding toward the tritheism of later days, are all excluded as showing too close a resemblance to what is now claimed as a revelation from the eternal God.

In truth, however, it is plain to any logical mind that the Hebrew expression of the Deity, “I am that I am,” is a borrowed alliteration from the inscription to Isis just noted, and the strong presumption is that the entire theory of the deity as it existed in the Hebrew mind, and as it exists to-day in the Church, and as it existed in the Brahmanic theory of Brahma Vishnu, Siva. The creator, the preserver and destroyer already existed in the Egyptian and Hindoo and Chinese mind, long before Moses or any savior of the Hebrew people was heard of or dreamed of in this world.

We are not asserting this as a truth. We believe the Catholic theory on the authority of the Catholic Church, as far as that has been asserted, but we are suggesting that a Catholic who undertakes to write a universal history and uses every ingenuity of his mind to make his own theory appear divine and other theories ridiculous, must expect to have the representatives of the other theories—any of them—treat him and his theory and his church in the same spirit and in the same manner.

Why have the writers of modern times put a twisted view of the church into modern literature? Is it because said writers are all ignorant liars? Don't you believe it, Father Wynne or Monseigneur Cardinal! Things have gotten badly mixed in this world, and, as far as I can see, it is the duty of those who claim to hold a com-

mission from heaven and a complete view of all truth to show at least the example of fairness in dealing with any subject whatever.

If you lie and deceive, expect your opponents to do the same.

In his treatment of Greek authors, their history, philosophy, art, architecture and politics, Dr. Parsons is far more entertaining and instructive, and in every way less objectionable. Doubtless this is explained by the fact that he has a vastly larger field of facts to glean from and because, in general, the Greek intellect, in its pent-up and multiplied little coterie of nationalities, developed such splendid powers of thought and action that the wide world to this day stands before it in rightful awe and reverence. With all our modern science, discoveries, liberties, constitutions and high-flown bluffing, we have never been able to touch the Greek ideal in literature, in art—including architecture—in philosophy or in dauntless heroism.

It is not wonderful that a man should write entertainingly of a people who more than two thousand—nearly three thousand years ago—paled the sun with the radiance of their own accomplishments, made the stars of heaven modest and gave them appropriate names, out-dazzled Nature with their beautiful conceptions of life, and made all history a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The marvel is that any one man should attempt to describe what the Greek accomplished and not, rather fall down and worship that alert and athletic race of gods.

On page 166 Dr. Parsons makes one summing up that is worth quoting. "The worldly philosopher agrees with Montesquien, who discerns in the conquest of Asia by Alexander, the beginning of the long contest of civilization with barbarism. The Christian student sees in the mission of Alexander a preparation of the way for the propagation of the gospel."

As to the essence of Greek theology and religion we know no more about the real heart and soul of it, after reading all Dr. Parsons says of it, than we knew before. The cant of modern creeds has made any insight into that fathomless vista of mystery seem less hopeful than ever.

You may be sure of this—that a people so brilliant and of such commanding intellect as the Greeks in the days of Socrates, did not soberly worship a rooster of any breed; on the other hand, you may be sure that a people whose civilization had developed a self-sustained man, of such divine moral force, such peace of justice, such majesty of quiet hopefulness—amounting almost to certainty—as dwelt in the soul of Socrates when his aged lips sipped the hemlock

of death, were not without some deep and comprehensive religious consciousness and belief.

In art and architecture they took the relicts of the older ages and nations and wove and chiselled and moulded a dreamland of inimitable and exquisite perfection. In literature—not to speak of Sophocles and the rest, whose work outshines the work of all later ages—the *Phædo* of Plato alone is a crown of fadeless glory, and I hold that, next to the sermon on the mount, and St. Paul's Chapter on Charity, it is to this hour the divinest utterance of the human mind.

There was hardly an object or a phenomenon of Nature that the Greek intellect did not deify with the light of its own reason. "The different peoples of Greece gave different names to the months; but all divided the month into three decades, numbering the days of each decade as first, second, etc. The first day of each month was termed the new 'moon';" rather say, it was the day of the new moon, and the ancient method of counting time by the moon—so many moons—each moon being a month, was the most rational method ever dreamed of. But we must not linger.

In coming to Roman History, section IV, page 214, Dr. Parsons is more at home. Text-books are numerous and voluminous; still, there is no great or luminous satisfaction in his tracing out the evolution of the various original stocks and peoples into that final conglomeration which we have called Rome.

But that is of no minute consequence.

The Romans, from Aeneas to Cicero, and on to Leo XIII, are an intricate, complex, capable race, and after nineteen hundred years of the application of Christianity to the old, eternal vanity of the race they are still nothing without their flowing garments, their extreme mannerism, their elaborate ceremony in everything religious or political—an expressive, demonstrative, quietly, noisy race, and to this hour it is doubtful whether Rome has not influenced and moulded Christianity more than Christ and Christianity have influenced Rome; that is, whether Rome has been Christianized or Christianity Romanized and Paganized.

Perhaps Cæsar was a greater general than Alexander, and perhaps Cicero was a greater orator than Demosthenes, but the rhetorical and demonstrative vanity of the former so overtops his actual ability that in sheer native force of mind we cannot but admire the Greek far more than the Roman in all the lines of his accomplishment. The Roman was always a loud talker; the Greek, first of all,

a clear thinker. The Irish-Americans of our own day are the most characteristic Romans of modern times. The Italians of recent centuries are a more mixed breed. The Huns and the Goths came and saw and conquered not in vain. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, is an excellent modern Cicero, but a better and more eloquent man. For all their military spirit and their dependence upon arms, and for all the grandeur of the Roman army and all its victory, Dr. Parsons notes that the "selfishness of Paganism was clearly demonstrated by the habitual neglect which Rome showed to her veterans. After a service of thirty years the battered soldier very seldom had a roof for shelter; and, as a rule, beggary or crime were his sole resources."

In fact, there seems to be no deep and abiding appreciation of true greatness of any sort in the Latin races. If they can spite the English, the modern Irish will laud their old leaders to the skies; but if there is nobody to hate for love's sake, the love of the martyr dies. It was always so. There is a bloodthirsty barbarism in the race. But let us not generalize. Into this hotbed of all the hellish elements of the world, and, as it were, in the dawning of their utmost accomplishments of noise and blood, the noiseless and bloodless Redeemer came.

Do we wonder that it has taken the Roman two thousand years to learn the lessons of Jesus? You may build colleges and temples galore, and they will fall and rise again; but to instill the lovely and lovable spirit of the quiet Christ into the minds and hearts of the saints is another story. It would take a million years to make a good Quaker out of an Irishman. The Catholic Church is well adapted to the Latin race; and Christ is well adapted to all the boundless races and worlds. You may have to hedge a little, gentlemen, as I see the sunrise.

In going over Dr. Parsons' book a second time we seem to be impressed with its enormous amount of padding with trivial things, and to long for a more discriminating scholarship that would have wafted the chaff to the winds and prepared for the world a more luminous resume of the preceding centuries up to the time of Cataline, Cicero and the Cæsars. But one has to tell what one is familiar with.

Chapter XVI, extending from pages 328 to 377, is devoted to what is called "the Pagan Roman Emperors," including the entire royal butcherhood from Augustus at the dawn of Christianity to Constantine, in whose reign the Lord's Day—our Sunday—the

Quaker First Day—and the day that ultra Protestantism and some fine Catholics are now trying to call the Sabbath Day—was made the official religious day of the Roman Empire. From this point onward to the close of the book our author, as is natural, gives himself up to boundless appreciation and praise of the orthodox representatives of the Church of Rome, smooths over their blunders of life and thought, or puts a pious spirit into the same; while Arius and the Arians, for having a philosophical doubt as to the final view of the Church, are treated something after the manner of human demons.

A book could be written in review of what Dr. Parsons calls "The Reorganization of the Roman Empire"—the founding of Constantinople and the relation of this great blunder of Constantine's to the actual fall and final decay of the Roman Empire. Constantinople went to the Mohammedan and still stays in the hands of the "sick man," his harems and his utmost paganism all sustained and glorified on the sacred soil where Constantine founded the first great Christian city of the world—all gone ages ago to Paganism again and such deviltry as all modern Christendom, so-called, feels obliged to sustain—while Rome itself, the Eternal City of the Cæsars, went to Popes and such forms of Romanized Christianity as might be in the world, until, in our own day, Rome returns to such modern Cæsars as Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel and such newest Roman Italian Emperors as the Popes will have nothing to do with.

In all this Dr. Parsons' book, as far as it goes, is an excellent Catholic publication, destined to aid in increasing and intensifying the old and new Roman vanity that made a fool of one Brutus in the old days and a lesser fool of Mr. Latin Dillon, M. P., only a few months ago in the British House of Commons; but, as to its being a satisfactory history for the true guidance of fair-minded boys and men or women seeking the truth of history or religion, it is nothing of the kind. I should say that, even more than Appleton's Encyclopædia, of which the *Messenger* recently complained, Dr. Parsons' book, in a broad and deep sense, was a smooth and sleek-handed "poisoning of the wells" of essential human truth and virtue.

There is a world of valuable information in the book and a thousand apt reflections upon matters in general, but it is no fair history of the human race up to the time of its quittal of the story.

Another thousand years may have to pass in national and international warfare and bloodshed before the flush-faced Germanic races, Anglicized, Americanized, and with their future world culture

Christianized, solidified and intensified, steady and commanding in their revived genius, will give another turn to Romanized Christianity, and in the end make it more worthy of the expression of the world-reason, the world-vision and the world-worship of God in the human soul.

Something like this, in my judgment, will have to be done, and will be done, by the grace of God working through the infinite channels of all human life, before any true universal history can be written.

Toward that future history this poor review is but a hinting, uttered in hope and kindness, and without fear.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

A SUPPRESSED CONTROVERSY ON EVOLUTION.

Several writers on the staff of "The Review," of St. Louis, have for some years past been furnishing a striking illustration of the old saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Their unintelligent utterances on the subject of evolution, in particular, have made that weekly a laughing-stock among educated men, and have done great harm to the cause of Catholicity.

About two years ago the present writer had an experience which proved the management of the journal in question to be as deficient in moral principle as its editorial contributors are in intellectual acumen and theological and scientific attainments. I have been silent hitherto, simply because I have been too much occupied with other matters to give further attention to these gnats and microbes of Catholic journalism; but as the "Review" continues to spew out its poisonous doctrines on the evolution question, I cannot refrain from once more attempting to supply the needed antidote.

In order to vindicate before the public my right to a hearing on this subject it is necessary, in view of the false position in which I was placed by the manner in which the "Review" terminated the discussion to which it opened its columns in 1900, to expose the dishonest policy by which that journal seeks to justify its errors, so far as that policy is exemplified in the episode referred to.

In March and April of that year a number of ridiculous articles were published in the "Review," attempting to prove that various iniquitous doctrines and practices are the logical consequences of the evolutionary hypothesis, attacking Bishop Spalding for his alleged evolutionism, etc.

To several of these communications I replied, and one of these replies appeared in the issue of March 10th, under the title of "Artificial Selection in the Human Race." I showed that that question was not affected by the evolutionary theory; as the pernicious practices involved could be defended by an anti-evolutionist as successfully as by an evolutionist, and would have to be rejected on moral grounds by even the most ardent advocate of evolution. Arthur Preuss annotated my letter in the spirit of the materialistic pseudo-evolutionary philosophy with which he always confuses the scientific hypothesis of evolution, what little knowledge he has of the subject being wholly derived either directly or indirectly from infidel sources instead of from scientific ones.

The author of the communication, to which mine was a reply, followed in the issue of May 10th with a further confusion of evolutionism with materialism, cited a number of scientists of pre-evolutionary days in rebuttal of my statement that evolution is accepted by practically all the specialists in the sciences concerned, and referred to "the forced withdrawal of Dr. Zahm's famous book" as an indication that the authorities of the Catholic Church look with disfavor upon all attempts "to reconcile evolution with Catholic dogmas."

On May 17th the "Review" published another letter from the undersigned pointing out the folly of resorting to professedly anti-Christian sources for information on the real nature and significance of a purely scientific theory, or of quoting the lucubrations of unintelligent hangers-on of infidel schools of thought to show the logical consequences of the theory.

In his notes thereto Preuss shifted his ground and identified evolution with Darwin's theory of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, quoted against it Father Coppins, S. J., and alleged that the utterances of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Suarez, which have sometimes been adduced in its behalf, were really utterly opposed to it. After making light of Zahm's book "Evolution and Dogma" he closed with a chal-

lenge to the present writer to conduct an argument with him on the subject in the columns of the "Review," in strict scholastic form. To inaugurate this discussion, he invited me to "try my teeth" on the following syllogism: "Without verification, a theoretic conception is a mere figment of the intellect" (Tyndall); but the theory of organic evolution is an unverified conception; therefore organic evolution is a mere figment of the intellect.

On June 7th an anonymous correspondent rallied to the defence of Mr. Preuss in his contention that Herbert Spencer is the greatest living authority on the real nature and consequences of the theory of evolution. In the meantime, I had accepted the challenge with great delight. Adhering most rigidly to the manner of the Schools, I was obliged to distinguish and subdistinguish both the major, the minor and the conclusion of Preuss's very hollow and meaningless syllogism, showing that in every sense in which it could possibly be taken it was either false or devoid of the slightest significance as regards the questions at issue. I then laid down thirteen theses which I announced myself ready to defend against all comers.

In printing my article (May 31, 1900,) Mr. Preuss cut out the paragraphs in which his syllogism was attacked, on the ground that I had said "transeat the whole argument." He printed the rest of the paper, in which, among other things, I gave an account of a visit that a few days previously I had myself made, at Creighton University, to his principal authority, Father Coppens, whom he had quoted in defence of the position that evolution was theologically untenable. In the course of a long talk with that learned Jesuit on the subject, he "admitted that the evolutionary hypothesis, as held by me, and considered apart from the misuses put upon it by the enemies of religion, is more probable a priori, when we take the certain truths of Catholic philosophy and theology as our premises, than the contrary one. He is opposed to it solely, he explained, for scientific reasons; and he informed me that the Society of Jesus has not, as I had supposed, any fixed policy of opposition to evolution, but that, on the contrary, any Jesuit is free to teach it."

In reply, Mr. Preuss, without further reference to Father Coppens, quoted Father Mayer, S. J., against the atheistic-

materialistic school of evolution, and against the theory of the evolution of the human soul from a non-spiritual principle; and cited several authorities who very properly considered the theory that the body of man may have been produced by evolution, but that "the first rational soul and *consequently* the first human being, cannot have arisen by evolution" is looked upon as "unsafe by a majority of theologians up to the present." He reproduced a passage against evolution from the Leroy and Zahm cases that evolution has been practically condemned, so that Catholics are no longer free to hold it. He also referred to Prof. Virchow as an eminent living biologist who thus far refused to accept the theory as a proven one. In the course of his remarks Mr. Preuss said that "Some of Mr. Snell's theses challenge contradicted and comment; * * * if our opponent insists, we may take them up singly later."

In response, I forwarded the following communication.

"I again protest against the introduction into this controversy of the opinions of the 'atheistic materialistic school.' It takes no theological knowledge or acumen to recognize at a glance that atheism and materialism, whether evolutionary or anti-evolutionary, are the extremest forms of heresy. It is demonstrably false that that school 'justly lays claim to absolute consistency'; for evolution means *growth*, and growth arises from an inner and teleological principle, while atheism can consistently recognize nothing more than a series of changes dependent on extrinsic causes. The atheistic conception is anti-evolutionary, grossly absurd, and leads logically to the conclusion of the separate origin of species. Moreover, atheistic evolutionists do not as a class lay claim 'to the sole use of the name.'

"The notion of the evolution of the human soul, or any other spiritual substance, from any pre-existing substance, can be shown to involve a contradiction in terms, and so that can also be dismissed.

"The formula that 'the first rational soul and *consequently* the first human being, cannot have arisen by evolution,' is, as before remarked, obviously heretical; for *the source of the human body is the source of the human being*, as defined by the Council of Ephesus. The Nestorian doctrine, then condemned, is precisely that 'the Godhead of the New Adam, and *consequently* the New

Adam Himself, cannot have been generated in the Womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The iniquity in both cases, lies in the consequently'; the Nestorian conclusion would equally follow from this analogous paralogism: 'The human soul of Christ, and consequently Christ Himself, was not derived from the Blessed Virgin.'

"[It is an act of desperation to cite a mere devotional publication, like the beautiful Messenger of the Sacred Heart, as an authority on such a question as evolution. The quotations from theologians all refer, so far as I can judge, to evolutionary formulae that I do not defend.] The quotations from Prof. Virchow have no bearing on the question at issue: for (1) no biologist of any school claims that the 'missing links' have been found; and (2), even if continuous series of them could be placed before our eyes, it would not even tend to strengthen the evidence in favor of evolution, as the existence, at some time or another, of a continuous series of organic forms, whether arising separately or from a common source, could be predicted a priori, on Thomistic principles.

"It may be true, as commonly asserted, that Virchow is not a full-fledged evolutionist; but he was born in 1821, and belongs to that older generation of naturalists, like Agassiz and Cuvier, who were left behind in the progress of science, though all three of them contributed to the development of the evolutionary hypothesis. Professional biologists, by the way, know that the 'greatest living biologist' is, and has been for some years past, not Virchow, but a Catholic savant who is the head of the biological department at Louvain.

"The canon cited from the last Provincial Council of Cologne is slightly ambiguous and might be interpreted to condemn "atheistic evolutionism" alone. At any rate Provincial Councils enjoy only a quasi-infallibility; and it frequently happens that when a new question is first propounded, and before it has been sufficiently examined in the light of Scripture, Reason and Tradition, a counter-current of uncatholic thought sets in for a while, before the mighty central stream of Apostolic Faith and Right Reason, overcoming the temporary obstacle, passes serenely onward towards the Ocean of Infinite Truth, in which it is to be merged in the Grand Consummation. Thus many Provincial Councils, including that of Synnada, several at Carthage

(218-'22), and Iconium (230-'5), and even three Patriarchal Councils of Alexandria (255-'6) decreed that the baptism of heretics was not valid; which opinion was condemned as heretical by Pope St. Stephen, 257, the Inter-Patriarchal Council of Arles, 314, and the Ecumenical Council of Nicea, 325. So, too, several local Councils, notably that of Laodicea, 372, rejected the deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament, which by the Ecumenical Councils of Florence, Trent and the Vatican have been defined to be of equal inspiration and authority with the rest.

"Even very eminent theologians sometimes take the wrong path in the first stages of a doctrinal controversy, just as SS. Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian and Gregory Nazianzen erred in their lists of canonical Scriptures. This temporary aberration often arises by reaction from the other extreme—the tendency being for every heresy to generate an opposite one; just as Gnosticism brought forth Montanism, Ebionitism Sabellianism, Nestorianism Eutychianism, Pelagianism Predestinarianism, and Rationalism Traditionalism. In like manner an anti-Christian and anti-scientific pseudo-evolutionary materialism is bringing forth a still more fundamentally unchristian anti-evolutionism.

"The principles quoted from the *Civiltà Cattolica* of Jan. 7th, are precisely those upon which I take my stand. Anti-evolutionism (which is very different from the non-evolutionism of old) is absolutely unreasonable and is fundamentally inconsistent with the Catholic world-view, as represented by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. It has its roots in Positivism and logically leads to Polytheism or Scepticism. It destroys the very foundations of the Thomistic philosophy, and undermines the evidences of the existence of God, in any Christian sense of the word. It is more than doubtful whether it is even reconcilable with the admission of philosophy into the circle of real and legitimate sciences.

"I was aware of the Leroy and Zahm cases, but neither of them has any great weight. Both transactions were essentially private and personal, and in the second there was no official action whatever, even of a disciplinary nature. They both serve to bring into clearer relief the theological import of the attitude of the Holy Roman Church towards the exponents of the evolutionary hypothesis. When Rome wishes to speak *Urbis et Orbis*, she knows how to do it, and does not resort to subterfuges.

"The means taken by the Apostolic See of warning the faithful against dangerous errors are chiefly four, viz., Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, Decrees of the Holy Office, the ordinary pastoral utterances of the Sovereign Pontiff, and his solemn ex-cathedra definitions. The Index does not condemn doctrines but books; and it condemns books sometimes on other grounds than that of heresy. The only Roman Congregation that condemns doctrines is the Inquisition; and even its decisions, though demanding an *essensus religiosus*, are not held to be endowed with the infallibility and irreformability of ex-cathedra Papal definitions.

"The more publicly and generally any error is propagated, and the more deeply it strikes at the great root-mysteries and vital principles of the Christian religion, the more imperative does the intervention of the Holy See become. Now the hypothesis of biological evolution has been shaping itself ever since the 17th century, at least; it has been again and again publicly propounded for nearly 200 years past (by Benoit de Maillet, 1735, Maupertius, 1751, Robinet, 1768, Buffon, 1777? Erasmus Darwin, 1794, Treviranus, 1802, Lamarck, 1801, 1809, Meckel, 1811, Wells, 1813, Matthey 1831, Wallace, 1858, Charles Darwin, 1861, and Mivart, 1861; and since 1860 it has been the most frequently and strenuously discussed of all philosophical or scientific questions. It has now become universally accepted among natural scientists, and by almost the whole world of scholarship, as an integral part of the still vaster hypothesis of cosmic evolution. During these last 40 years it has been prostituted into an instrument of Satan by nearly every infidel and Anti-Christian writer. Even though the hypothesis be an essentially philosophical one, it ought, if, as my adversary makes his citation from Father Peschi to imply, it 'cannot be reconciled with Holy Scripture,' to have been condemned long ago. The geocentric hypothesis in astronomy, which has never been so actively exploited in the interest of unbelief as the evolutionary hypothesis, was very promptly condemned by the Holy Office, on March 15th, 1616, as 'absurd in philosophy and expressly contrary to Holy Scripture.'

"What has Rome done at this new crisis? In spite of immense pressure the Holy Father has steadfastly refused to condemn the evolutionary hypothesis either directly or indirectly, or allow the Holy Inquisition to do so; and not even a single book has

ever been put on the Index for teaching it. On the contrary Rome has treated with the utmost delicacy even that large class of Catholic exponents of evolutionism whose works richly deserve condemnation either because of their Nestorian formulae or because of their making evolution a tardy concession to 'modern science' instead of what it is, the logical conclusion of the ancient Christian philosophy—a completion of it not possible until the natural scientists had corrected their long-standing blunders.

"Personalities should be rigidly excluded from such a discussion as this, carried on by two brethren in Jesus Christ with an eye single to the glory of God and the vindication of His Truth. But when Mr. Preuss pronounces it a 'serious psychological problem' how a Catholic thinker can be an evolutionist, it is something more than a personality when I retort that the reason why such a one can be an anti-evolutionist is, alas! only too obvious.

"The Thomistic philosophy is essentially a universal one, and contains a definite theory of the physical universe, or *Systema Naturae*, which is bound up with it into one organic whole.

"The ultimate toleration of the Copernican theory of a heliocentric planetary system amounted to an abandonment of the Aristotelian-Thomistic physics; and about the same time the old philosophy was replaced in most Catholic institutions by the Cartesian and other modern or eclectic systems. The revival of scholastic philosophy necessitates a correction, or rather a reconstruction, of its physical side, a work which has not yet been accomplished, at least *in foro publico*. Thomism with its natural science side left out, or replaced by mere empiric data, as it usually is in modern text-books is a mere fragment of a philosophy.

"The Holy Father, in calling us back to St. Thomas, has opened up the fountains of true science: in the doctrines, principles and method of the Angelic Doctor are the only intellectual salvation of our age. To these the anti-evolutionists are totally opposed. They reject both the science of antiquity and that of the day; with the result that they are in an intellectual state absolutely pre-historic in its unscientific character, while St. Thomas himself, whom they despise as 'antiquated,' remains, even on his natural history side, the highest model of exact and luminous science. Not a single one of these anti-evolutionists

retains the physical side of St. Thomas' philosophy, or anything approaching to the traditional conception of the nature and plan of the corporeal universe; they have all rejected, not only those portions more or less clearly disproven by modern science, but also those which are in perfect harmony with, or even still in advance of, the conclusions of our contemporary physicists. They contradict the Fathers and the Schoolmen on every point save one: 'that no one species of living creatures is ever derived from a single other species'; and this doctrine was always incongruous with St. Thomas' other teachings, was never emphasized, and was evidently taken for granted by him only on the authority of the ancient naturalists.

"I claim to be defending against the anti-evolutionists the traditions of the Christian Schools.

"I do not deny that the so-called Catholic evolutionists are for the most part like the anti-evolutionists, Liberalistic in philosophy. The situation in general philosophy is like that in sociology. In both fields the vast majority of Catholics everywhere a century ago were Liberals or quasi-Liberals, as nearly all those of the United States still are; but in those lands into which the great Catholic Renaissance of the last half-century has penetrated a new and thoroughly Catholic school of thought is shaping itself. In the field of sociology and economics, Liberalism and Socialism are contending for supremacy, while between these, and more different from them both than they are from each other, is the great Catholic social reform movement. So, in the field of philosophy, there are the pseudo-conservatives, who adhere to the degenerate traditions of the dark age of philosophy (beginning with the Pagan Renaissance and the overthrow of the Ptolemaic system), and whose scholasticism is utterly emasculated and unscientific; over against these Liberals are the confessed modernists or Radicals, who openly reject the scholastic philosophy in all its forms, or at least disregard it utterly in their consideration of scientific questions. But equally opposed to these two schools are the pure Thomists, who, so far as they are true to the teachings of their Master and possess the mental acumen necessary to appreciate the wonderful confirmations of, and contributions to, the sublime Albertino-Thomistic philosophy which modern science is yielding every day, must array themselves frankly, and without reserve, on the evolutionary side, while demanding that in this

matter, as in every other, profane science must sit at the feet of theology.

"My opposition to anti-evolutionism is inspired by zeal for the integrity of the true Catholic world-view, most perfectly represented by the Angelic Doctor, and my consequent hostility to all the novelties of philosophic Liberalism.

"A thorough discussion of this question cannot but redound to the good of religion and the vindication of sound doctrine. I have reason to believe that Rome is waiting for a thorough sifting of the question by Catholic savants before deciding whether action on her part is necessary. A certain prelate of the Roman Curia makes a practice of raising the question of evolution, in the religious communities and gatherings of clergymen in which he finds himself in the course of his official and private visits to various parts of the world. He told me some years ago that he found in nearly every Catholic faculty some who were evolutionists, but who, in many cases, were prevented by excessive prudence from revealing the fact till encouraged to do so by his example. [I am personally acquainted with a priest scientist who argues against evolution in his published works; 'for fear of the people,' although he is personally a thorough-going evolutionist! Such an attitude is not according to the mind of Holy Church.]

"Permit me to respectfully suggest that it would prepare the way for a better mutual understanding of the exact points at issue between us, for me to give a brief outline of what I maintain to be the true Thomistic and Catholic world-view, as completed by the evolutionary hypothesis; and then let Mr. Preuss himself judge whether or not a Catholic evolutionist is obliged (as a Catholic anti-evolutionist certainly is) 'to stop short of the logical conclusions of his theory.'"

The bracketed passages were originally included in the document, but were, among others, lined out in the interest of good feeling and brevity.

This manuscript was returned to me without comment, and no reference to its receipt, or the voluntary closing of the controversy on the part of the "Review," was ever printed. The "Review," by its absolute silence on the subject, gave its readers to understand that I had retired baffled from the field of controversy. This cowardly withdrawal from a discussion it had itself invited, without a word to indicate that I had ever attempted to

reply to its shallow contentions of May 31st, would have been a disgrace to any publication on earth, and is as flagrant an instance of the lack of the first rudiments of honor or manliness, as the whole history of journalism affords.

Of course such conduct, as long as it remains unatoned for, forever unclasses Mr. Preuss as a reputable journalist or a decent exponent of any kind of religion or virtue; but as his public have hitherto been unaware of it, he has been able to trade upon their confidence and pander to their gullibility.

The following are the writer's thirteen theses on evolution which Preuss offered to take up singly later, but which he has never dared to attack.

1. The doctrine of the evolution of the corporeal universe, subject to the creative and sustaining power of Almighty God, and the ministry of the holy angels, has never been either directly or indirectly condemned, in any of its forms, by the Church, and does not in any way conflict with any defined dogma or prevalent theological opinion.

2. Evolutionism is more consistent with the account of the creation in the Book of Genesis, taking its words in their ordinary, natural and literal sense, than is anti-evolutionism.

3. Those of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church who may have interpreted the Holy Scriptures and the Apostolic tradition in an anti-evolutionary sense, did so only in deference to the conclusions of the natural science of their day.

4. Catholic anti-evolutionists diverge in a greater number of particulars from the doctrines and opinions of St. Thomas than do the Catholic evolutionists.

5. Evolution is the more probable conclusion from defined dogmas and the certain and accepted decisions of theological science. (I refrain from saying *necessary* conclusion only out of the deference required by the Church to a common and tolerated opinion.)

6. The proposition that living matter can never be generated by non-living is contrary to the unanimous opinion of the Fathers, Schoolmen and Doctors of the Church (and therefore, if it were a theological instead of a philosophical doctrine, would *ipso facto* incur the note of heresy).

7. The proposition that the body of man but not his soul, and consequently not man himself, has arisen by evolution, necessarily

involves the Nestorian heresy, and is therefore certainly false and heretical, falling under the anathemas of the Ecumenical Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon.

8. The doctrine of the direct and separate creation of each individual human soul (or even of each individual animal soul, as held by many Jesuits, e. g., Salvatore, Tongiorgi, S. J., professor of philosophy in the Roman College, in his "*Institutiones Philosophicae*," a text-book in many Catholic seminaries all over Western Europe a few years ago) does not affect, and is not affected by, the hypothesis of evolution, which concerns only the visible history of the corporeal universe, and has nothing to do, in itself considered, with the nature and origin of substantial forms.

9. Evolution is at least as probable, from a scientific point of view, as the Copernican system of astronomy, the wave theory of light, heat, magnetism and electricity, the doctrine of the correlation of forces, and the law of gravitation.

10. The theory that the process of the adornment of the universe has been an evolutionary one gives a higher conception of the Divine wisdom and power than the contrary opinion of a sporadic and disconnected production of new kinds of creatures from time to time throughout the geological ages.

11. The theory of evolution is not in any degree inconsistent with the doctrine of the original perfection of man, for that perfection was a supernatural one.

12. Evolution continues to take place in individual men and women and in human society, in proportion to the degree in which the truth and law of God are possessed and conformed to; evolution being the seal of the divine handiwork on all corporeal and semi-corporeal existence.

13. The admission of the hypothesis of evolution as a solid conclusion and real discovery of science would enormously strengthen the logical position of the Catholic religion, by furnishing a large number of new arguments, both for the direct demonstration of its truth, and for the demolition of every form of error, heresy and unbelief.

The following paragraph, which immediately followed the thirteenth these defines the exact sense in which "evolution" is defended, and should have sufficed to induce any honest and clear-headed opponent to leave out of the controversy all special

theories as to the manner of evolution and all forms of infidelity alleged to be evolutionary.

"Evolution is here taken in the exact and scientific sense of the word, in its technical use, namely, *the growth of the whole corporeal universe from one primordial germ, analogously to the growth of the individual plant or animal from the seed.* This alleged fact is to be sharply distinguished from the numerous attempts at its explanation—chief among which are the Darwinism, Neo-Darwinism, Lamarckism, Neo-Lamarckism and Synthetic theories. Still more clearly must it be distinguished from the innumerable contradictory and mutually-destructive systems of pseudo-philosophy, materialistic and idealistic, which have embodied the idea of cosmic evolution, or pretended to adopt it as a basis; including those of Quinet, Ribot, Moleschatt, Buechner, Czolbe, Fechner, Noire, Lotze, Rodenhausen, Hartman, Clifford, Lewes, Fiske, Spencer, Paul Carus and Lester F. Ward."

MERWIN MARIE SNELL.

GLOBE NOTES.

To dwell upon the events of the past three months that were of special interest to Catholics and of interest enough to the whole race, would be to write a volume of Globe notes containing more pages than any single number of the magazine.

From the moment I learned of the death of the Late Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, until now, I have felt like bursting forth into some adequate strain of praise for the noble qualities of that great and gifted prelate. But at any moment when I have felt inclined to take up the theme a sacred trembling of spirit, a certain sense of inadequate, but loving, tenderness has taken possession of me, and I fall back and repeat the dear words of the Church and say "God bless him and God bless his noble soul." And I think I cannot be alone in this sense of personal inadequateness of expression for all the sacrednesses that throng the soul in contemplation of such a gifted, silent, strong, faithful and beautiful spirit as has been taken from us all.

I have read with great carefulness the touching and eloquent words of praise pronounced by His Grace, the Archbishop of

Philadelphia on the occasion of the funeral of Archbishop Feehan, but eloquent and evidently sincere as they were, they were entirely inadequate. They did not describe or eulogize the actual complete and masterful and exalted and supreme greatness of the man. In reading the fluid and florid utterances of the same prelate, uttered on the occasion of the funeral of the Late Archbishop of New York, I was impressed, next to the beautiful warmth of feeling and of color in the words, with this thought, namely, that they went beyond the actual greatness or goodness of the late Archbishop of New York, but in the case of Archbishop Feehan, as I have said they fell far short of any picture, praise or glory worthy of expressing the actual and towering, simple majesty of the character they were meant to portray.

I am quite sure that His Grace of Philadelphia will not understand this as a criticism of his eloquence or of his judgment. I greatly envy the suavity, the kindliness, the brilliancy and the rhetoric of Archbishop Ryan. I am glad that, if the Church had to lose these two eminent prelates in our day, there was spared to Her and to us all the eloquent speech of His Grace of Philadelphia to clothe their departing spirits with such a halo of loving utterance, and to speed them on their heavenly journey home.

I still feel inadequate to the undertaking. In giving me a letter of introduction to Archbishop Feehan, when I went, for a time, to reside in Chicago ten years ago, His Grace of Philadelphia remarked of Archbishop Feehan with the fine wit so characteristic of him—that though tall, you will find that he grows on acquaintance. I certainly found the wit as true as it was well said.

Time and again, I met him, at his house, at receptions of various kinds, at the college where for a while I had the honor of being a professor—and I had a very generous communication from him after again returning to the East with my *REVIEW*. Each time it was the same story: he was always amiable, gentle, kind, appreciative, by the simplest actions showing powers of discrimination that never needed any explanation. With all this range of faculties one might have taken him for a grown up child of six feet three. On the other hand I had not been in Chicago many days before certain obnoxious persons, who should have known better, spoke freely to me in disrespect of the great prelate, and I

wondered at the discrepancy till I weighed carefully in the balance, traducer and traduced, only to find the traduced Archbishop so superior to the Priest who maligned him that said Priest was not even worthy to lace or black the shoes of his superior—and so the great Archbishop grew clearer and clearer, in finest outline, to my admiring, but somewhat critical understanding, and thus it continued to the hour of his death.

I feel sure that had it been my privilege to know him from boyhood to the riper and older years of his life, there would have been between us the same silent, mutual appreciation, with little utterance, on either side, except in great moments of strain and stress, and that then the Gods might have listened without being ashamed.

In my time I have known, loved and honored some of the greatest and best men of the human race—Carlyle and Emerson among them. Others again I have loved and honored through their works alone, as Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Hawthorne; others again I have intensely admired through their works—as Goethe, Hugo, Burns, not to speak of the great classicists of all the leading literatures of the world, but this man, this prelate, this Archbishop of Chicago, this Irishman, educated in old Ireland, a Priest, a Catholic, a hero in the service of Christ, this man of learning and of quiet, but tremendous power, has from the first seemed to me almost as an Archangel of Heaven clothed in the garments of our humanity, and now I feel as one who is simply waiting till the shadows have a little longer grown, when, out of the darkness of death, a light will shine, brighter than the sun at noonday, and that in the illumined glory of that radiance I shall see him again, his fine, strong face, showing mild and glorious among all the luminous Saints of God.

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The Very Reverend Negro-maniac, Slattery of Baltimore has loomed into notice again, manifesting once more about the same grade of arrogance and ignorance displayed by his Very Reverendship about seven years ago when he undertook to lecture the Editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*—with what results some people may remember. This time, in order to boom his Colored menagerie in Baltimore and to protrude his own excellent scholarship upon a waiting world, Slattery has proclaimed openly that Origen, Turtullian, Cyprian and Augustine were all among the jet black ornaments of the Western Church.

Talk of science, invention and new discoveries—write in Slat-tery, and that will henceforth cover the entire field. Those persons at all familiar with the true inwardness of the Slat-tery kennel in Baltimore know what a modest and industrious, what a chaste and elegant set of Black men Slat-tery has been training for the Priesthood these many years; how pure and refined their habits have been, etc., etc., and when one Dorsey among them, had finally attained the honors of the Priesthood, why Slat-tery could not be expected to contain himself. In truth he never could contain himself, and it is understood that whatever of slight excesses the young Negro Cyprians and Augustines under his care may have fallen into at times, they could always refer to Slat-tery as an example in every sort of excess except in the stupendous excess of financial economy. In this particular, money came to him so easily from the knotted pocket-handkerchiefs of wealthy and silly old women, that Slat-tery could not be expected to be economical in spending the same.

Of Father Dorsey we hope for nothing but good, and expect little but evil. We have seen the best of his breed revert to barbarism more than once and we are satisfied that it is their ideal state. But of Slat-tery we know what to expect. He is not new to the bombast and idiocy of his kind. No doubt Slat-tery felt that the time had come to rewhitewash the colored race and put a pious finish on. No doubt he felt that the younger colored gentlemen of his harem needed encouragement and so rolled all the flattering lies together that he could think of and poured them at the feet of his slaves. Then it is possible that funds were running low, and Slat-tery is an adept at fishing treasurers from the laps of old maids. Only let these females once feel that they have actually helped to make one fine black Priest and all that they can conveniently spare from their hoarded treasures will flow to Slat-tery.

The Reverend Father King, of Baltimore, undertook to reply to Slat-tery's ignorant lies, in a serious vein, but Slat-tery should not be taken seriously except by old maids and they may embrace him if so inclined. In his criticism of Slat-tery, Reverend Father King overstepped the bounds of just criticism and himself fell into error. Slat-tery had stated that millions had fallen away from the Catholic Church in the United States. Father King says "no." Now the total numbers of Catholics that have emigrated to these shores during the past hundred years is known, and the number of their offspring is very approximately known, and the conclu-

sion of investigators in this line of statistics is that the Catholic Church has lost from eleven to thirteen millions of the "faithful" in this Country during the last one hundred years.

Give the Devil his due, Father King. Slattery so seldom comes anywhere near the truth on any subject he handles that a slip of this sort won't help him much. Poor Slattery and the poor Negroes! If we could only send them back to their native haunts, the United States might perhaps survive the shock of their deportation, but the color lines have become so closely and finely or coarsely blended that it would be difficult to say who should go and who should stay. President Roosevelt could not get along without an occasional visit from B. T. Washington, and it is to be feared that many other white gentlemen, so called, would be lonely without the shadows that had surrounded them.

Everybody except Slattery knows that the Egyptians of the ancient civilization were not Negroes. Everybody except Slattery knows that St. Augustine was not a Negro. And everybody will know after a while that as Egypt, Asia, Greece and Rome, of old, were never able to make anything out of the Negro except a slave, so Uncle Sam will be unable to make anything of him except a slave. The slaves of sixty years ago in the South were a better trained and higher grade of manhood and womanhood, a more cultured, and altogether a more valuable and productive race of Cyprians than are the Negroes of the United States to-day. That covers the ground Mr. Slattery, and Mr. Booker T. Washington, and Mr. Roosevelt. Figure on it a while and what the degradation of the Negro race, via. American education, has cost you, and by and by you will all see things that you do not see now. Oh! Slattery, Slattery—thou art a clumsy clown, and the worst of it all is that thou art a Catholic Priest. God help thy Parish.

Philadelphia has always been a Mecca of the Colored Race; we have the Negro lady and gentleman thief, the laboring man and loafer in all shapes, shades and degrees of exaltation and degradation. They jostle you on the street at mid-day or mid-night, and never step aside to make way. Here we have Parsons of all sects among them. We have black men married to white women and 'tother-way foremost. They stifle you in the cars and nauseate you in the Public Squares. They cannot compete with white citizens and they have lost the art of being good Servants. They are all ladies and gentlemen of the lowest type, and the most degraded

looking of the whole species are those long coated, black coated and Roman collared specimens, with a taint of white blood in their sluggish veins, too lazy to be active pagans and too soiled from their birth to be possible Christians, while wearing the livery of various orders of Protestant Priesthòod. Talk of the Spanish Friars and the passing of the Negro. The only service the latter can ever render will be in case of a world battle when they may fight and save the Union once more, but for what. Slattery and Company will tell you. I confess that I do not understand the game. Whether the Negro is here to be a curse to the white man or the white man here to be a curse to the Negro. Who shall say? Their mutual blessing is certainly a minus quantity.

* * * * *

I here publish the first few pages of a letter recently written to me by Dr. Ernest H. Fitzpatrick, of Pontiac, Ill., touching certain phases of our modern American prosperity not usually noted by the newspapers, the Parsons, the Steel Trust or the President. Perhaps all our old fashioned notions of murder, suicide, homicide, infanticide and good morals were foolish and being out of date may be laid aside in favor of President Roosevelt and advanced prosperity—but here is the Doctor's letter:—

“William Henry Thorne, Esq., Dear Sir:—I have been a very much interested reader of your articles in the *GLOBE QUARTERLY REVIEW*, you are one of the very few men who see how the current of destiny or the Devil is drifting in these United States of America, where everything is allowed to go, chancing to luck, that the good will eventually come to the top. But we are fast approaching a total state of demoralization, co-existing with a high state of civilization, so apparent in the last days of the Roman Republic. This country is so enormous and its prosperity so excessively great that it requires a great breadth of mind to grasp the significance of events as they rapidly follow one another. In particular those who are born and brought up under the aegis of the United States Government, cannot and will not see that anything is amiss; besides, the enormous and rapid commercial and productive expansion of the country and the rapidity of great fortunes accumulated have made gamblers and fatalists of the bulk of the people. Every man is trying to pick his neighbors' pocket; it is a scramble for the biggest steal; the weak are surely and irresistibly being pushed to the wall. We are fast approaching an abyss,

and Victor Hugo said that everything is possible in an abyss, even salvation. To me, as a Physician, practicing now in the United States for ten years, the demoralized state of home life is very glaring and patent. A physician gets as it were into the very bosom of the home of the people, and also sees many skeletons in the closet. But to me the most appalling symptom of a total demoralization of the people is the horrible number of infanticides that are committed upon the hopeless un-born. I am sure that I vastly understate the number when I say that more children are destroyed in the wombs of the women of the United States every year than the whole number that lost their lives during the five years of our Civil War."

The Doctor goes on to state that large numbers of practicing physicians wink at this crime of infanticide, precisely as the politician winks at the crimes incident to modern legislation and to our recent war with Spain; just as the business man winks at the million-fold minor crimes of small cheating going on in business, and the educator at the million-fold falsehood of modern education, and just so long as the cheatings of the McKinley tariff lead to, or are supposed to lead to our great prosperity, Roosevelt can make fine speeches and bluff the American people into the belief that all is well—but as Mr. Russell Sage said recently, the reckoning day must come, in fact it must come soon, and then the consolidated traction company, the Steel Trust, the Beef Trust, the Supreme Court, the Government of the United States, their days of pelf and murder being ended, will have to meet their creditors, and pay dollar for dollar by the gold standard, or go to the wall—and the million-fold maternal murderers of unborn infants will have to square accounts with the eternal and moral judge, and the strike will be universal, and—"no quarter" will be the cry.

God gave us one of the broadest and fairest lands in the world, and we have made it a den of thieves—a menagerie of wild beasts of prey—but the day of reckoning must and will come, and is nigh, even at our doors.

* * * * *

The Anthracite Coal Strike still goes on. At this date, August 25th, it goes on as follows:—

"HAZLETON, PA., Aug. 25.—August Scheuch, a special officer and mine foreman, while attempting to rescue his son William from a mob of several thousand strikers here this morning, was

fatally wounded. His head was hammered almost into a jelly, both of his eyes were battered from their sockets, and he was stabbed in the left side. Albert Hoebner, a non-Union man, and young Scheuch were also severely beaten. The city is in a high state of excitement, and further trouble is feared.

"The riot began at 3 o'clock. Shaft colliery, the largest of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company's operations, was scheduled to resume operations this morning. This became known to the strikers, and at mid-night several thousand of them from all parts of the region began to assemble, and pickets were placed along all paths and roads leading to the mines. Many of the strikers, it is said, were intoxicated."

Before September 25th the lawless and murderous conduct of the striking miners had become outrageous. Every reader of the *GLOBE* knows that my sympathies are always with the under dog. I was made that way and cannot help it. They are with the strikers to-day, but not with the strikers as lawless murderers. The workmen of the coal mines have been greatly wronged in ways previously pointed out in this magazine, and had their wild and crazy representatives in the present instance, demanded only that the miners should have a representative at each weighing scale—to be paid, of course, by the miners' fund, and not by the operators, the world would have caught at the point, and long ago the demand would have been granted—still the miner would be cheated.

Cheating is in the air—Congress cheats the United States out of the total amount of the salaries of both House and Senate every year. Nobody dreams that they earn their salary. But the Country at large cheats this amount, plus hundreds of millions of dollars, besides, out of other countries, and out of our own citizens, and nobody complains, but the miner. Every laboring man and mechanic in the land is cheated more or less severely in one form and another, and every laboring man and mechanic in the Country in his turn cheats his employer as shrewdly as possible, in short hours, and minutes, in loafing and half loafing, during working hours, and in deficient quality of labor. The miner is not the only man cheated, in a word, and why fools who every now and then entice him to strike, force him to strike by the hundred thousand, do not see that they lose every time, ten times more than they ever gain, in a word, why they do not see that,

admitting the wrongs they claim, their methods of strikes are only deepening the wrongs, is difficult to understand, except on the selfish ground again, that strikers being inferior and mediocre half skilled mechanics lift Mitchell & Company into notoriety and pave their way to possible good fortune. But to put their action on this ground is very cold blooded.

During the past summer I was through quite a section of the Anthracite Coal Fields. Every thing was quiet and very idle—everywhere the people who knew anything of the inner workings of the strike told me that beyond question Mitchell had his price, but that the operators would not buy him. This is one phase of the strike that is hard to endure, and if the miners themselves could be convinced of this proposition instead of killing a fireman and special officer of the mines now and then, they would kill Mitchell & Company, quicker than lightning.

The miners are not only cheated by the operator in general, but they are fooled by Mitchell & Company, who lead them astray, bluff and bulldoze them, and take their hard earnings beside. But both of these phases of the subject are not to be compared in seriousness with the lawless and brutal conduct described in the paragraph quoted from a daily paper of the date given.

I believe, with all good men, that labor has a right to combine in order to protect its own interests, but how best to protect those interests is as yet an unsolved problem, and the methods of strikes, Powderly, Mitchell & Company are doomed as sure as man has reason in him, and a head on his shoulders—but beyond all this is the opposite truth that while men have a right to combine to protect the interests of labor, and while in all the incipient stages of such combinations infinite wrongs are done to essential justice and the rights of man, and hence to the cause of labor prejudiced thereby—it must be laid down as a law and lived up to no matter how many miners die, that no laboring man and no company of laboring men on a strike or otherwise shall be allowed to interfere with his fellowman or men who are willing to labor on any terms whatever. Humanity and its rights are greater than any union in existence and all the rights of man are overridden by such strikers, as curse this land now and then.

From the beginning of the present strike in the coal regions, and in fact from beginning to end of every strike whatsoever, the combined union workmen assume that as they will not work

no other man or men shall work. Here is the viciousness and lie of their position—assuming thus, deeds of lawlessness, intimidation, destruction of property, brutality and now and again fearful murders are committed by said strikers. These acts are a disgrace to any civilized commonwealth and a Governor that cannot or will not protect property and lives in any disturbed district deserves to have his own property confiscated and himself deposed.

The amusing part of the present strike is the manner in which coal miner Mitchell flies back and forth from one part of the country to the other, and manages to get himself written up in the newspapers, as if he really was something of a man, instead of a blundering fool—also the manner in which said newspapers every few days have paraded their own ignorance in publishing reports that Mr. Hanna would end the strike; that President Roosevelt would end it, that Quay and Penrose would end it—and finally that one J. P. Morgan would end it. Any man of sense knows that all of them together could not end it, and that the strike is none of their business. It will be ended as soon as the Governor of Pennsylvania will give ample and proper protection to men who are willing to work the mines on terms acceptable to themselves and their employers.

Reports of the same date as the one quoted indicate that lawless people bearing arms are parading and have picketed every roadway and pathway leading to certain mines where new men are liable to be set to work with a view of stopping such new workmen by fair means or foul. Let us cut the nonsense short. Were I Governor of the State of Pennsylvania I would clean every pathway and roadway leading to such mines before another sunrise, and I would do this, if I had to shoot down fifty thousand lawless miners or other people in the next twenty-four hours.

Work and get the best wages you can for your work, and stop your work any day that you are dissatisfied, and try to make better terms, but lift your hand to stop another man from work and you are a public enemy to be treated as such, and in case of resistance to be shot, and killed. Let this doctrine be understood in Pennsylvania and lawless and murderous strikes will soon subside, and your Mitchell and fools and scoundrels like him will have to work for their living like other upright men or starve to death as they deserve. It is not a question to be decided by bene-

volent and senseless old maids, but by the principles of right and wrong as they are plainly understood by good men everywhere. President Roosevelt and the Pennsylvania Senators and Governor Stone had better get right down to this business and cease their fooling over various other and unimportant matters.

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The *Rosary* Magazine for September seems to have gone utterly crazy. It is bad enough to have all the secular newspapers of the country given over to the business manager and his advertising patronage, but when it comes to the special organs of the Saints we were expecting to see in these still some regard for decency and truth. The opening article in the issue named is a stupid and ignorant laudation of all the prominent Jews, Pagans and Protestants in New York City. The commercial spirit of the paper is palpable enough. As a catch for readers who will simply laugh at the editor and writer it may amount to a few dollars credit on the cash books of the *Rosary*, but other than this it is a disgrace and a shame, a low down appeal to the vanity of a lot of fools. No wonder the pious face of Most Rev. Jno. M. Farley, D. D., of New York, whose portrait leads the article, has a startled and frightened look about him. The ignorant stupidity of the article is palpable enough in the opening words of its second paragraph—"As Judaism is the oldest religion in the world it is fitting that it should lead the roll," etc., etc. Now Judaism, though perhaps in many phases of it, the best religion in the world—the heart and core of christianity, etc., etc., is not the oldest religion in the world by a long way. Any scholar, man or woman, with reading enough back of him or her to justify any attempt at writing about the religions of New York or the heresies of Hell knows better than this. It is by reason of such articles that our so-called Catholic Literature in this country has become the laughing stock of the poorest fools even, and is not respected by any thinking men or women anywhere. There are other articles in this same number that were plainly enough written in the interests of the advertiser; and yet this is the Catholic Magazine for the support of which Priests do not hesitate to make an appeal in Catholic Churches, in fact to go around among the audiences in such churches during or after mass seeking subscribers and taking down their names.

Some Catholic papers have been critical of late toward certain

Protestant churches in which in the absence of their leading tenor or treble singers certain willowy young ladies in white have been hired to whistle Yankee-doodle, Nearer My God to Thee, Lead Kindly Light, etc., but that was artistic and beautiful, compared with the stupid shams of religion in the article intimated or in the canvassing of Priests in Catholic churches. I am bitterly opposed to all the secular, dramatic and minstrel-troupe tendencies of our modern churches, Catholic and Protestant, but when neither Priests, Parsons nor people care any more for the true and inward exquisiteness of the spirit and character and life of the Blessed and Divine Redeemer, what can they do but fly to paint and music of the opera Bouffe species. The Sabbath must be kept in some appropriate manner, and there are worse things than whistling girls and crowing hens, even on the Sabbath Day, and in church.

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President Roosevelt has had a wonderfully noisy and brilliant summer. His pyrotechnic display of politics and his reckless ambition have been as a god-send to the newspapers. Without Mitchell and Roosevelt said newspapers would have been stranded for want of news, and the summer being cool, the entire nation might have fallen asleep in its dull old ways of selfish sinfulness, gluttony and naval tactics.

Early in the season Roosevelt had his hands full defending the barbarities of the United States troops in the Philippines, making water cure Smith the scapegoat for untold and numberless cruelties and incompetencies; but the young man, with the newspapers back of him, proved himself equal to that undertaking. Next he displayed the very limited circle of his knowledge of great men and their ways by lauding to the skies his pet Secretary of War, Root, his pet ex-Governor of Cuba, Wood, and his pet Taft of Philippine fame.

It is useless to argue at this late day that Roosevelt's entire scheme of governing Cuba up to and including his failure to secure for the Cubans any sort of commercial fair play, is in evidence alike of his own and of Woods incapacity in the way of governing anything or anybody, even themselves. The same may be said of Root's general management of the War Office, and Taft is the most conspicuous failure of the three, but having called these three insignificants, great heroes, Roosevelt will continue to think

them such until the next Presidential election, when he and they will be relegated to private life where what ability they have will prove itself greater or less, when mixed and compared with their superiors in all lines of life, and when they are no longer under the rhetorical protection of the mighty hunter of wild boars, etc. I hold that Roosevelt has clearly proven himself the greatest blunderer that has occupied the White House for many a year.

During the month of August the sycophants of the newspaper fraternity had it all fixed that Roosevelt meant still to force his notions of reciprocity toward Cuba upon the party that honored him with the Vice Presidency, but soon the coterie that stopped him at every turn in Washington, previous to the adjournment of Congress caused other newspapers to state that this nation had done enough for Cuba, and very soon the President's boom in that line subsided. Next our strenuous President went through New England brandishing his Shilalah to the effect that the trusts must be brought under the control of Congress, and at this writing, September 20th, the subservient newspapers are praising his wisdom and trying to make us believe that this is a popular measure, and that Roosevelt is a great man. The Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay, of tarnished notoriety has already announced that Roosevelt's second term is sure, and a walk-over.

There are two or three things to be said on these points. First, much older, abler and wiser men than Roosevelt or any member of his Cabinet have already, within the last quarter of a century, tried their hands at legislating great corporations, whether called trusts or by other names, under the control of the Government, and have died in conspicuous failure of their accomplishment. The thing simply cannot be done without such amendments to the Constitution, the very effort toward which would produce a commercial revolution, and start a new nation. But the great boar shooter and the newspaper editors never see deeply into anything. Try it again young man, at your peril.

Second—The President's entire attitude on this subject is directly opposed to the entire spirit of the party that honored him with the Vice Presidency, and if he persists in his senseless ranting on this head, his party will reject him utterly within the next two years. He will not persist, his speeches are mere bluffery, he will stop, but not until it is too late for himself. We have no respect for the tariff principles of the Republican party. We have

always been a free trade Republican. But we are wholly with said party in its determination to resist all legislation looking to Government control of any of the great commercial interests of the nation. The trusts are only the legitimate embodiment of the tendency of all great interests to centralize. The Church, and the very existence and expansion of the nation itself, are striking instances of gigantic trusts.

Third—Roosevelt is cutting his own throat in this matter, and when by and by, experience and deeper thought have taught him that the principle underlying his vagaries of would be statesmanship is a false principle, he will want to kick himself for being such a fool. We have never favored the political methods of the Hon. Mark Hanna. They have outdone and overmastered the old Quay methods, and have gone the Pennsylvania Senator ten better, and they have won. They will win still, as long as the Republican party stands for what it stands for to-day.

In every test of strength that has occurred up to this date between the following of Senator Hanna and the following of President Roosevelt, the Ohio Senator has shown himself master of the situation. He is with the party and the party is with him. Were I a betting man I would wager Senator Quay any modest sum that President Roosevelt will not have a walk-over, but that he will have to walk under in the next Presidential campaign. While he was making loud and foolish speeches last summer Senator Hanna was quietly arranging with the party managers—the managers of both parties—so that things might go his way in the next campaign. The American people will stand any amount of bluff and any amount of rascality, but let the President or any other man try to force them a hair's breadth toward a decent principle of morality, and they kick like the millions of untrained mules they really are; and particularly will they do this if the so-called moral tendency is in itself idiotic and impractical, as is the case with the President's whole attitude toward Trust Legislation, and Government control of the same.

Moreover it is undeniably true, as I have often remarked in these pages, that the affairs of the great corporate trusts of the land are managed with infinite economy and right reason, as compared with the spendthrift unreason of the government's management of any single thing that it attempts to manage and for this very reason it is right that the trusts should manage the government, rather than that the government should manage the trusts.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XLVIII.

DECEMBER, 1902.

SUBMERGED NATIONS.

We are not to speak of those ancient nations which, long centuries ago, have vanished from human sight, like the lost Atlantis and many submerged islands of the seas. They and all their works have gone forever. There are still Persians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans among us, but Cyrus, the Pharaohs, Alexander, Cæsar, Cicero, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and the men they represented and the nations they were born of, have all vanished like a dream.

Various scientists, so-called, have delved and will still delve among their ashes with the laudable purpose of trying to correct human history ; but buried nations do not rise again, no matter who sweeps their ashes into heaps for scientific or other purposes. Let the dead past bury its dead. Only yesterday a famous scientific explorer of human graves discovered and brought to light what was at first supposed to be the shin-bone of a Neanderthal man, the missing link between the ancient ox and the modern ass, and after donning his spectacles and giving his opinion, they called him a double L.L.D.

We are to speak of the living, not of the dead. Ireland, Poland, Finland were here but yesterday; to-day they are as really submerged as if they had never been.

What does it all mean? Irishmen, in the United States, are among its most potent factors.

Poland produced poets like Krasinski, that still reign among the master minds of the human race.

Ireland was the mother of men and women of genius ; but she was little and the wild beasts of modern empire trampled her heart in the dust and are sitting at ease among the ruins of her civiliza-

tion. These are the facts and these the nations whose passing requires more than a sigh or a song.

Indeed, some thinkers claim, and perhaps with reason, that what has happened in Ireland, Poland and Finland is only what has happened to the smaller provinces and nations in all parts and in all ages of the world. The tendency of modern times, also, is to centralize, unify and control in large masses wherever the feat and fact can be accomplished. Nor is this a modern tendency exclusively; every nation on earth has grown from some original family, clan or tribe. But the brutalism of modern, Christian tyranny on the one hand, and the cherished ideals of personal and national independence on the other—still existing in the fragments of submerged nations—render the fate of the submerged more painfully distressing than of old.

This, again, may come mainly, if not exclusively, from our near view of the facts and our actual and living sympathies with the unfortunate little nations.

The United States are made up and have been welded through blood and all sorts of rebellions, revolutions, rascalities and crimes from thirteen original and independent sovereignties. The Germany of our day, largely the dream of one superlative head, is made up of a score of little Germanys. Bavaria was master and mistress, till the Hohenzollerns and their Bismarck came. Now, it is not any one of the score of little nations, but united Germany that all the world admires.

Even France, though always circumscribed, is more national and less sectional than of old.

It used to be so that a man recognized with greater pride and pleasure the locality, or section, or county, or State, or the nation from which he came than the fact of his general citizenship of the nation.

It was so in "the States" during the memory of many living men. A New Englander used to be prouder of the fact that he was from New England than that he was an American citizen. So, especially with the Southerners. The man from South Carolina was apt to sneer at what was left of the human race, and the Kentuckian fancied that the world and all the stars revolved around his slouch hat. The Civil War settled much of that nonsense, and now all men are prouder of the fact that they are Americans than of any other fact of their career on this earth.

The universal tendency is to centralization and unification and it has always been so.

Turkey is the result of the fighting and ruling genius of one false Prophet,—the Cromwell of the Arabs and the desert. His genius welded a hundred tribes into one people, the Turkey of our day.

The Greeks never could unite, in the proper monarchical or constitutional sense ; but the fighter, Alexander, moulded them into one nation. The Romans were nothing except as Romans. They never had a purely distinctive, semi-national existence but always boasted that they were Romans,—and they made Rome not only Mistress of the Romans, but of all the Greeks, of all the Celts and Gauls, of all the Persians, in fact, of all the world. Nothing new is happening in our day ; but we forget the old days and scold or praise as if there had been no Cæsars and no Brutus before us.

In one sense there is no more reason why the three British Isles should not become one, united empire, and dominate many nations in the world, than there was why all the Islands of the Aegean and all the petty nations bordering on the Mediterranean should not become one Greece, or one Roman nation. The Spartan and the Athenian were just as diverse as the Englishman and the Irishman of our day, but they melted into one. No small boy yields to the bully willingly, but only after various struggles for supremacy.

It does not always argue mental and moral superiority when the bully wins. Our recent war with Spain is a case in point. We were not and are not mentally or morally superior to Spain, but we had more money and more guns and more slaves ready to fire them. It was so in our Civil War. The South was not mentally or morally inferior to the North, but we had more men and means and we won. It is the old story of the world. Ireland is not the only underling on earth ; but she whines more after being whipped than most boys. And her modern politicians, the smallest specimens of public men ever talked about or written about, and noted merely for their insufferable arrogance and impudence, seem to be in the fight of patriotism largely for American contributions.

The Finns and Polanders are a quieter, perhaps a more Christian people ; certainly not less brave or less gifted than their submerged cousins of Ireland ! But, as their language is not our language, we give less heed to their cries.

It is claimed again that this universal tendency to centralization of nations and the concentration of power in one ruler or one gov-

ernment is not the friend but the enemy of the evolution of great talent, the wet blanket of genius ; that men of superior and of supreme genius are born and developed more readily in the smaller nationalities than in any one great republic or monarchy.

Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, Demosthenes and Phidias were born and reared in the sectional small States of Greece before the fighting and unifying Alexander came. Cæsar, the fighter and genius, was not one of the outcomes of the great and united and extended Roman Empire, but one of the few insular fellows that helped to mould the Empire. So in the Germany of our day.

Goethe and Schiller were born and reared before the German Empire, and are not its children. So, with us, there were better and abler men in any one of the thirteen original colonies than we have in the whole nation of seventy millions to-day. In fact, greatness of political power seems to dwarf and down greatness of intellectual and moral power in the individual man.

Here arises the question whether there is a God and a Devil, a good and an evil presiding genius above us ;—does our centralization come from Heaven or from hell ? Is it a blessing or a curse to the world and to man individually and collectively ?

It were easy to show that throughout the earlier centuries of Irish civilization there was such a Kill-kenny cat, internal, sectional warfare going on that in the name of holy Providence something had to be done to stop the eternal broil.

Any encyclopedia or hack writer of history will tell you that, and also how it was brought about. The English were just as troublesome among themselves as the Irish, but with this difference. They did not fight spontaneously or constantly, but rather reluctantly and always with some notion of getting to be a united people.

Both islands were early remarkable for saintship and scholarship. When Ireland was a little the stronger and had a chance, she bought the lovely English maidens for slaves ; and, when the English were a little the stronger and more prosperous, they simply said to their Cromwell, " Go over and quiet those turbulent Irishmen, even if you have to kill them in the churches or at prayers !" And said Cromwell, being of different religion from the Irish and having little respect for their piety, was rather pleased to hack and hew and shoot till the sad business of victory fell his way.

There have been less wars and murders in Ireland since his day than there had been in the centuries preceding him ; but there have

been heaps of immigration, and now, in New York and Boston, U. S. A., our American Irishmen, having grown rich on this continent, are trying to resurrect the old Gaelic or Choctaw of their ancestors and split the British Empire. The characteristics of the ancestors are in their offspring, always ready for a row and always wanting to rule—never to be ruled.

If I were an artist and had to draw a typical picture of Ireland to-day, I would abandon the old ideal of a beautiful but dishevelled woman with streaming hair, chained to a rock and screaming to the winds for aid. Instead, I would draw a conceited idiot like the Hon. John Redmond, M. P., elevated or lifted on a pair of very high stilts, climbing the Alps, pelted from behind with snow-balls by the still more conceited and still more idiotic Hon. John Finerty; and, while in the act of reaching for the shillaleh in his belt to whack back at Finerty, as stumbling into a ravine and breaking his useless neck. But these asses kick up a tremendous dust in the United States. Poor fools! Did they, or such as they, ever save Ireland, or themselves, or anybody?

I have published various articles in this magazine during the last twelve years to show what fine scholars they had in Ireland a thousand years ago, and I am fain to believe that they were Christians and gentlemen. I know such Irishmen and love them, in America, to-day! But Charles Stuart Parnell was not a Christian or a gentleman; and the orating figurines, who are now trying to revamp the soul of liberty that he betrayed and bartered away, are too small for anything but clap-trap and very cheap admiration. "Let the dead bury their dead. Follow thou me."

It is useless to hunt among the rubbish of the Irish parliamentary Act of Union and blazon all the forests of the world with your would-be murderous torches of revenge. There were Irish and English traitors in 1800, and there are traitors in every political body or Parliament or Congress at this time. The vote was for Union; a majority of forty-seven for the Union of Ireland with England. The government of Ireland to-day is better, more just and peaceable than it has been for many centuries. The cause of education is attended to. Catholics are given fair play. And only the quarrelsome and the loafers and traitors suffer. These suffer everywhere. Irishmen are vastly improved as citizens by emigrating to America, but the air of this country plays the mischief with their religion. It is harder on them than is English persecution.

All their ills are blamed on England, as if they never had any troubles till Cromwell came; and as Irish-Americans are very successful as a rule in the art of making money and very sympathetic with their begging and praying countrymen from Cork and Armagh, the anti-English spirit is well kept up—largely for political gain.

Better let well enough alone! Suppose Ireland were free and independent to-morrow. Would successful American Irishmen return to the Emerald Isle to live? Not one in ten thousand of them. Their prospects and the prospects of their children are or seem to be brighter here. There is more room, here!

And if ten thousand of the most successful Irishmen in America should return to Ireland with the avowed purpose of splitting the British Empire and ruling on the ruins thereof, what would happen? Simply this,—the British government, already accused of being severe and tyrannous toward Ireland, would only be ten thousand times more severe and tyrannous until such number of the ten thousand prodigals had been caught and hung as traitors, or sent to prison for life, as would free the air of their plotted mischief and murder.—Our ten thousand patriotic and noble-hearted Irish Americans will not go. They value their necks too highly. They will stay here and induce cheap Irish politicians to come here and make speeches against England, so appealing to the sympathies of their countrymen and so raising large sums of money to be spent in encouraging treachery and disloyalty in the hearts and words of Irishmen who stay at home.

This process has been going on under one organized name and another for more than a generation. Yesterday it was the Land League; to-day it is the United Irish League; to-morrow it will be the disunited Irish, hoodlum, scatterbrain, asininity—as it often has been before. But the old impulse to get up a broil and abuse somebody is innate in the race and will die out very slowly. One of the saddest features of the case is that ecclesiastics,—that is, ministers of Christ,—are constantly pressed into this hate-engendering and diabolical delusion; and the Irish Catholic papers of the United States are the most virulent in their hatred as they are too often the most brainless in their idiocy. But all this can only *force* England to be more severe toward Ireland.

In certain lectures on this matter I have now and again pointed out the apparent fact that divine Providence seemed to be leading Ireland as a nation into and up to the honors of sacrificial martyr-

dom. Instances are everywhere, but the nation of Ireland is not. In fact, the *nation* of Ireland never was.

When we come directly to speak of Poland, we shall see that her supreme poet, Krasinski, in his master work, "The Undivine Comedy," so viewed his own nation, really, before the actual crisis came.

It is the holiest honor that can be given to the human soul, to suffer martyrdom in the cause of truth and charity. This was and remains the immortal glory of Jesus. Ireland, as a nation, seemed so virtuous by her loyalty to Christ and His Church that she seemed ripe for martyrdom, and in the scattering of her children among the nations might have shared the honor of the Jew in being singled out as the suffering and yet in some sense the redeeming national and social force of history. But the politics of the day are damning even the saints.

If you ask me, "But what of England? What of the force that forces the martyrdom?" I frankly answer that I am not writing of England, of the conqueror, but of the conquered. But, while I abhor all war and all broils and believe only in righteousness and truth and charity, yet, were I the English government of to-day—accepting Cromwell and his bloody work as a thing of the past and accepting the Act of Union of 1800 as a final statement of Ireland's national attitude—I would treat the Irish political agitator at home and the Irish politician of the Redmond type and their American Irish sympathizers with an infinitely sharper realism of justice than they have ever yet been treated by England.

Most of the better men of Ireland during the last hundred years—that is, from Swift and Tom Moore to the late Archbishop Feehan—have either gone into English literature, the English military service or have emigrated to the United States. Not all of them by any means. There are poets and priests in old Ireland to-day as gifted and as holy as any that have preceded them. It is the loafing doing nothing at home, the cheap politician at home, and these stupid, English-hating, Irish Christian Catholics in the United States that are making all the noise and trying to resurrect the corpse of Irish nationality.

Gladstone would have said, "Lazarus, come forth!"—but Parnell was a traitor and gagged and crippled the old man, and prevented the scare-crow spectacle. Still there are patriotic Irish and Irish American fools, who, even now, swear by Parnell.

But, as we said, Ireland is not the only small boy that has been whipped into obedience by oppression, in these modern times. To silence him is beyond human power. We must get used to his crying and yelling and tearing his hair. He will not seriously hurt himself or anybody else, though he may slyly commit murder now and then.

Let him forget the Irish episodes of a hundred years ago. What if the English stopped his old linen mills and crippled his manufacturing industry? No doubt the English had their good reasons; and as for persecution, England only persecutes in search of vicious traitors. It is better for all hands that these should be caught and imprisoned or hung. England is not the only devil in the Anglo-Irish controversy. As to the Act of Union, it was the marriage settlement between Ireland and England. The marriage proved an unhappy one; but it has lasted for a hundred years and the shrewd double-dealers on both sides may be forgiven, had better be forgiven. They are all dead anyway.

As I view the case, our so-called great American Revolution was a needless piece of unlawful rebellion against righteously constituted authority. But the children, being strong enough and finding helpers, whipped their venerable mother,—not much to glory in,—and set up for themselves. And, having a rich and glorious country to live in, they have succeeded remarkably well. It all happened so long ago that the loyal children of their mother have long since forgiven and are ready to forget the wrongs of old. Let the Irish follow the English example. Bury the old rags of hate and re-clothe yourselves with the new garments of liberty. Make this whole Western hemisphere a newer Ireland, if you really have such organizing powers of statesmanship. And do not fret yourselves to death and rob your successful offspring in this land, in the vain and foolish attempt to revive and resurrect the Gaelic language and the Ireland of long ago. Even the snakes shed their old skins and don new ones once in a while. Let the dead past bury its dead.—It is too late to make an Irish nation. The Scotch are a braver and more sensible people.

For priests or prelates to indulge in or encourage this silly and useless hate of the Irish for the English is as unbecoming as it is criminal and utterly unchristian.

I have long considered the case of Poland far more pitiable than that of Ireland. A hundred and fifty years ago the kingdom of

Poland occupied one of the largest and most honored spaces on the old maps of Europe. To-day there is no Poland on the maps and only the memory of it in the hearts of her aged children.

Poland is broken to pieces, like an avalanche hurled down from a mountain. She is not comforted in her children, by speaking still one language or living with one kindred people.

The Russian Bear has grunted to them in his tongue and commanded one section of their fatherland to obey his orders or perish in the wilds of Siberia. The descendants of that murderer and marauder, Frederick the Great, have gutturalized toward them in Prussian German and there is a Polish Prussia as there is a Polish Russia. Austro-Hungary, bearing the cross of orthodox Catholic Christianity on its bosom, has commanded another section with great dignity and piety to pass under the yoke of its tyranny. Even in our own State of Pennsylvania there are now thousands of emigrants, children of old Poland, working in the coal mines and otherwise trying to earn a living in the broken and fragmentary language of their broken race. And the ear-marks and power of the oppressors named have been such that the Russian Poles are a distinct class from the Prussian Poles, and these again in both cases are distinct from the Austro-Hungarian Poles; each nation speaking or trying to speak in the language of its respective oppressors, that is, the language that has been forced down their throats after the manner of Water-Cure American Smith's methods in the Philippines. Occasionally, during a strike brought about by the loafing managers of the Labor Unions, some of these impetuous and much suffering people, unable to express themselves in our tongue and nobody minding or caring for them, are shot down like dogs and soon buried and forgotten. Their sufferings are thus carried into all lands and all lands are sharers in the crime of their practical annihilation.

Among the greatest pictures at any of our national exhibitions of recent years—the Centennial Exhibition, the Chicago World's Fair and lesser gatherings—critics and connoisseurs have noticed with pleasure and wonder certain master-pieces of Art that had all heaven worked into their canvasses.

Was it a historic picture, the eternities and immutabilities of suffering, yet of faith and victory, shone in the strange faces of the painting. Was it a landscape, you could see in it that wondrous dream of heaven which fills the human eyes of art, as it sits long

and meditating watches the forests and streams, as these live and grow and roll by along the corridors of the skies.

Poland may be blotted from the maps; but, to this hour, she has a large and enviable place in the mirrors that Art hangs on the walls of Time, and the reflections are very, very beautiful.

Her children do not rend the air of peace with their cries of revenge, of plotting and of crime. They do not strive or cry, except it be for bread. Their women help the men. They do not starve. They help each other gladly in the hour of distress. They have all the finest conquered accomplishments of charity, kindness, gentleness; but their fatherland and their mother land belongs to the victors, the men of empire, of Water-Cures and of blood.—How long? O God! HOW LONG?

Perhaps their greatest poet, Krasinski, saw all this in his matchless visions. Perhaps it is from those matchless visions, as recorded in his "Undivine Comedy," that we have unconsciously derived the same ideas;—though it would be difficult for me to recall the time when I first drew from the sufferings of Jesus and the Christian story this truth—that as He had suffered for truth and goodness, and hence for the salvation of souls, so must every man in the measure of his likeness to Christ also suffer, first, for the higher refinement of his own spirit, and, through this, for truth and for goodness and justice,—and hence, again for the salvation of others. And that the same law of martyrdom, suffering and glory applied to nations as well as to men.

We do not believe in anything of the sort in these days. We have concluded that the shortest way to success is to lie and steal and deceive one another. The most successful statesman in our estimation is the most adroit and the most consummate liar.

The "Undivine Comedy" of Krasinski is just the reverse of our modern progress. It represents the soul of Poland yearning and standing for the ideals of suffering and of martyrdom; finds it in conflict with the world spirit or time spirit, which we call the "commercialism" of modern times; finds it conquered by this world spirit, as Ireland has been conquered, as Poland has been conquered.—But truth, though crushed to earth, shall rise again. Christ crucified cannot die. The Christ spirit shall, must, forever rise again and eventually conquer all things, even death itself; till it, the grim monarch and monster that we all fear, is itself swallowed up in victory. This is the Undivine Comedy, but with a divine ending.

The "Undivine Comedy" of Krasinski, translated by Mary Walker and published a generation ago by J. B. Lippincott & Co., is in many respects superior to, deeper, more subtle and sublime than the Divine Comedy of Dante; but the world has not yet risen to this masterpiece of the Polish poet and is now only dawdling in the mysticism of Dante.

How did this all come about? The encyclopedias will give you the skeleton. We are not building of dry bones. Some of the bottom facts are these. The Poles, like the Irish, were all the while squabbling among themselves. The Mac's and the O's were too prominent. But it was not, either, so much a preference for persons as it was in Ireland;—it was rather a preference for this or that *form* of religion. The Irish were always well knit together in the matter of religion; but their religion never prevented them from cutting each others' throats, as it suited their own, or O'Neill's and McDonald's whims. With the Poles it was otherwise. They had inherited from the old Arian controversy, as it went sweeping back and forth in the South of Europe in the days of Constantine, a certain plethora of Arianism, melted and moulded later on into Socinianism; and yet the orthodox or Western Catholic movement, in its divine persistence, had invaded the region and there was much conflict of religion, of religious leaders, of sections and of creeds.

It was not exactly the same sort of controversy that sprung up between the Church and German, French and English Protestantism—that is, a matter of life or death—but a milder type, much such as exists this day between the Greek and the Roman communions, which Leo XIII has tried so earnestly to heal. It had much earnestness, much idealism, much zeal and beautiful Christianity in it on both sides;—but very little of organized or organizing Commercialism. It was not anxious to fight, as no true Christian ever can be anxious to fight. That is always the mark of Cain on the forehead, call it by what Christian name you will.—Out of all this came the facts, ready born. Out of all this came also the willingness to be conquered rather than to fight, and die to the last man rather than be conquered. And so it happened that the three great "Christian" nations of Europe—Russia, Prussia and Austro-Hungary—fell to piracy, to plunder, to murder, to victory and such oppressions as would make a good Catholic Irishman tear his hair and curse and swear and fill the universe with his groanings. But the world has accepted the fact of the partition of Poland.

No one of these three nations alone could have swallowed Poland, It would have choked to death over the infamy. Besides, neither one of the remaining two would have stood by and allowed the crime. But when this trinity of Christian nationalities undertook the work together, the rest of Europe and the rest of the world could say next to nothing. If Mr. Hay had been Secretary of State in Washington in those days he might have sent over a protest; but only to be laughed at.

Russia, representing the Greek Church, could accommodate the Poles with a fair to middling orthodoxy. Austro-Hungary could accommodate others with a stricter ruling of orthodoxy according to Athanasius; while the descendants of Frederick, the Great, could shoot Protestantism into their befuddled brains. Indeed, it is now said that his Majesty, Emperor William, has become or is becoming a Catholic; but I fancy and fear that his Catholicism will prove, like Hamlet's madness, "only north, north-east."

At all events, here is a once great and civilized and prosperous and cultured nation of Europe sprawling in these Christian years between the jaws of the Russian Bear, battered head and ears by the Prussian Eagles, shot at right and left by Krupp guns and fondled in the cat and tiger-like claws of orthodox Austria. Poland was as religious and cultured as any one of her captors. Judged by the quality of Polish art and literature, she was of deeper and finer genius than any other section of Europe in her day; and yet, in part for these very reasons, she became the prey of the pirate and the food which the bears and the vultures most eagerly craved.

Does any sane member of Old Poland to-day, living in the United States, think of plotting against Russia, or Prussia, or Austria, any more than he thinks of splitting the fine ears of Boston with his agonizing, traitorous and despicable cries? Written October 25, 1902. The United Irish League will please remember.

Some men accept the great accomplished national facts of history and try everywhere to behave themselves like Christian men. I do not approve any tyranny ever exercised by England toward Ireland, either under Henry VIII, Elizabeth, King James, Cromwell or the Georges. I hate all injustice everywhere by whomsoever instigated or executed. I know that two evils or wrongs do not make one right. I am well aware that though Poland was a greater and far more important part of the world than Ireland ever was and more generally cultured and civilized, and though her sufferings and

oppressions have been greater than Ireland's every way, that does not make Ireland's sufferings less; but I believe that these latter are being magnified in our day far beyond their importance— and, moreover, that the men who are magnifying them are doing so for political gain and not from any noble or humane motive whatsoever.

But these are not the only outraged nations of modern times.

Here is a brief account of oppressed Finland—another pet of the Czar's—taken from a recent editorial in the *Boston Herald*:

The last reports received from St. Petersburg concerning the conditions of affairs in Finland are disheartening in the last degree. Three years ago the plan of what is called the Russification of Finland was entered upon. Before that time, for nearly a hundred years, the National Assembly had consisted of representatives of the four estates—nobles, clergy, burghers and peasants—who were accorded an exceedingly liberal degree of local authority, the assent of the four estates being necessary to any change in the constitution or for the laying of new taxes. But in 1899 the Czar ordered that all new laws affecting Finland should be submitted, after the Diet had passed them, to the imperial state council at St. Petersburg for settlement and promulgation, thus giving to the latter body a complete veto on the local legislature. It was further provided that the military service, which had hitherto been separate from the Russian, should be changed, the Finlanders having thereafter to serve under the system of obligatory military duty in the regular Russian regiments. These changes have been resisted by the parliament of Finland on the ground that they are unconstitutional, and the imperial officials engaged in the execution of the Czar's mandates have been arrested in Finland and tried for violation of the law. The new edict which is soon to be put in force provides that the governor-general of Finland, appointed by the Czar, is to be present, either in person or by representatives, at the sessions of the Finnish parliament, with power to veto any action taken by that legislative body. The judiciary of Finland, which has hitherto been an independent body, is to serve hereafter under the immediate direction of the imperial government, the judges to be removable by the Czar or his representative whenever it is thought expedient. It is further provided that no legal action can be brought against any of the Czar's officials in Finland unless permission to bring such action has been obtained from the governor-general of the province, and that hereafter the Russian language is to be the language used in all official

proceedings and public institutions. In short, the people of Finland are to be reduced to precisely the same level as the other subjects of the Czar, and are to be ruled as the people of Poland or the Asiatic provinces of Russia are governed, by administrators appointed by the Czar.

When it is taken into account that Finland was annexed to Russia under a solemn treaty pledge that its local independence would be respected; that since 1809 it has been as a detached part of the Russian empire, the most prosperous and contented portion of all of the Czar's domain; that there has been, so far as one can discover, no good cause for this breach of faith on the part of the Russian autocrat, one can readily understand the intense feeling of indignation which fills the minds of the Finnish people, and which is now showing itself in the great increase in the number of the people of that country who are abandoning forever the home of their fathers.

When, again, it is understood that the Finns for ages have been an intense, exclusive people, highly sensitive, simple in their habits of justice—adhering to the old ways of truth and honor—poetic, dreamers of beauty and the North winds, seers of visions and dreamers of dreams,—and that their captors and oppressors are supposed to represent concentrated and organized Christianity, one sees not only the heart-aches, but the heart-burning of hate and anger and revenge stored up by these stealthy approaches and cruelties of the Russian Bear.

And when one remembers that these four creeping, grovelling, grunting, growling, preying and howling and roaring oppressors of the weaker nations of our own centuries are posing as the peace-loving, Christ-loving and charitable representatives of the only divine religion in the world, do we wonder that thinking men are atheists, nihilists, anarchists and socialists of the avenging type?

If the typical nations of Christendom are wholesale murderers, liars and thieves, do we wonder that true men are inclined to take to the woods and become murderers also?

To the man whose father and mother have been shot dead by a Christian king, how can it seem wrong to shoot that king?

I tell you again and again, gentlemen, that you will have to tack and mend your course or find that you are sailing or steaming mankind into the jaws of Hell.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

The Christmas light is falling in a flood
 Of rose-red radiance over land and sea.
 O strange Christ-love! O winged mystery!
 A new seraphic joy, half understood,
 Pervades the nations;—while, in lowliest mood,
 Illumined souls face the divine decree
 Which links sweet Bethlehem to Calvary
 And leads its sinless babe to holy Rood.

Thou comest ever, Blessed Babe Divine,
 To glorify our sad humanity!
 Like Herod, evil men, still hating Thee,
 Have hardened hearts. Oh, melt and make them Thine,
 Jesus Omnipotent! Thy morn is come;
 With virgin souls, like Mary's, make thy home!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

REPUBLICANISM AND TYRANNY.

Disguise it and apologize for it as we may, the palpable fact remains incontrovertable that the two great Republics of the world have become the two greatest tyrannies of the world. What does it mean,—how can we explain it? Can the course of France and the United States toward, *first*, the Religious Orders, and, *second*, toward the ideals of human liberty as defined in the very origins of these governments, be explained, tolerated, or even endured?

It is a matter of common history that the cruel and inhuman brutalities connected with the French Revolution out-brutalized any cruelties ever perpetrated on this earth by any Pope or monarch, or by any papal or monarchical power. But the charity of the race at first attributed all that to the excitement incident to revolutions and did not at all admit or suspect that a new and demonic form of government had arisen in the world. Carlyle, alone, suspected this at the time and wrote it plain in his French Revolution. To-day even thinking men are slow to admit the latter interpretation, but the facts that force this view upon the world are so numerous, so con-

stant, so subtle, and yet so open and devilish; so respectable, presuming and full of confidence, of high-handed and high-headed bluffery,—possessing and controlling the actions of Presidents and Ministers of State, in both the nations named, that the facts can no longer be attributed to or excused by the uprising of sudden passions incident to revolutions and must be attributed to the deep-laid and purposeful schemes of the leading, that is, the dominating minds of the two Republics in question.

In fact the American Revolution, though having cruelties enough of its own—as all wars are brutal and born of hell—was not notable especially for any unusual display of the lower instincts of humanity, but rather the contrary. Washington and Franklin and Jefferson, though at heart and in actual position toward the equities of law and order holding precisely the same position as that held by Robespierre, Mirabeau and Danton, nevertheless managed to put a curb upon the hellish instincts out of which their actions came and so made revolution respectable. But the Roosevelts, Roots and Tafts of our day have thrown aside the old caution of their ancestors and have of late pursued such inhuman methods as are a disgrace to civilization and an insult to religion, to God and to humanity. Yet they are doing all this as if in the interests of liberty, and to my mind in this very deception lies the blackest baseness of their crime.

I am neither socialist nor anarchist. I advocate no acts of cruelty or vengeance in return for the recent barbarities of the French or of the United States governments. My mission alone is to speak the truth, to bear witness to this truth; to point out the heinousness and the inhumanity of their human acts and let the brutal elements on all sides fight out the battle in their own way. I know what is coming, but I regret it more than the gentlemen who have forced it on the world.

Here is the last paragraph from an article by D. Lynch, S. J., in the September issue of *The Messenger*, under the general title of "Freemasonry in France," which paragraph seems to centralize the source and the inherent lie of all the trouble in question:

"Each Freemason binds himself 'to labor always, during his whole life,' for the objects of the organization, promising 'a life-long secrecy, silence and fidelity.' Such is the Masonic liberty he must forever enjoy. Yet those secret and irresponsible schemers had the insolence to say, in drawing up their Associations Bill, that 'the laws of France proscribe every abdication of individual rights,

every renunciation of the exercise of one's natural faculties, everything that approaches to personal servitude.' "

Tens of thousands of excellent and respectable gentlemen are Free Masons. I have known many such in my lifetime and know many of them still. I have never, of conscience, belonged to any secret society and have never sold my individual liberty to any man or church or society and, God helping me, I never will. At the same time, while I have never felt the need or the desire of such fellowship as said societies are said to bring and have always cherished the essential principles of human liberty and honor even before my life, I have never felt inclined to censure other men for becoming members of such societies, and as a matter of fact I never have censured or blamed them; and my contention still is that our conflict for justice is not with the society of Free Masons, as the Church perpetually holds and harps upon, but with the actual culprits against the moral laws of God, whether in Church or State, and no matter how exalted their position may be. There is doubtless much good and much evil connected with Freemasonry as with society in general,—as in fact with the Church itself and with everything human in this world. But there is evil and evil only at the heart of and in the action of the French government in its Associations Bill. And instead of waiting until the brutal minions of the French government in the name of law proceeded to eject hundreds of chaste and delicate and devoted and self-sacrificing women from the convents in which they were laboring and praying for the uplifting of the human race, instead of waiting for this explosion of the French volcanoes of hell fire, and instead of dilating perpetually in high-sounding encyclicals on well-worn themes of Christian truth with which the wide world is familiar, I hold that the total power of Rome should long ago have been exerted through the Catholic clergy and laity of France to prevent such an outburst of hell, to throttle it in the hell-born womb of its mother, to fight it as did Windhorst in Germany and to down it into its own self-made and deserved grave.

The Associations Bill, however, is not the first outburst of this hellish tyranny of Republicanism in France. The whole history of the French Republic, from its incipency till now, has been and still is a manifest of atheistic, irrational, spendthrift, unprincipled, deeply hateful opposition to everything having the name or guise of religion. This hateful and inhuman brutal instinct has been and

still is the dominating force in the republic. There are hundreds of thousands of most pious, devout, charitable and reasonable men and women in France. I am speaking of the forces that control the government there and here ; and the recent bestial actions of these latest and noblest knights of humanity, the persecutors and ostracisers, ejectors and oppressors of defenceless, virtuous and saintly women are only the legitimate outcome of the entire hell-born and darkened and devouring instincts of the nation.

Such action in this country, hardened and reckless as we are in our commercialism, would nevertheless produce a religious and civil war within a year.

The French have had enough of revolution, and, as women and friars are only or mainly concerned and those women who sympathize with such, the brutalities of the brutal government of the French Republic, so-called, are allowed to go on without other protests than cries and prayers and tears ; but these are heard in heaven, and, after a little, the avenging forces of nature, the counter-irritants of deeper volcanoes will express themselves and the blood of the nations flow in rivers as of old.

With us the method is different, but the principle precisely the same. The government of the United States is as tyrannical as that of France. The spirit of inhuman tyranny is in all ranks and conditions of American society and the hypocrisy of doing our worst infamy in the name of humanity is also precisely the same. The laws of the nation and of the various commonwealths aid and abet in this tyranny.

If, however, Congress, under any guise or disguise whatever, were to enact in this country such a law as the French Associations Bill—a law that would in its natural interpretation and execution force the various religious orders of priests and nuns to quit their monasteries, colleges and convents, give up their sacred work of teaching and their sacred rights as American citizens and residents, the ten millions of so-called practical Catholics in the land, *plus* the ten or more millions of Catholic renegades of all kinds, *plus* again the ten millions more, of all sects and of no sect, who believe in God and human rights and common justice more than they believe in any political party—these thirty millions more or less would to a man all, except Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, rise up as one man in mighty indignation and demand the repeal of such law, and in case it was not repealed, they would hurl the present govern-

ment from power with less ado than the English made about taking off the head of Charles Stuart a few years ago. But our Congress will not attempt such infamy.

The purpose of this government is plainly just the same, but we begin our inhuman humanity afar off where it takes on the guise of aiding the cause of liberty and general civilization.

Thus we agitated for and organized and declared the American-Spanish war—at the dictation of Freemasonry, it is true—but I hold the McKinley government and not the American Free Masons responsible. It was a big and brutal crime. It was a murderous and damnable crime, done and needlessly done in the name of liberty and humanity. Our rough-riders and other demons devastated the beautiful island of Cuba and drove the true rulers and owners of the island out of house and home. Then, by utterly arbitrary and tyrannical methods the government and its masters, the oligarchs, reorganized society in the island and arranged with our commercialism such methods of law and lawlessness that American traders there could control the paying trade of the island—and all this under the arbitrary control of a military governor, he again under the dictation of the President—both of which great men have of late undertaken to praise each other's tyranny—all this in the assumed name of liberty and humanity, until the native half-breeds of the island had in their misery to appeal to European nations for aid in their distress. There was not only tyranny but bribery and winked-at American rascality of the lowest grade; finally, as a sop to Cerberus, there was a pretended effort toward American and Cuban reciprocity in trade—and that being given up there was nothing but their unconstitutional and brutal tyranny towards Cuba to commend Wood and Roosevelt. But these pious huntsmen bluffed the game and are still at large.

In the Philippine war, at first, the American army of adventurers, generals and men, pillaged and desecrated churches; then, brutalized and persecuted and sacrificed human lives by "water-cure" and other kill and burn methods; then deluged the Islands with a lot of fledgling and ignorant and tyrannical public-school teachers; then under the trumped-up clamor of a few infidel natives, sent to our immaculate American newspapers report after report that the Friars, the only true and faithful civilizers and teachers in the Island, were hated by the natives and must go—and His Grace of St. Paul defended the whole infamy, thus the American

government became the American bludgeon-carrying police that marched a lot of holy and suffering men from place to place, in contempt of all law, decency and humanity, and finally appealed to the Pope in their insufferable and audacious impudence to force said Friars to leave the Islands as so many convicts or transported slaves. And all this having been done at a distance and done in the name of liberty and law and order and for the advancement of civilization, the outraged sense of humanity and justice at home was hushed up with lies and bribes, the thousands of our dead were not counted or their numbers published, until the Roosevelt government has become and will go down to history as the most brutal and tyrannous government in existence at the dawn of the Twentieth Century. Any Roman Catholic or other prelate who approves of all this, deserves the deepest contempt of mankind.

Now there is no bloody revolution going on in our midst. All this has been done in cold blood; much of it is looked upon as hardly more than a good joke for the government engaged in the infamy, and how can we explain it? Roosevelt comes of good stock, has had a college education, has even written so-called books; Root, his Secretary of War and right-hand man is a college-bred man, presumably with some human instincts; Wood, the Cuban figure-head, is also a professional man and would be a gentleman. Not any one of the three would be guilty of doing a personal cruelty to any man bigger and stronger than himself. They are among the best types of Twentieth Century American gentlemen; and yet I hold that their personal natures are as brutal as their public actions, that is, the actions they have sanctioned, and that their conduct, like the conduct of the Twentieth Century French government, is beastly and brutal, uncivilized and unchristian, dishonorable and contemptible, a lie and a shame, a disgrace and a dishonor to the American name and to American history—all this proving that Republicanism in France and in the United States, the two great republics of modern times, is a palpable, bare-faced and rotten lie, a degraded and hell-bound slavery, a cool and deliberate insult to God and man. I hold, moreover, that as the brutal feature of the infamy is only a part of the general and cruel injustice and inhumanity of our social and commercial life, it is not to be blamed on Freemasonry or other so-called benevolent organizations, but comes of a wholesale selling out to the devil and his angels under the guise of "liberty, fraternity and equality."

During the past year the State of Pennsylvania was the scene of a striking manifestation of the same bestial elements and under the name of liberty, etc., etc., As a matter of fact the organization known as the Labor Union, formerly known as the Knights of Labor, is a more tyrannous and brutal organization than the government of France or that of the United States. Every man who joins it becomes an abject slave.

If it should formulate its so-called principles every one of them would prove to be a contradiction of all human rights, a disgrace to the name of liberty and a rotten and contemptible lie. But here the sympathy of the ignorant masses, led by a lot of timid and cowardly newspapers, was with the law-breakers, the violaters of liberty, and all in the name of liberty and humanity.

The entire attitude of the officers of the Labor Union, the constant attitude of said representatives—in times when no strikes are pending as well as when a strike is on—has long been, alike toward mine owners and operators and also toward miners and laborers, an attitude of the most brutal, outrageous and all-provoking tyranny.

No sane man on earth complains of a laboring man in any sphere because he tries by any fair means to get an advance of wages, or concessions of any kind, that will advance his own social or financial position.

No sane man on earth complains of any number of laboring men for organizing and combining to accomplish this or these ends.

No sane man on earth complains when a thousand or a hundred thousand such men drop their tools and cease to work for an employer who will not grant their single-handed or united demands. It is the right of laboring men to organize in order to make their demands more effective.

No sane man on earth complains of any legitimate pressure brought to bear on the employers of labor in order to urge or squeeze from them the demands that labor makes upon their capital.

But here the liberties of labor end and the rights of capital become one with the common rights of civilized mankind. The same rights conceded to the laboring men who have quit work must be also conceded to all men on earth who may be willing or who desire or who have to labor for their daily bread. The fact that a man belongs to an organization known as the Union, or otherwise known, does not give him any rights that are not possessed in precisely the

same measure by all men on earth. Mitchell or any other man is either an infamous fool or an infamous scoundrel who does not know or who presumes to deny this. Now, every principle on which the Union was organized, every principle on which said Union is ruled, all the actions of the officers and representatives of said Union, are a contradiction not only of these related and eternal principles of human rights, world-wide and eternal, but they are a brutal and tyrannical violation of such rights.

During the month of September, 1902, various priests and other respectable people and some crack-brain Catholic editors were denouncing mill-owners and operators for defending the very basic principle of liberty that I am here stating and defining. These men were simply untaught fools, whose sympathies and shrunken receipts had run away with their brains. The principles of justice and true liberty are the same, no matter who suffers, who lives or who dies; and of all men on earth a priest of the Living God should be the last to deny such principles and to advocate tyranny and lawless men.

To put it short, suppose the mines are all running smoothly. The men are satisfied, or moderately so; but in every mine there are not only men of different nations but of different ideas as regards the advisability of belonging to this or that church or to this or that club, or to this or that labor organization, Union or what not.

At stated intervals the walking delegates of the Labor Union, being anxious to play God Almighty, will visit the operators of said coal mines, and, having learned already from their pals who are and who are not members of their Union, will inform said operators that A, or B, or C, or a hundred of them are not members of the Union. "Well, what of it?" the operators will say—that is, he will say this if he, for one moment, forgets whose slave he is, "What of it?" repeats the walking delegate, simply this: "If A does not plank down his five dollar fee and become a member of the Union, we demand that he be discharged; and, if not discharged within a certain period named, we will close your mine."

This, as near as may be, was the language of a mine owner and operator to me not long ago, a gentleman who had been himself formerly a labor leader and now is a mine owner, as the famous or rather notorious Powderly is also said to be.

In a word, regardless of all human rights and liberties alike of the employer and employed, the walking delegate of the Union is the

tyrant master of all men concerned. Sometimes he is a reasonable man and sometimes a common brute, who will use his power without reason and spoil all he can spoil.

Again, during the strike of the past summer, the cowardly newspapers almost daily announced that while squads of non-union men, anxious to work, were proceeding toward the mines they had engaged to work in, they were met by large numbers of Labor Union men and "persuaded" to refrain from working. Now the persuasion used in every single case was the brutal persuasion of the bludgeon. In many cases such non-union workingmen were persuaded, that is, beaten to death by the representatives of Mitchell and Co. In a hundred cases and covering a territory of hundreds of miles these brutal representatives of Mitchell and Co. were picketed, posted, bludgeon or gun in hand, on all the roadways leading to said mines, for the sole purpose of "persuading," that is, for the sole purpose of beating said would-be workmen back from the work they needed and were willing to do. Lawlessness, brutal and open lawlessness was perpetrated over the whole district affected by the strike, encouraged and explained or apologized for by Mitchell and the cowardly newspapers of Philadelphia;—while Quay and Penrose and Governor Stone and President Roosevelt and others in what is called authority and places of power were playing at the dirty game called politics—seeking vindication and re-election for themselves or their pals and not doing one stroke of honest work to save or defend the principles of liberty, human rights and eternal justice.

In a word, while my sympathies are everywhere and always have been with the laboring man, I hold that the Labor Union, that is its officers and other officials in the state of Pennsylvania, were and are responsible for all the lawlessness, all the cruelties, all the suffering, all the financial and other losses that have occurred during the months of the strike, and that the ruling power in this case, that is, the Labor Union, was as vile and low and degrading and inhuman a force as the forces ruled by Robespierre, Mirabeau and Danton during the French Revolution,—as degrading and tyrannical as the forces used by McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft & Co., during our war with Spain; and that the Labor Union and the government of the United States and the government of France to-day—all in the name of human rights and human liberty are the most blinded, sordid and damnable agencies of cruelty in the world to-

day—all of a piece and all hell-born and hell-filling with the wrecks and hopes of mankind.

What does it all mean? I ask again.

Shall we say that the wells of justice right and reason were poisoned by the falsehoods and wrongs built into the very foundations of modern republicanism, so that our presidents, chief justices, prelates, senators and labor-leaders, who would be glad to do what is right, are simply blinded and compelled from their birth so that they can not see and act as true and God-fearing men?

William R. Hearst, proprietor of the New York *American and Journal*, puts more news and more brain power into any one afternoon issue of the *Journal* than you can find in the total output of the Philadelphia newspapers in a week, still the New York *Journal* was pig-headed and ignorant and tyrannical in its persistent advocacy of the American-Spanish war and was just as pig-headed and ignorant in its blind-as-bat advocacy of the claims of Mitchell and his Labor Union throughout the entire coal strike in Pennsylvania. At the same time its editorials on President Roosevelt and the Trusts were as lucid as they could possibly have been, had they been revelations direct from heaven.

Were we to reason of the *Journal* as it reasoned of Roosevelt and the trusts, we should say that the *Journal* was right in the one case and wrong in the other *because* it was always Democratic and Roosevelt was Republican; and on the other hand that it advocated the cause of the strikers because the great masses of the people who are ignorant and sympathetic with them, are its patrons and readers.

At all events it is clear that the *Journal*, like the stupid and cowardly Philadelphia papers, is run, edited and managed in its own corrupt interests, without any fixed basis or principle of right and wrong;—that, in a word, it is as base and cruel and tyrannical and ignorant as the President and his government; showing as we said that whatever phase of American life you strike and examine, is found to be hardened, reckless of all justice, selfish and without any regard for actual human rights or liberties of any kind.

While engaged in writing this article, and when I had reached this point in the work, it came to me through the New Orleans *Picayune*, the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati that Leo XIII and the total power of Rome was to take a more aggressive attitude toward the tyrannous action of the

French government than it had yet taken ; thus practically admitting that its previous passivity had been an error, even as I have here contended, and from the last-named paper I gather the following pertinent paragraph : "ONLY FIFTY-FIVE CLOSED.—After all Premier Combes' threats and efforts, it does not appear from a recent Paris cable that he has been very successful in closing the French religious houses. Only fifty-five convent schools have been closed to date. The Marquise de MacMahon, however, was last week thrust out of her own house for venturing to interfere in behalf of nuns on her estate."

Here, again, there is no perception of the inherent tyranny of the Associations Bill, but simply a milk and water recognition that the facts in human cruelty are not as universal or wide-spread as might be feared ; and likely as not in the same paper there are editorials in praise of President Roosevelt, who is all the time pursuing courses that are as brutal and unjust toward other Catholics and Catholic interests and God's truth and justice as are any—even the worst—features and actions of the Associations Bill in France.

In truth the stultified sense of justice in the whole body of the people—including Catholics, Protestants and infidels of all nations—is so solid and stolid, that the terms ignorance and infamy are all too weak to define the actual condition of the people and their actions. Justice has fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason in the rot of newspaper civilization.

It is simply folly even to try to make the matter plain to an age so utterly sold to selfishness, tyranny and the devil as is the age in which we live ; and the folly is only intensified by the thought that this hellishness of ignorance and infamy has become so respectable that we not only have to treat the perpetrators of the world's great wrongs as gentlemen, but even as Christians while they are palpably the followers of Mammon and the well-fed children of hell.

I want the laboring man everywhere to have his utmost rights, even if he has to rise and take them by force from the clenched, gripped hands of his oppressors ; but I want that, if he ever has to do this, he shall have justice and right on his side and not present the spectacle to Gods and men of one set of ignorant and pampered tyrants fighting against another set of the same breed only a little better clothed and fed and with a little more money. In fact I think that the laboring man in this country has always had not only

his rights, but that he and his Labor Union officers have far more of rights and pleasures and luxuries than the character and quality of their labor deserves and far more than is good for them.

Many families of the strikers, seeing that the fight was to be a long one, went to Europe early last summer to spend the season with their old-world relatives and friends. Could they have done this, had the average wages of the miner been as low and contemptible as Mitchell and Co. have proclaimed.

Could these same miners support in luxury and ease a host of loafers like Mitchell, were their wages as contemptible as Mitchell & Co. have proclaimed?

They have lived, with comparatively little suffering and privation, for many months during the strike upon their own savings and the savings of their fellow workmen in other parts of the country. Could they have done this, had their earnings been as meagre as Mitchell & Co. have declared? There is as much lying and deception as there is high-handed and brutal tyranny in the action of the Labor Unions and their officers.

I am not here criticizing or denouncing the so-called "Coal Barons" and their ill-gotten gains. Too many fools are engaged in that business just now and still will be so engaged. I am simply pointing out the fact that the methods of the Union, as of the general government of this nation and of our sister republic, are all as corrupt, tyrannical, oppressive, selfish, godless, inhuman and damnable as anything can be.

We all know that the wealth of the millionaire is gotten by deception and robbery.

Shall the working men and their leaders follow the example of the millionaire and go with him to the races and to hell-fire? or shall we try to teach them all justice together, even though we may have to die for the fools, as others have died before us?

When we consider the fact that the miners have long been in the habit of working only about half time—often of their own choice and at other times by reason of various conditions in the coal market—and yet that in view of this short-time labor they have all been comfortable and many of them prosperous; can their wage earnings and their generally oppressed condition be as contemptible as Mitchell and Co. declare?

The fact is that what with many holidays, much loafing and short hours the average laboring man and mechanic of to-day does not

work more than two-thirds of the hours the same class of men worked fifty years ago. And when we remember that the quality of the work done in any line of mechanics is far inferior and more "shoddy" and slighted—more unconscientious work than was done fifty years ago—it is easy to see what our republican system of laws and tyrannies, deception and lying and stealing, are all coming to.

The cowardly newspapers everywhere blame the employer whenever it is popular and safe to do so, because said employer, be he "Coal Baron," manufacturer, or manager of a railroad, is supposed to be severe with his employees and close in the matter of wages.

He is simply bound to be so, or modern labor, as at present performed and organized, would rob him of all that he may have saved and take his house and home besides. Modern labor is the most tyrannical, the most ignorant, the most incompetent, selfish, conscienceless, loafing, impudent and pleasure-loving of all the elements of modern society.

The cook and waiter and chambermaid in our boarding houses and hotels cook and wait and make the beds to please themselves and not at all to serve those who pay them their wages. Their whole work is done and served in a slovenly way; and, if they are behind time or a little sick from carousing the night before, they lie to their employers, shirk their work and bluff said employers,—but always expect full pay, not counting the "tips" with which they are too liberally supplied.

The negroes who sweep the pavements for store-keepers along the thoroughfares of our great cities seldom begin their dirt-making work till half-past seven or eight o'clock in the morning, when the streets are fuller of people than at any other hour of the forenoon; often enough they are smoking vile tobacco pipes while thus engaged, so stifling the eyes and noses and ears of pedestrians with their microbes of dried filth. About the same time of day the whitened street-sweepers are active with their brooms, filling all the air with the same dry rot elements of poison. Then, close at hand, are the garbage men shaking back into the street what the sweepers have swept up or what has been placed upon the pavement from the recesses of vile-smelling cellars.

Still we think we are civilized and our President, our governors, our senators are off in the woods making fool speeches on Trusts to

Fourth of July gatherings or shooting wild boars tamed to their skill.

In a word, the general management of our affairs is as stupid, ignorant, uncivilized and basely tyrannical as are the lawless actions of the striking miners.

You do not pay me fifty thousand dollars a year for governing you or superintending your miners, mechanics, street-sweepers, or cooks and waiters, or I would soon tell you how and when such matters should be attended to. As it is, you can go on in your ignorance until you are nauseated with the incompetency of your own methods;—then, fly to the next scientific humbug that is ready to bluff you, and then, petition the next fool President that is ready to hear you and inform you that he will give the matter his attention—the incompetent, much-gesturing, loud-mouthed fool.

In truth the main work of modern education and progress seems to have been to produce an abundant harvest of scoundrels and fools. Talk of the Dark Ages, they were luminous with supreme intelligence and virtue compared with these ages of enlightened and scientific republicanism.

How do you account for it, that the republics of to-day, though constantly improving, are constantly retrograding, declining, and rotting with vice and ignorance.

I gladly admit that in all classes of men,—even among the negroes and moneyed classes—there are thousands of conscientious, industrious, sober and even God-fearing people; but the masses, for whom republics were founded, are more vulgar and less industrious than ever. They dress better than of old. Only connoisseurs can tell a gentleman from a laboring man or a mechanic of the bluff species in our day. The working man has everywhere too many hours for loafing and hatching mischief. I would make the laboring man's day ten hours everywhere; but our modern republics are running like tail-piped dogs, everywhere, as long ago predicted of them, at the swish of the scavenger's broom. In a word, the newspapers that are not owned and directed by the capitalists and money-lenders, are cowards in the service of the tyrant laboring man and his Unions; and the governments are doing the bidding of one or the other class, trying at the same time and always to serve God and Mammon. To do what is just and right is an old story to be laughed at, one that is not practical in our time.

I am aware that in all ages and nations men have complained of

their own day in something the same strain as this and have pointed to old days when things were better.

I am not sure that they were ever much better than now, but of this I am sure that the prevailing action of the masses is such a parody on Christian ethics, such a contradiction of all moral laws, such a glaring, constant and universal insult to all justice, that for a Christian to remain silent in view of the social order of the day is to prove himself recreant to the soul of truth and honor and duty.

I take it for granted that the old commandments have not become obsolete; I take it for granted that intelligent men everywhere admit in their inmost hearts that to do justice and love mercy is binding upon all men in their daily actions; that honesty is the best policy; that we should do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.

I do not name the higher commandments that we should love one another, even our enemies, and love God supremely. These and other such ideals are for those who have chosen a religious life in earnest. Moreover, in all that range of life which concerns a man's highest duties and relations to Almighty God there is everywhere a feeling that all such matters are between a man and his Maker; but that, in all which concerns the daily life of man, it is proper that those who pretend or presume to teach anything should insist upon what everybody admits to be true and necessary, even though nobody pursues it, or, at least, only a few.

This is my only excuse for insisting upon justice and not simply yielding to the injustices, follies and tyrannies of the nations merely because in the eyes of popular cowardice these have become respectable.

It has been pointed out during the past year in a leading magazine that newspaperism has ceased to have any influence for justice on the leading questions of the day because of the patent fact, everywhere believed, that in the whole fraternity of American newspapers there is hardly one among the so-called "great dailies" that is not already sold to commercialism, neck and heels. They simply have nothing to teach and have to dawdle to the party or the commercial "fads" of the day.

If a man runs an illicit whiskey still, or is a counterfeiter, or a green goods man, a gambler of the condemned classes, a horse-thief, or engaged in any occupation that is openly lawless and is

caught, the newspapers will report the case and make as much capital out of it as possible; but when it comes to any question involving common justice and truth among men—or between parties, or between nations—the newspaper editor is worse than dumb, and what he says is so palpably a purchased opinion that it is not worth the ink consumed in printing it.

Now this ignorance or neglect, in all classes, concerning the primal principles and duties of life leads and has led, especially in our great Republics, to the most dastardly and tyrannical actions until the whole spirit of modern life from the cradle to the grave is the soldier's fighting spirit, or the gambler's tricky spirit, or the sensualist's spirit of debauchery; and I suppose that the reason our Republics have gone, or seem to have gone, so utterly to ignorance and tyranny is two-fold—*first*, as they were founded on high-sounding theories of human rights, the rights of the masses, etc., and have fallen so utterly below these theories, we notice it the more and criticise it more severely. *Second*,—and mainly, I think—because the old theories of existence had primal and eternal truth in them and our modern theories are a bushel of insufferable lies.

Every reader of the THE GLOBE knows my contempt for these new declarations of independence, "liberty, equality, fraternity," etc.;—but it is needless to argue with them or with the dead men who propounded them or with the children and grandchildren of such who think they believe them. Certainly the outcome is manifold in falsehood and crime, though everywhere progressive and successful.

Now I am never weary of teaching you that success in commercial life is no proof of character or even of intellectual ability. It is simply an evidence that the successful man had or has a little more of the saving, scenting, beaver faculty than his less successful rivals—or was more fortunate, as we say. Again, I am never weary of teaching you that the amount of money a man possesses is no criterion as to his character or even his respectability. "Most of the great fortunes of the day are made by robbery." If you knew how to read the lines on human faces you would see that the average effect of money-getting is to destroy the manhood of men and evolve in the place of it a new human species, a sort of cross between rat and skunk and beaver—"a way down low trick;"—but nature is never caught napping. "Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap."

Nevertheless, there is something in the old idea of breeding for the best among men as well as horses. And this old eternal principle of breeding is at the root of all aristocracy in all ages and nations of the world.

It began among fighting men. The ablest fighter—often the biggest and strongest and smartest among the primal masses—by those very excellences became the leader of all—the able man, the captain, the general, the king. So in the spiritual realm of the Church—but we will leave that for the moment. Then, the children of such leading men, by an unwritten law of heredity everywhere believed in, had the first chance of leadership if they proved their ability; if not, there were the masses of men—and I do not know the age of the world in the past or the processes of any government selection among the nations to-day—except our modern Republics where the law does not still hold—that from any, even the lowest, classes of the community a man, if he shows superior ability, may not rise to the highest positions of influence. It has always been so from Abraham to Lincoln. In China or in England it is equally true. The bright boy finds opportunities to rise or has them thrust upon him. In China only the supremely gifted can rise to positions of trust and power. In England the aristocracy is constantly being fed by the ablest men from the lower classes; and thus in all the monarchical governments of the world, the ablest men in the nations rise to the surface and come to the fore. Aristocracy, thus fed by the heredity of talent from any class of the community, amounts to just this—that the ablest men, intellectually and morally, the men of the best character possible to the breed of each nation, become the actual leaders of these nations. Kings and emperors, though gotten at originally by the same law, are mere figure-heads in our day; but some centre of respectability is needed to tie to.

If aristocracy were corralled with a barbed-wire fence, it would be damnable. But everywhere, except in these two great Republics, a man of superior ability is sure to rise to the position which his abilities justify him in expecting. All the higher ways are open to him. There is always room at the top.

In our country and in modern France just the reverse is true. Men of great learning are ignored as “cranks,” as a rule. Men of superior character are relegated to the sphere of sacrifice. The agricultural classes are despised. There is no object for ambition except in commercial circles; here, for commercial ends, the old

laws hold and your modern theories are despised. No railroad and no great commercial enterprise is run on the principle of liberty, equality and fraternity. The masters of industry know that most men are fools, and they look for and promote the exceptions to this rule.

In general life, in politics and statesmanship, it is not the men of culture and moral integrity that are sought for promotion. The clever politician, the easy liar, the bluffer, the bully, the rough-rider, the fellow that blows his own trumpet and makes the most noise is the fellow sought for and the one who seeks promotion. He, being in power, chooses other bluffers and liars to do his menial services.

So I take it, that because we have contradicted the laws of Nature and have tried to reverse the eternal truths of the past, and have declared all men equal, we are reaping the grain we have sown; and having been liars in the founding of these Republics we are ruled by liars and fools in the full-fledge glory of our ideal existence.

In all this I have omitted, as far as possible, any reference to the religious sphere of duties, and have kept to the ethics of ordinary society. But even here, if you put a hack, or a liar, or a charlatan in the place of the prophet or the Son of God, you get your crop of liars, and hacks, and charlatans, and have everywhere law and justice and truth flying, like tail-piped dogs, at the swish of the scavenger's broom.

—WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

REST.

Nay, but rest is born of me, for healing,
So might haply time, with voice repress,
Speak: is grief the last gift of my dealing?
Nay, but rest.

All the world is wearied, east and west,
Tired with toil to watch the slow sun wheeling,
Twelve loud hours of life's laborious quest.

Eyes foreshadowed with vigil, faint and reeling,
Find at last my comfort, and are blest,
Not with rapturous light of life's revealing,
Nay, but rest.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

GLOBE NOTES.

Three severe attacks of an old ailment during November and early December greatly interfered with the work I had planned to do for this issue of THE GLOBE, and, finally rendered it necessary for me to publish with only about one-third the usual number of pages.

The two articles of mine which appear in this issue, and the Globe Notes, except these few explanatory words, were written in late September and during October, when health and prospects were very encouraging, but I have had so much ill health during the past six years that now when well I do my best, always with a feeling that the ability to work may only last for a week or a day.

My readers have been very patient with me and very kind to me during the past twelve years, and I hope they will still continue in the same state of charity. The days of flint and file and much friction are over, the carbon tip, the electric spark, the flash of science are here, and let us hope for a softer, clearer and fuller light than in the days gone by.

My notes on the coal strike and the commission of the so-called arbitration were written early in the autumn, as indicated, but the basic facts of the coal business have not changed, and will not be changed by the action of said commission, whatever that action may be.

Certain remarks published in the *New York Freeman's Journal* of November 29th, and said to have been reprinted from Bishop Spalding's new book on Socialism and Labor, need, however, very much to be changed and corrected; and certain remarks published in the *New York Sunday Sun* of December 7th, and said to have been a portion of Rev. Father J. J. Curran's testimony before the Commission of so-called arbitration, need also to be seriously changed and corrected.

Here are the remarks attributed to Bishop Spalding: "As in battle the generals, however humane they be, think only of victory and are heedless of the suffering and the loss of life, so in the struggle for industrial and commercial supremacy, the men of ability, the leaders and capitalists are wholly bent on the attainment of their ends, and easily lose sight of the principles of justice and humanity. It is this that makes the organization of workmen into labor and trades-unions inevitable and indispensable."

And here is the testimony attributed to the Rev. Father Curran,

of Wilkesbarre: "When the morning session begun here to-day Father J. J. Curran, of Wilkesbarre, was still on the stand. Cross-examined by Mr. Reynolds, he declared that the situation with regard to violence in the region was not as bad as the newspapers represented, and that in his opinion there was no reason why the troops should have been called into the anthracite region. The miners, on the whole, were orderly and peaceable and quiet."

These remarks need and will here have separate comment and correction.

Bishop Spalding will not accuse me of being an optimist in my estimate of men in general or of mine operators, mill owners and other employers in particular, but I must here accuse him of stating a palpable untruth in the paragraph quoted, and of being very optimistic and utterly illogical in the conclusion of said paragraph.

It simply is not true that capitalists are *wholly* bent on the attainment of their ends and easily lose sight of the *principles of justice and humanity*, and it is a concentration of illogical silliness and shallowness to assume that trades unions are any sort of cure for the evil complained of, and which, as I hold, exists largely in the mind's eye of Bishop Spalding and other poetic and pious dreamers.

The tendencies in our nation and in these days are wholly in favor of too much sympathy with the laboring man, so-called, and toward an absolute blindness to all right principles of justice and humanity, and when a leading churchman, like Bishop Spalding, manifests these errors of sympathy and judgment so palpably as in the present case; that is, when the heart and soul of the teaching church goes wrong, hold that some new Christ of God is needed to set the heart of humanity right again.

Throughout this whole controversy President Baer, of the Reading Company, has preached and practiced a truer gospel of Christ, of justice and humanity than has any Catholic editor I know of or any trades union newspaper scribbler, or any other trades union sympathizer. The trouble with all these is that they have never learned truth and justice and humanity from the only source of truth and justice, and are worse than such blind leaders of the blind as Mitchell and Company. But even if employers, as a rule, were such selfish murderers of justice and humanity as Bishop Spalding declares, is he so blind to all the facts of every-day history as to dream for one moment that the medicine to cure the murderous instincts of capitalists is to be found in trades unions? What would he think of the gentle

humanity and justice of a blasphemous band of atheists if they waited upon him in his home or in his Cathedral and commanded him, at the point of the bayonet, to run his home or his diocese according to their base and godless notions? He would at once appeal to the police, the mayor or the judges of Pennsylvania to have such scoundrels put under bonds to keep the peace and mind their own business.

Mitchell and Company are such a band of murderous scoundrels, but when Governor Stone, on appeal of law-abiding citizens, sends troops to Wilkesbarre to keep them from committing daily and nightly outrages and murder, the Rev. Father J. J. Curran, priest of the Catholic Church, rises to say that things were not as bad as represented, and that no troops were necessary.

I claim that Father Curran's testimony was wholly false in fact and in spirit. The published list of crimes committed by strikers during the recent coal strike did not mention scenes of hundreds of mob and pistol-shooting outrages during the period of the strike. I was now and again present *in cog*, in the very centre of such mobs. The half has not been told and never will be told. Ninety-nine per cent. of the newspapers of the State of Pennsylvania were, and are, in sympathy with the strikers, and they know nothing of truth and justice anyway.

Rev. Father Curran's sympathies were known by the strikers to be with them. Besides, he was a Catholic priest, and as ninety per cent. of the strikers were of the Catholic faith they would not single out Father Curran and his residence as targets for their murderous actions. His cloth protected him. But again I say that his testimony was false in fact and in spirit, and if he wishes to question these statements I am ready to meet him anywhere and prove my words.

When priests and bishops of the church lose sight of truth and justice the very stones will cry out in their defense, and the signs of the times seem to me more ominous from the fact that intelligent churchmen lose sight of truth and justice, than in the fact that such ignorant and arrogant scoundrels as Mitchell and Company are in positions of influence and power.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine, and they do not spare murderers.

It is not just to capitalists in general to compare them with army officers engaged in murderous war, but the entire spirit of our age is

saturated and cursed with the war spirit so that even newspaper reporters cannot describe any light and genial amusement in these days except as a great battle ; but a minister of Christ should not so far forget himself or the facts of everyday history. My own experience, extending over more than a half century teaches me that as a rule employers of men are as considerate of the rights of their employes as priests are considerate of the rights of their parishioners, and Father Curran is a shining example of how reckless the latter may become regarding abstract truth and justice.

I hope that by the time the March, 1903, *GLOBE* is due my health will be more settled and that then *THE GLOBE REVIEW* may have more of its usual power.

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On Monday and Tuesday October 13th and 14th, the combine hereafter to be known as the Morgan-Roosevelt Trust Company, undertook to settle the Pennsylvania Coal Strike by resolving that a commission of arbitration should be appointed by the President to decide on all questions of contention between the miners and their employers in the present case. Some knowing people claim that the terms were all settled two weeks before. To all appearances this commission was just what coal-miner Mitchell had contended for from the first, and by the decisions of which he had promised that the miners would abide. The whole country felt a momentary relief. The advance papers published in big head lines that the strike was settled, and we all expected to be comfortable for the winter, when behold, the strike was not called off, but loafer Mitchell got himself called to Washington to ventilate his further grievances. To make his case appear strong in the eyes of the public his pet newspapers of Philadelphia published on the 14th of October, that nearly half the idle miners in the coal regions were non-union men, but as the published decision of the Morgan-Roosevelt Trust had said nothing about the union pro or con, Mitchell the loafing, trouble breeding ex-miner felt slighted and did not call off the strike. Everybody knows that Mitchell wants the union recognized and that the operators will not recognize it. Mitchell is not a workman. He is simply a breeder of misery. He gets his salary of fifteen thousand a year by stirring up trouble between employees and employers. He and his associates are the tyrant, low-bred bosses of a lot of deluded fools. He and his associates are responsible for a clear loss of a \$100,000,000 to the

workers and traders for the six months. He and his associates never earn any money and never increase the poor man's wages, as a whole. He and his associates are the dead-set enemies of all labor and of all capital. So Mitchell went to Washington to state his grievances. After he came back he wrote further to the President arguing his claims and all this after he had agreed to submit the case to arbitration. Of course the stupid Philadelphia newspapers published his idiocy and his ignorant presumption. Still the strike was not called off. On Monday, October 20th, a convention of the miners was called at Wilkesbarre, but instead of voting immediate return to work, leaving matters to be decided by the commission of arbitration, Mitchell and his miners began to discuss the terms on which the strike would be called off and work resumed. All of this needless delay was, of course intended to influence the newspapers and to mould what is called public sentiment.

At this writing, October 21st, it is openly claimed not only that all the strikers must be employed—that is the miners are still further asserting their claims—but also that the union must be recognized. In fact that the union has the *right* to stop any man from work or any employer from employing a non-union man. That all workmen must belong to some one of the unions and none but those who do belong shall be allowed to work at all. That is, a crime against human rights and all liberty, which was at first practised by lawless wretches, is now advanced as a right of organized labor so-called, and the United Miners promise to be the most brutal murderers of the very rights and liberties that republics were founded to declare and maintain the whole nation and nations here and elsewhere running like cut-tail dogs at the swish of the scavenger's broom. This is what has all along been advocated by fools and knaves, viz : that an ignorant scavenger is equal, if not superior to an educated, cultivated gentleman in any line. In truth this is what the Declaration of Independence leads to, but it is not that for which our forefathers founded this nation, and it will not prevail. It was long ago prophesied by Carlyle that the kitchen would prove too much for modern civilization, and that the gridiron was certainly already the best defensive weapon known to the manufacturers. There are still a few dreamers who think with my friend the L. L. D. that education and culture amount to something ; that kings and em-

perors are not entirely useless, and the extremists among this influential class say frankly that they would rather go to hell with a gentleman than to heaven or elsewhere with a fool, an uneducated laboring man, or a mere vulgar loafer like Mitchell. There is no accounting for tastes, it is said, and as to the matter of right and wrong, there's nothing either good or ill but thinking makes it so. If the miners are right, and this is what some priests have been contending, then there is no God and no moral government on earth or in heaven worth considering.

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On Tuesday, October 21st, the Convention of Miners prompted by Mitchell, and he in his turn, prompted by the President, voted to call the strike off and go to work on the following Thursday. Now we will wait to hear the decision of the Commission as to what concessions are to be granted to the miners and to what extent the detested union is to be recognized in the immediate future. On the first Wednesday following the Thursday on which the miners resumed work, they quit again and the total gang of them were parading the streets of Wilkesbarre in honor of the loafer Mitchell. The thoroughfares were choked with the badge wearing gentleman. John Mitchell rode in a carriage as the great mogul of the loafers. A regiment of soldiers that had been encamped on the west side of the Susquehanna opposite to Wilkesbarre, turned out on that day to join the parade in honor of the loafer Mitchell. Not satisfied with thus expressing the sympathy of the military with the lawless elements of the regions, said so-called soldiers blackened their faces so that they might look like miners just out of the mines. In truth from first to last the Pennsylvania Militia have shown themselves in sympathy with the lawless hordes they were sent to suppress. To such an extent had lawlessness spread over the country and to such an extent has the prophecy of the editor of *THE GLOBE* been fulfilled viz:—that after a little, all branches of the United States Government would run like tail-piped dogs at the swish of the scavenger's broom. The movements of the commission of arbitration appointed by the President to adjust differences between the miners and their employers occupied a good deal of attention during the last days of October and the month of November. At this writing, November 11th, no conclusions have

been reached. But a great many conclusions have been reached relative to the motives and wisdom of President Roosevelt in appointing said commission. Intelligent people who know anything about the inner workings of the coal business, are all satisfied that the action of the President was a huge blunder precisely in the line of other blunders of the same party.

Had it not been for the interference of Roosevelt, a large majority of the miners would have returned to work within ten days after his interference was initiated, and in all probability John Mitchell would have been driven out of the state by the poor fellows who have been robbed for years in order to raise the salary paid to this blunderer. But the interference of the President created false hopes in the minds of the miners, put a little new back bone into their arrogant demands, and so greatly delayed the final settlement which is not yet in sight to the newspaper editors or to the miners.

The President's action, however, accomplished one good immediate object. It set the striking miners to work again though it left the settlement as far off as ever.

As to the motives of the President in making the move, the simple truth is that he had reached his last ditch. His speechifying, jargon-touching government control of trusts and especially touching tariff reform had well nigh unhorsed him, and if that lame leg had not limped and given out just when it did, President Roosevelt would have been broken on the wheel two years before his time, but the game leg saved him for a time, and just while the soft-heads and the newspapers were full of sympathy for the wounded rough-rider, behold he went on crutches to hunt up a commission and end the coal strike.

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People who know anything about the inner workings of the affairs of the nation know very well that Mr. J. P. Morgan, and not Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, is to be credited with the plan that started the miners to work again. Further, that it was Mr. Morgan who called a halt on Mr. Roosevelt and caused the lame leg of the latter to limp homeward and stop its foolish stumping around the country on a senseless mission of self-destruction. The President was simply a well-moved pawn in the game, though appearing to be the main head

in the play. In truth, his foolish imprudences have knocked him out of practical republican politics, the true leaders of which are one with the moneyed men of the land, one with the tariff-fed robbers of Pennsylvania, one with the trusts and corporations, one with all the schemers of the United States Empire, with much of which we ourselves are in sympathy, but the President is not in it, in spite of the fact that the newspapers interpreted the Republican victories in the Fall elections as an endorsement of Roosevelt's policy. Roosevelt has had no policy for three months in succession since he became President. That the part he played in appointing the Strike Commission was intended to make him sound with the people, there can be no doubt. He is a union man. Quay and Penrose and Stone and lots of the Pennsylvania judges, sheriffs, etc., are union men. Nevertheless, gentlemen, the next President of the United States will not be a union man, and will not be nominated by union men. Mr. Hanna understands all this and he holds the whip hand. Theodore Roosevelt will be relegated to private life, and such hack literature as his strenuous and noisy soul can manufacture. But we will wait for the Commission, as we said.

* * * *

December 17th. We have waited till this day, but the only decision of the Commission recorded so far is to the effect that they are in favor of fair wages. Wonderful! We are all in favor of fair wages. The only question at issue is what constitutes fair wages.

The Morgan-Roosevelt Commission will prove a failure. The principle of arbitration is inimical to our genius. In France, England and Germany, arbitration commissions have constantly failed. No decisions of any tribunal are of any account except the tribunal has the power to enforce them—at the front of the bayonet, I mean. Arbitration has been preached as a successful factor of government in Australia and New Zealand, but on careful examination I find that arbitration succeeds there as here, when there is practically nothing to arbitrate. But here, as elsewhere, and here particularly, we must try every scheme except the one scheme of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

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While this issue is going to press the world is agog over the action of England and Germany in trying to shoot a little common honesty into the head of Venezuela. On our part we are trying to fit the absurd and extinct Monroe doctrine so-called, into some adaptation to the case, but I think that Admiral Dewey will hardly shoot back at England and Germany. It is not a worn-out Spanish fleet this time.

Mr. Hanna is still saying that he is not a candidate for the Presidency, and it is plain truth that he has not yet been nominated. Meanwhile the Hon. Thomas B. Reed has passed to a tribunal that may prove as unrelenting as his own rulings in Congress used to be. The miners are at work, and coal is anywhere from \$8 to \$11 a ton. The miners are millions out of pocket and the people have to pay their back wages and Mitchell's salary besides. Still, prelates, priests and newspaper editors seem to consider Mitchell a decent man. God save us.

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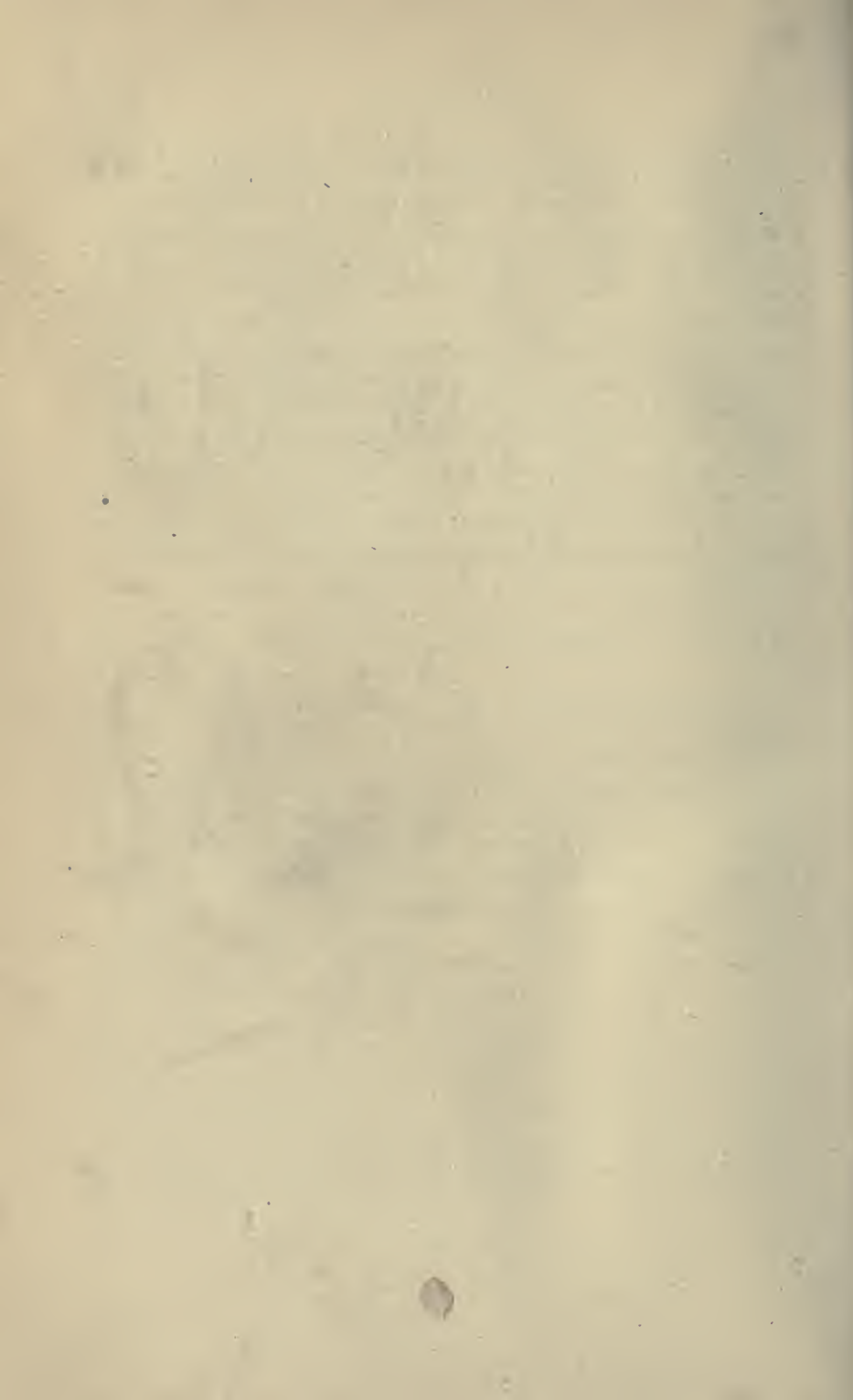
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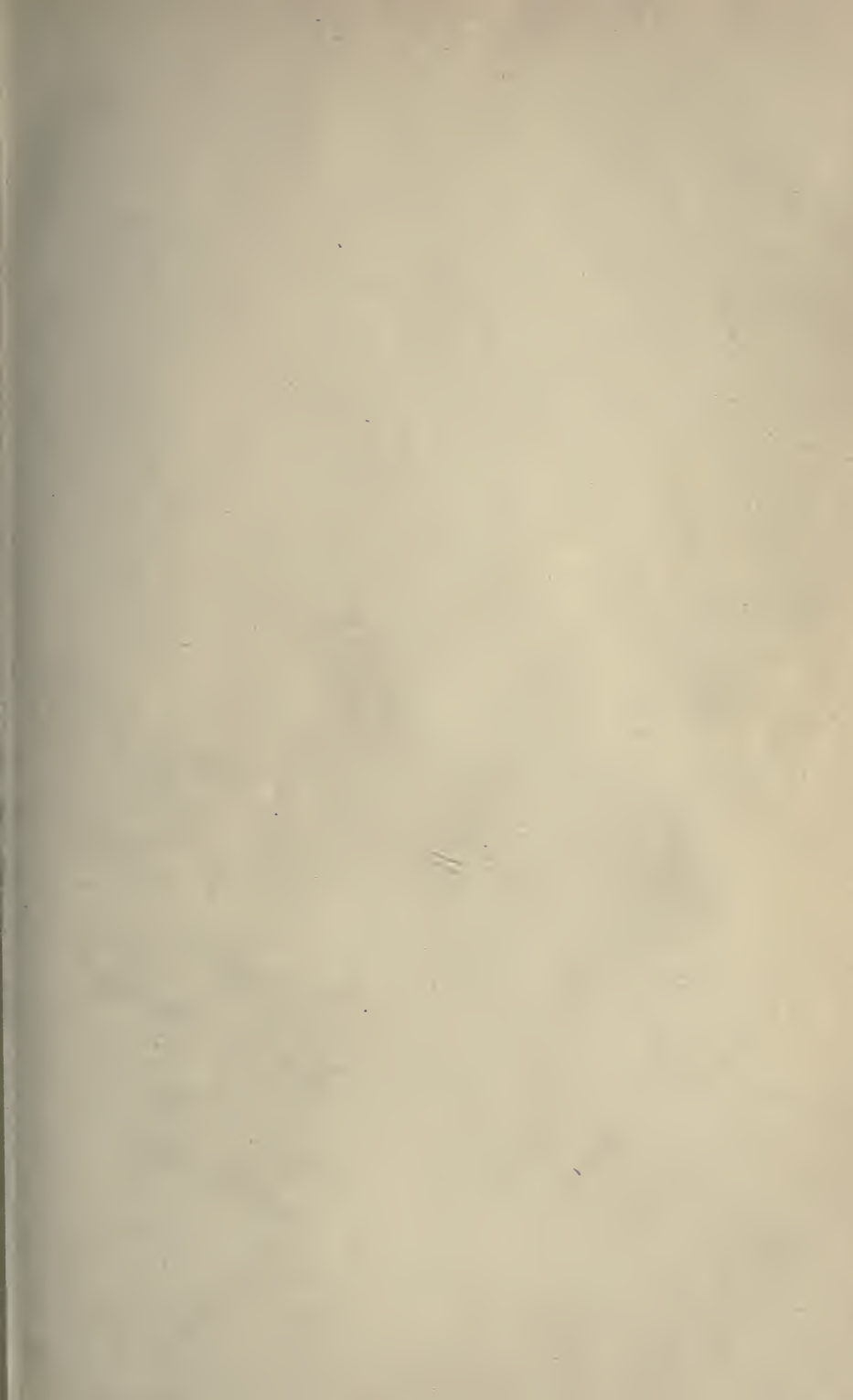
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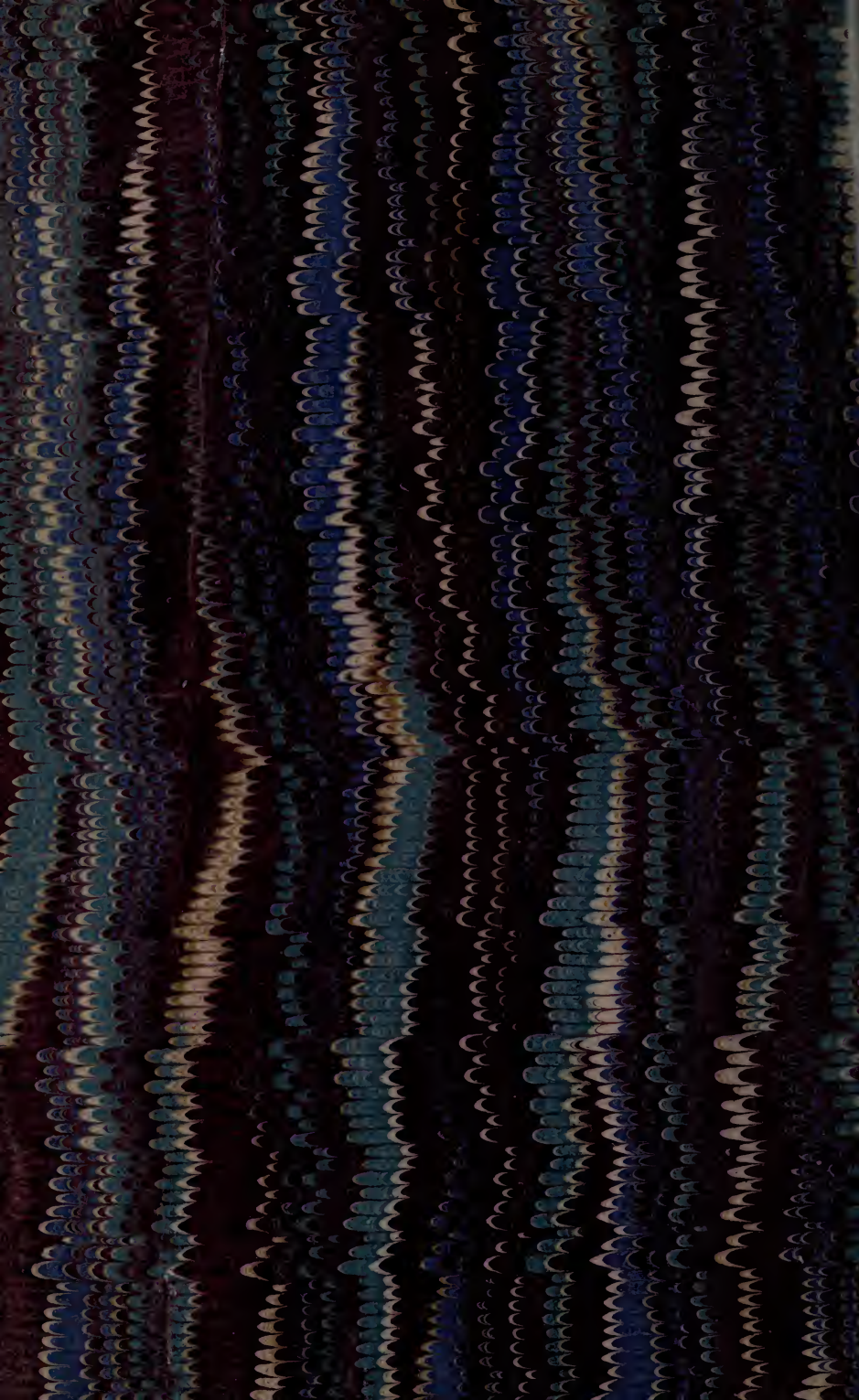
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We congratulate the *New World*, of Chicago, in that it has secured the services of our old friend, Mr. Charles J. O'Mally, as Editor-in-chief, and we congratulate Mr. O'Mally in that he has the honor of succeeding the able and gifted Mr. William Dillon, who took hold of the paper when it was in its infancy, and by steady good sense, excellent judgment and varied ability, brought it into a position of one of the few well-edited Catholic papers in the country. We wish for the paper and its new editor all the success that its past record deserves.

—WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.







GLOBE, The.

1902
v. 12.

